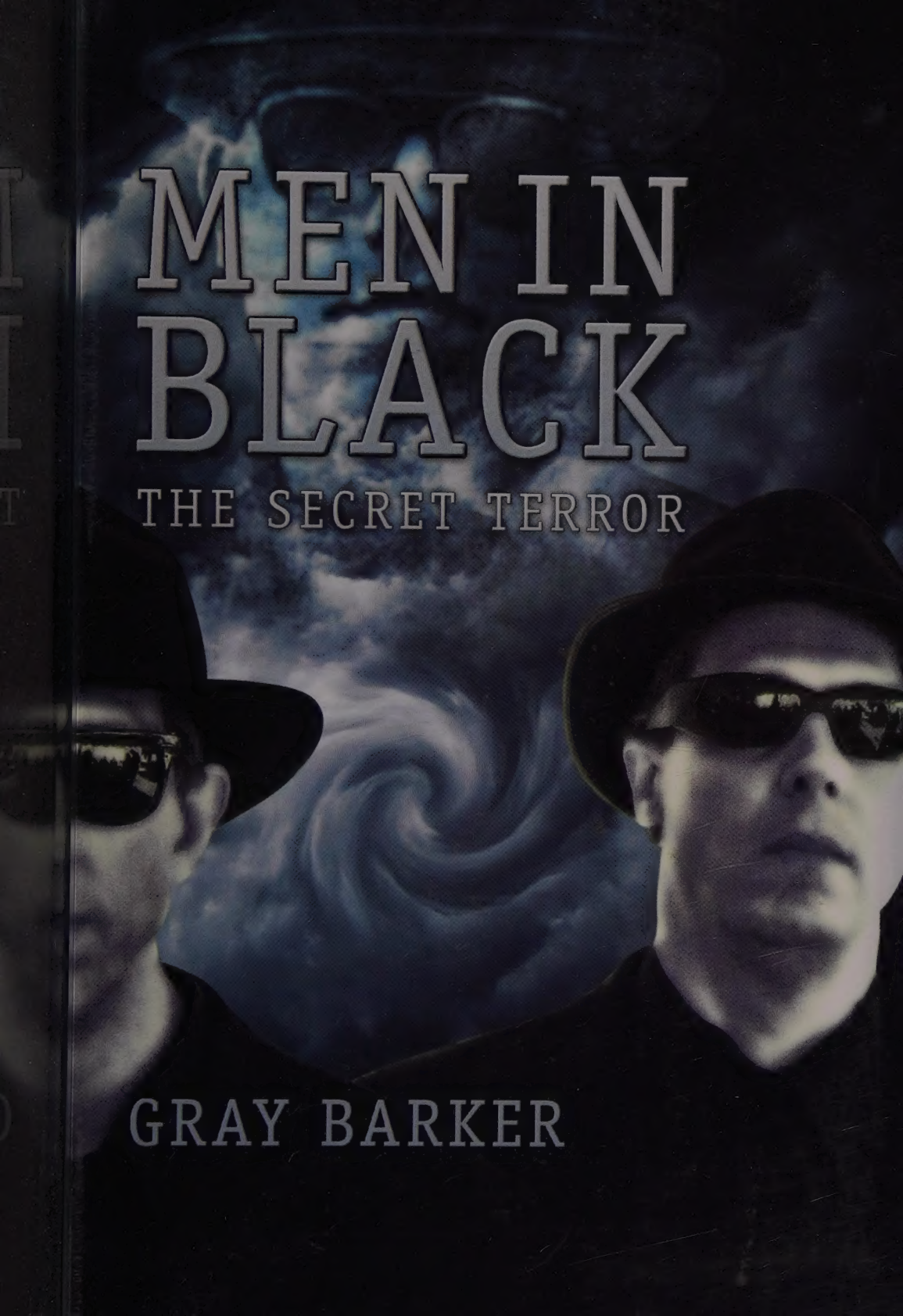
MEN IN BLACK
THE SECRET TERROR
GRAY BARKER

MEN IN BLACK

THE SECRET TERROR AMONG US

MELVIN
BLACK

MEN IN BLACK

THE SECRET TERROR AMONG US

Gray Barker

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Other Books by Gray Barker

They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers (1956)

Gray Barker's Book of Saucers (1963)

Gray Barker's Book of Adamski (1965)

Gray Barker's Questions and Answers About UFOs (1967)

The Silver Bridge (1970)

The Strange Case of M.K. Jessup (1973)

Gray Barker at Giant Rock (1976)

A UFO Guide to Fate Magazine (1981)

Gray Barker's UFO Annual (1982)

The Year of the Saucer (1983)

After the Philadelphia Experiment (1984)

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"In the shadow, the Men in Black had long lurked, biding their time, waiting. Here and there, now and then, some people thought that they had seen them. But they weren't quite certain; perhaps they more *sensed* them than actually regarded them. Fourteen years earlier, the shadowy visitors had shown themselves openly. They had descended upon the flying saucer buffs, threatening and terrorizing them... In Canada and even Australia, they showed up.

"They were deeply tanned, mysterious, and threatening. Some people thought they were government men, although most UFO researchers thought that they were emissaries from outer space or from the inner Earth. Their mission appeared to be quite simple: they wished to silence those people who had found out too much about flying saucers...

"In the 1950s, there had been a brief flurry of other shadowy terrorists, including the International Bankers... But now, for more than ten years, the Men in Black had been absent from the ufological scene... In November 1966, for reasons known only to them, they decided that the time for their reappearance was at hand. In wild, undignified behavior, like lunatics following some mad piper, they paraded in the crazy, crippled, chicken tracks of Mothman, following the great bird into Pt. Pleasant and the Ohio Valley."

-Gray Barker, *The Silver Bridge*

FOREWORD

Within the annals of Ufology and Forteana, there can be few more ominous characters than the mysterious Men in Black (MIB), those sinister individuals whose role in life seems to revolve around threatening UFO witnesses and researchers. Utterly elusive – some might even say predatory – beings, they inhabit the shadowy corners of our world, surfacing when the mood takes them, causing havoc, misery, and terror before vanishing back into the ethereal darkness to plot their next wave of high-strangeness.

The Men in Black of Ufology were elevated to superstar status in 1997 in the hit film of the same title that starred Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones. Although the Hollywood blockbuster was merely an entertaining work of fiction, the real-life Men in Black have been a persistent part of UFO lore since the early 1950s. They are reported to have repeatedly attempted to silence witnesses to UFO encounters, and to confiscate any and all evidence of an "extraterrestrial" nature, particularly photographs.

Precisely who the Men in Black are, and what lies behind their sinister activities, remains somewhat of a mystery, even to elements of the official world such as the FBI. Time after time, the Men in Black are described by people who encounter them as being dressed in black suits, black hats, black ties, and white shirts. They are often relatively short in stature, extremely thin, with slightly oriental features. They also seem to have a tenuous grasp of the English language, and are glaringly unaware of our most basic customs and conventions – all of which has led some commentators to suggest that the Men in Black may be aliens themselves.

One of the most learned scholars in the field of the Men in Black was the investigator John Keel. The author of numerous books on unexplained phenomena – including the celebrated title that became a hit movie starring Richard Gere, *The Mothman Prophecies* – Keel presented a strong case for the reality of the mystery, having spent decades chronicling accounts of MIB activity. Keel had his run-ins with one particular type of Man in Black that he termed "the cadavers":

> These are people who look like they've been dead a long time. Their clothes hang on them; their flesh is pasty white and they look like somebody has dug them up from a cemetery. This cadaverous type has turned up in England and Sweden. Brad Steiger saw one. I saw one in the early 1960's. They're very elusive when you approach them, and hurry away. They have a habit of turning up in UFO areas and following UFO investigators around.

The Men in Black mystery really began in earnest back in 1952. That year, Albert K. Bender, a resident of Bridgeport, Connecticut, established a UFO investigative society that became known as the International Flying Saucer Bureau. Bender's group was warmly and enthusiastically received by UFO researchers both in the United States and abroad, and soon blossomed into an impressive body with a vast network of dedicated investigators.

A year later, however, and without any warning whatsoever, Bender quickly disbanded the IFSB, darkly alluding to a very unusual experience in which three men in black suits had allegedly visited him to discuss his UFO research. As the story went, Bender had inadvertently stumbled upon the startling truth behind the UFO mystery. The Men in Black demanded that he remain silent with respect to his discoveries, which he did for a number of years. To ensure his silence, Bender was reportedly given the full, unexpurgated facts pertaining to an alleged extraterrestrial mission on planet Earth. He described them in his 1962 book, *Flying Saucers and the Three Men*, which was published privately by Gray Barker's Saucerian Books.

> I will never forget it as long as I live; to me, it is the greatest yet most fantastic thing ever to happen to anybody on Earth. It happened the day I returned from a two-week vacation. My room had been locked all the time I had been away, for my stepfather knew how fastidious I was about my room and seldom went into it when I was not around. On that hot July evening, I carried my suitcases up to my den and unlocked the door.
>
> As I swung it open, an inordinate smell of staleness met my nostrils, intermingled with sulphur odour. I opened all the windows. Everything seemed to be in place, just as I had left it, but the radio was on. The set was so hot that it is a wonder it had not started a fire while I was away. I knew I hadn't left it on before leaving on vacation. As usual, the dial was set to a portion of the band where no station came in. I shut it off and told my stepfather about it when I went downstairs. He assured me nobody could have been in my room and that I had simply forgotten it when I left.
>
> I ate a cold snack and decided to go to bed, since it was late and I was very tired. I went back to my room, closed the door and latched it. I had a washroom in my den and set about cleaning up before sleeping. After I had brushed my teeth and gone back into the room, I sensed that something was just not

right. Then the prickly feeling came at the back of my neck, and my eyes began to water.

Blue lights appeared from nowhere and swirled about the room. I grew dizzy as the areas above my eyes throbbed and again felt puffy. I stumbled to the bed and threw myself upon it. As I did so, I felt my body grow icy cold. I could feel I had quickly come under the complete power of someone or something.

The room seemed to grow dark, yet I could still see. I noted three shadowy figures in the room. They floated about a foot off the floor. My temples throbbed and my body grew light. I had the feeling of being washed clean. The three figures became clearer. All of them were dressed in black clothes. They looked like clergymen, but wore hats similar to Homburg style. The faces were not clearly discernible, for the hats partly hid and shaded them. Feelings of fear left me, as if some peculiar remedy had made my entire body immune to fright.

The eyes of all three figures suddenly lit up like flashlight bulbs, and all these were focused upon me. They seemed to burn into my very soul as the pains above my eyes became almost unbearable. It was then I sensed that they were conveying a message to me by telepathy. Their message went something like this:

> You have dedicated yourself to the solution of the strange problem of unidentified objects in your atmosphere. Your interest is deep and sincere and you have devoted many hours to it. We also know that such interest and determination might lead to something that could bring you harm. We feel that you are a very good contact for us on your planet of Earth. You are an average person, and we know that what we tell you and show you will not be believed by anyone you might tell... You are not a person of great renown on your planet; therefore, we have nothing to fear at present. We have a purpose for being here, and we will be here for some time yet. We must not be disturbed in our ultimate goal. We have found it necessary to go to great extremes, at times, to frighten off your Earth people, and it has resulted in their deaths.

Bender was overwhelmed with stark terror. He stayed silent for years, conveying only the basic facts of the visit to a few trusted colleagues within

the field of UFO research. Of those, one was Gray Barker, an author and UFO investigator from West Virginia, who went on to write the definitive expose of Bender's experiences with the Men in Black in his 1956 book, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*.

A full decade after he retired from the UFO scene, Bender's uncensored story surfaced in *Flying Saucers and the Three Men*, a bizarre title that contained all manner of weirdness pertaining to Albert Bender's alleged experiences, including information on a "secret UFO base" in Antarctica; the mission of the Men in Black to obtain a unique element from the Earth's oceans; and demonology, the occult, spiritualism, and black magic. Put off by much of this material, however, many of the UFO researchers in the United States and Britain largely ignored Bender's book when it was published.

If Bender's account were isolated and one-of-a-kind, there would conceivably be acceptable grounds for believing that his sensational claims were simply the product of a disturbed, fantasy-driven mind. Evidence exists, however, to suggest that Bender may not have been the fantasist that many believed him to be. As time progressed, more and more reports of encounters with the Men in Black surfaced – and from all corners of the globe, no less. And not only that… U.S. Government authorities were very interested in the claims of Bender. Indeed, there is official FBI documentation at our disposal that has a direct bearing upon the Bender affair and demonstrates that official surveillance of Bender and Barker – as well as their links to the mystery of the Men in Black – was well underway by the early 1950s.

On 28 August 1953, an agent of the FBI visited Gray Barker and asked him a number of questions concerning Albert Bender's International Flying Saucer Bureau. It turns out that Bender had mailed to Barker a package of business cards that he had printed, identifying Barker as "Chief Investigator" for the International Flying Saucer Bureau.

In the pages of *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, Barker admitted having given "four or five to close friends, who still had them when I checked with them one week later." It was therefore something of a surprise when the FBI turned up on Barker's doorstep with one of the aforementioned business cards and asking probing questions. "I have always been puzzled about how the Federal Bureau of Investigation got hold of one of them," Barker later said.

"What's this all about?" asked the agent, sternly. Somewhat nervously, a

fidgeting and sweaty Barker explained that the IFSB was simply an organisation formed to investigate flying saucer phenomena, and that the business cards were simply a means by which IFSB investigators could be identified.

The FBI man then proceeded to ask Barker if he knew of a certain individual, whose name Barker could not later recall, who lived in Florida. Barker replied that he did not. This then prompted the agent to advise Barker that the man had suffered an epileptic fit and had been taken to the nearby St. Mary's Hospital. Contained within his belongings was one of Bender's IFSB cards. By now satisfied that Barker was not acquainted with the man in question, the FBI agent merely thanked him and departed as mysteriously as he had arrived. "Then it struck me," recalled Barker. "How in the world had anyone from Florida come into possession of one of my business cards?"

Barker began to seriously wonder if there really had been an epileptic man, or if this had simply been a very clever ruse to allow the FBI to covertly check out Barker, Bender, the IFSB and the story of Bender's experience with the Men in Black. Barker voiced all of these concerns in a lengthy report to Bender, who quickly wrote back: "I cannot for the life of me see why they would be checking up. It certainly proves one thing – the government is more interested in the saucers than we realize."

Half a decade later, Barker and Bender and their links to the mysterious Men in Black were once again the subjects of FBI interest. On 22 November 1958, an inquiring citizen of Oklahoma City contacted J. Edgar Hoover about the FBI's somewhat harsh and heavy-handed treatment of UFO investigators, including Bender:

> Recently, many rumors have been printed in UFO periodicals, concerning reports that Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have discouraged certain saucer investigators, particularly Mr. Albert Bender of Bridgeport, Connecticut, from further research into the secret of these elusive discs. Since you are the Director of the FBI, I would like to know whether or not these reports are factual, or whether they are just rumors.

Hoover's response to the letter-writer was swift:

> I am instructing a Special Agent of our Oklahoma City Office to contact you concerning the matter you mentioned.

A note from Hoover to the Special Agent in Charge at Oklahoma City added:

> An agent of your office should contact [the letter-writer] immediately and secure copies of, or information concerning, the periodicals described.

In a memorandum to Hoover dated 9 December 1958, the Oklahoma office of the FBI reported that the periodical in question was titled the *Saucerian Bulletin* and was published by Gray Barker. The FBI further noted for Hoover's attention that the *Saucerian Bulletin* reported that the three men responsible for silencing Albert Bender were from "the FBI, Air Force Intelligence, and the Central Intelligence Agency." An FBI report of 12 December reads as follows:

> Bender formed the International Flying Saucer Bureau in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1952 to look into the flying saucer mystery. In 1953, Bender allegedly stated that he knew what the saucers are. Then, three men in black suits silenced Bender to the extent that even today Bender will not discuss the matter of his hush-up with anyone.

A month later, on 22 January 1959, Hoover was still hot on the trail of Barker, Bender, and the Men in Black. Hoover wrote in a memorandum to one of his special agents:

> The Bureau desires to obtain a copy of the book written by Gray Barker entitled *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*. Reportedly, the book was published by University Books, Inc., Illinois. Contact this publishing house and if possible, obtain a copy of this book.

Three weeks afterwards, a copy of Barker's book was in Hoover's very own hands, as were all available copies of Bender's *Space Review* magazine. The FBI subsequently noted that its files contained "no information pertaining to the hush-up of Bender." On the subject of *Space Review*, the FBI noted: "This magazine contains numerous articles and squibs concerning the sighting of flying saucers throughout the world. It does not appear to have any security significance."

This would seem to imply that whoever Bender's mysterious black-garbed visitors were, they were not FBI agents. It is highly curious to note, however, that nowhere in the declassified papers is there any mention of the FBI's 1953 interview with Gray Barker. Was this simply an off-the-record interview, or does the FBI have secret reasons for not releasing all of its files on the matter? We may never know for certain.

It is intriguing to note, however, that documentation has surfaced, via the

Freedom of Information Act, revealing that agents of the FBI discussed Bender and the Men in Black with senior personnel at the CIA. For its part, the CIA, perhaps predictably, denied playing any role in the Men in Black controversy, and asserted to the FBI that its personnel did not make it a practice to dress up in black suits and sunglasses as a means to intimidate UFO researchers. In other words, whoever the Men in Black were, they were not CIA agents – according to the CIA, at least!

On 14 May 1969, the FBI was in receipt of yet another letter from a member of the public who had latched onto the stories surrounding the Men in Black and the Bender-Barker saga:

> There currently are rumors over the grapevine and in print that suggest men with Oriental features wearing dark clothes go around terrorizing people who have had close-up views of UFOs. It is also rumoured that these creatures have impersonated [military] officers and FBI investigators. They are supposed to ride around in black or dark automobiles that either have old licence tags or none at all. Several are reported to have attempted to run down witnesses of UFO sightings, made disturbing, macabre phone calls, silenced several investigators who were supposed to have learned some dark secret about extraterrestrial craft or mission plans, opened mail, tapped telephones, and even taken pictures of several homes where UFO witnesses lived. Can you give me any information on such rumors?

In light of the fact that both Albert Bender and Gray Barker were very well known to the FBI, and that J. Edgar Hoover himself even possessed a copy of Barker's book on the Men in Black, it is somewhat amusing and intriguing to note that the FBI responded by earnestly assuring the letter-writer that it was completely ignorant of the Men in Black mystery, and therefore had no information in its possession related to rumours of their bizarre activity.

By the turn of the 1970s, Bender had long vanished into obscurity and Barker was busying himself in other areas of research relating to UFOs and the unexplained – which he continued until the time of his death from the effects of AIDS in 1984. Despite the fact that the FBI took a deep interest in the activities of Barker and Bender, even to the extent of securing for J. Edgar Hoover a copy of Barker's seminal book, the identity of Albert Bender's mysterious and ominous visitors remained unresolved to the satisfaction of those implicated in the puzzling events.

Perhaps one day, the FBI will declassify further secret files on this murky,

mysterious, and disturbing affair and we will finally have the answers to that most perplexing of all questions: Who really are the Men in Black? Where are they from? And what do they want?

- Are they government agents determined to keep the UFO subject under wraps?
- Could they be aliens ingeniously disguised as humans?
- Might they be the denizens of some parallel world?
- Or – as some investigators have come to accept – do they have demonic origins?

Thought-provoking questions, indeed... These questions have been asked ever since the MIB controversy kicked off in the early 1950s, thanks to Bender, whose story perhaps has more to do with the occult than it does with Ufology. The glowing-eyed silhouettes that appear and vanish at will, the foreboding nightmares, and the tales of brimstone and witches are merely the tip of a large, utterly black iceberg, under which the strange secret of the UFO mystery lies.

As students of the work of John Keel will be acutely aware, the MIB surfaced during the wave of Mothman encounters in Point Pleasant, West Virginia in the 1960s. And, as was the case with Bender's story, the West Virginia MIB seemed to regularly straddle numerous aspects of Forteana with disturbing ease. I could go on and on about these frightening men and their unsettling activities, but that's not what I'm here for. Rather, my role is to acquaint you with the book you now hold in your hands: the new edition of Gray Barker's *Men in Black: The Secret Terror Among Us*. It is one of the more interesting reads on the Men in Black. As well as being a longtime player within the UFO arena, Barker was an excellent writer. He had a truly great ability to weave a story. He crafted suspense-filled tales that, to this day, draw the reader in towards the heart of a mind-boggling puzzle. Anyone who has read his classic Mothman book, *The Silver Bridge*, will know exactly what I mean.

Of course, some have said that, at times, Barker's work veered more towards fiction than fact; perhaps "faction" might be a better way of wording things. But, regardless of how you may view Barker and his written output, it is an undeniable fact that he was a central character within the early, formative years of Ufology. He was at the heart of the MIB mystery. Without his input, it is unlikely that the exploits of the MIB would ever have reached the legendary status that they have now attained. So, with that all said, I now invite you to wait until the sun sets and the wind begins to howl... Turn the

lights down low, and prepare yourself for a wild and ominous ride into the dark and disturbing world of the Men in Black. You have been warned!

-Nick Redfern

Redfern is the author of many books on various aspects of Forteana, including On the Trail of the Saucer Spies *and* Contactees: A History of Alien-Human Interaction. *Although he only dresses in black, Nick is not a real Man in Black. Or so he says…*

INTRODUCTION TO THE 2011 EDITION

The Gray Barker Project, housed within West Virginia University's Center for Literary Computing, is a group of literary scholars devoted to preserving Gray Barker's work. On their website, they make some interesting points:

> Gray Barker's work is an act of literary self-creation. Taken together, it is the ultimate postmodern novel. If the postmodern novel troubled the notion of authorship, of intertextual relations, and of the margins between text and context, then the Gray Barker archive is the most extensive, successful, and aporetic postmodern novel ever written... Individual texts in the Gray Barker archive present complex interplays of truth, interpolation, and invention. At the same time, the archive's insertion into public memory and the space of debate causes a seismic disturbance; [it questions] the very nature of an "archive..." By definition, UFOs are a question of evidence. We seek evidence of their existence, but also find that all of the produced evidence poses questions on the nature of evidence itself. The Gray Barker Archive presents no end of evidence. It also presents the author as Trickster, and presents text as a self-reflexive pastiche.

The word "aporetic" refers to a paradox or state of confusion, a condition we often experience when dealing with Mothman, Men in Black (MIB), or UFOs. The questions surrounding the paranormal can be as bewildering as the questions raised by quantum physics; although we seem to live in a world of concrete, separate objects, physicists tell us – in seeming agreement with gurus and holy men – that we are actually living in a hologram, where all things are somehow conscious and interconnected. Reality is alive, responding in strange and indirect ways to our deepest desires and frustrations – which themselves arise from the conditions of that reality.

We think that we can control these enormous, largely unconscious forces, and so we embrace popular beliefs like "you create your own reality" or "life is what you make it." This is understandable, except that in some strange twist of logic – probably rooted in the intensive psychological programming we receive in our capitalistic culture – such beliefs *also* allow society's leaders to avoid responsibility for the many intractible problems we experience. "It's your own fault," they often tend to say. Ironically, the end result of a strong "positive" belief is sometimes an unintended negative response, or lack of

progress in a certain area; one man's heaven is another's hell or, at least, purgatory. An innate tension thus exists within society, as it does in the physical universe.

Based on the research of George Hansen and other parapsychologists, heightened social tensions have been shown, statistically, to increase paranormal phenomena. Sometimes the strong beliefs and desires accompanying stress can visually manifest out of the percipient's subconscious and become "real" for short durations. Witnesses are shocked by something that seems physical and real, but that cannot logically exist. This confrontation with a greater reality, this aporia, is historically viewed as a stepping-stone in the development of the greater soul and/or intellect. According to Wikipedia:

> In philosophy, an aporia is a philosophical puzzle or a seemingly insoluble impasse in an inquiry, often arising as a result of equally plausible yet inconsistent premises. It can also denote the state of being perplexed or "at a loss" at such a puzzle. The notion of an aporia is principally found in Greek philosophy, but it also plays a role in both analytic and post-structuralist philosophy... Plato's early dialogues are often called his "aporetic" dialogues because they typically end in aporia. Socrates describes the purgative effect of reducing someone to aporia: it shows someone who *thought* he knew something that he does *not*, in fact, know it. It instills in him a desire to investigate it. In Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, aporia plays a role in his method of inquiry. In contrast to a rationalist inquiry that begins from a priori principles, or an empiricist inquiry that begins from a tabula rasa, Aristotle begins his inquiry by surveying the various aporiai that exist. He was especially interested in whatever had puzzled his predecessors.

Aristotle claimed that the new science he was trying to create, "metaphysics," depended on first reviewing all of those things that still puzzle us. Many childhood paranormal witnesses have taken to this method of inquiry. Our experiences almost demand such an approach. It is a personal exploration on one level, but it is also a form of cultural anthropology. Since many of us in West Virginia and Ohio were seeing Mothman, MIBs, and UFOs during the late 1960s, we grew up wanting certain questions answered. Some of us found our way into fields that might help answer those questions.

Gray Barker was looking for those same answers. In the late 1960s, he and John Keel, author of *The Mothman Prophecies*, came to my neighborhood in

the Kanawha Valley to investigate matters. As Gray described in his book on Mothman, *The Silver Bridge*, they visited our hamlet of Mound, WV (now called North Charleston) while looking into the Tad Jones UFO sighting case. Mound was once the location of a Shawnee Indian settlement with lots of burial mounds. Since the Kanawha Valley was not encroached upon by the last Ice Age, these mound sites are quite ancient. Human tools and implements dating back thousands of years have been found there. Certain earthworks in the area appear to be based on the same mathematics as Stonehenge and the Great Pyramid. Extremely tall skeletons found in the mounds are said to resemble those recovered near the Damascus Gate in Old Jerusalem.

Mound is perhaps better known for hosting Union Carbide's Blaine Island plant which, among other things, isolates and purifies rare metals. Several toxic Superfund sites can be found in and around Mound. Geiger counters tend to go off near the plant (as they do at the TNT Area in Pt. Pleasant – Mothman's haunt), suggesting the presence of radioactive materials. Today, the Blaine facility is operated jointly by Bayer and Dow Chemical, Carbide's current parent company. Not long after a major labor strike broke out at Carbide in 1966, Mothman was seen flying over the Blaine plant, which is nestled on a U.S. Naval Reservation. Around the same time, Carbide employee Tad Jones reportedly saw a metallic saucer with "tripod legs" in Dunbar, the next hamlet to the west of the plant. In addition, a housewife in St. Albans, just across the river from Dunbar, claimed that her husband had gone out onto the porch to confront Mothman but, instead, had found himself hypnotized by the creature for almost a half hour. In late 1966, I thought I saw Mothman flying over our car in Dunbar, very close to the spot where Jones saw his UFO. In 1967, a playmate of mine showed us marks in his front yard where a craft similar to the Jones UFO had landed. We kids, of course, were unaware of the Jones affair – or any other saucer reports – at the time.

Dunbar is just east of Institute, another village with lots of Indian mounds. Institute was once a prime stop on the Underground Railway during the Civil War. Several key battles – mostly over salt deposits – took place in the area, such as the Civil War's "Battle of Scary Creek," fought right across the river from Institute. Intensive efforts to mine salt eventually led to the discovery of oil and natural gas, which were present underneath some salt mines. The Kanawha Valley is where natural gas was first discovered, and where industrial oil was first manufactured, by squeezing coal under high pressure. Essentially, the technology and mindset of Big Oil – the infamous "military-industrial complex" – was birthed along the Kanawha River. The

U.S. Army cavalry unit that killed Shawnee Chief Cornstalk in Pt. Pleasant, thus setting off the "Mothman Curse" on that town, camped near Institute on land owned by our Freemasonic first president, George Washington.

During WWII, Institute's Carbide plant happened to be one of the only places where synthetic oil and gasoline was made. Despite this – or perhaps because of it – Carbide and other companies like Dow, Bayer, and DuPont shared patents with Nazi Germany during the conflict. Following the war, the Institute plant began making MIC, the gas that killed thousands in Bhopal, India. During the wartime patent-sharing, the Institute facility had a sister plant of sorts in Germany, Dora-Mittelbau, which also made synthetic rubber and oil. But Dora is best known for being the Nazi's infamous V-2 rocket plant, where forced labor was used. Dora is also reportedly one of the places where Nazi flying saucers were secretly produced, leading to speculation that the plant at Institute may have taken over some of the Nazis' flying saucer production after the war.

There is now credible evidence that Carbide manufactured some of the plastics and adhesives found at the scene of the Roswell UFO crash. Pieces of the wreckage looked suspiciously Naziesque to initial USAF investigators, causing them to bring in German scientists to try and pinpoint the source. During Mothman, the Air Force lent technical support to the NSA to complete construction of a secret command base in eastern West Virginia, from which submarines, satellites, and missiles are now thought to be monitored (as well as a majority of our phone calls, faxes, and emails). This would have been a perfect facility for testing and tracking remotely piloted aerial vehicles; the Germans reportedly developed several models, a few of which fell into U.S. hands. As a result of all this research and development, some serious Cold War spying was going on in the Ohio and Kanawha Valleys during the 1960s. The U.S. drones used in the Middle East today are an outgrowth of this early saucer/satellite research. Chillingly, in June of 2010, the military formally requested permission from the FAA to fly their drones – some of which are small enough to fly through the window of a private home – over U.S. airspace.

The man who reportedly headed the Dora flying saucer production line, Gen. Walter Dornberger, eventually became an executive at Bell Aircraft in Dallas, supposedly a haven for military men who hated JFK. Dornberger was friends with the famous Nazi scientist, Wernher von Braun, then head of NASA Security. Von Braun, who headed up the Dora facility before coming to the U.S., reportedly rescued Dornberger from being hanged at Nuremberg. Over time, some UFO researchers began to wonder if such ex-Nazi scientists – those who had come over in "Project Paperclip" – had

created the concept of "alien" abduction for their own purposes. Certainly a widespread belief in ETs might obfuscate the terrestrial nature of flying saucers; and the potential threat of an alien invasion *does* impute a greater need for the funding of NASA. One could argue that the subject of UFOs greatly intensified the Cold War, resulting in more cash for defense companies and for Wall Street.

In addition, such an ET indoctrination program could potentially be used politically, or for purposes of social engineering or "perception management." Declassified documents have shown that intelligence agencies occasionally leak or create UFO stories, as they provide "good faith distraction material" whenever the government is under fire. Von Braun's personal assistant recently came forth to say that von Braun repeatedly predicted all of the stages of propaganda necessary to sell space weaponry to the American taxpayer: fear of communism (which ended with the fall of the Soviet Union); fear of terrorism (triggered by the OKC and WTC attacks); fear of "rogue" Third World nations (like Iraq and Afghanistan); fear of asteroids (!); and finally, fear of "aliens" from outer space. Unfortunately, anyone with the power to destroy an asteroid would probably also be able to put a good dent in the Earth itself. And the Nazis were apparently working on just such a raygun, one that could potentially destroy Earth using nuclear-induced infrasound.

In the years leading up to Mothman, the MIB had disappeared completely, and there had been a precipitous drop in media coverage of "antigravity" devices. This makes sense, given that it wasn't until the late 1950s that U.S. defense contractors were finally able to secure the patents and drawings of early Nazi saucer inventors like Viktor Schauberger, who was held incommunicado on Long Island until he signed away his rights. Once the secret was in hand, all mention of antigravity was pulled from the media. After five or so years of our military covertly tinkering with the stolen designs, suddenly the public experienced a wave of UFOs, particularly in West Virginia and Ohio, where many of the Paperclip scientists had gone. The arrival of the Kecksburg UFO in 1965, thought by some to have been a clever delivery of a "Nazi Bell" antigravity machine, signaled the start of a new era of MIB, UFO, and Mothman activity.

The UFOs seen streaming up and down Pt. Pleasant's Camp Conley Road are perhaps a clue that a new line of saucers were being built underneath the TNT Area in the 1960s. These craft, which John Keel found were running on a reliable schedule, may have emanated from two extremely large, open "water tanks" on a hilltop near the airport. The testing of such craft might account for the whirlwinds or "dust devils" reported by Pat Mathna (see

Chapter 7). TNT Area employees in those days were forced to ride to work on schoolbuses with blacked-out windows, so that they would not know exactly where the underground entrances were located. However in nearby Nitro, WV, where nitroglycerin has long been made, there are no such extreme security precautions. The manufacture of TNT normally does not require such secrecy.

According to author and physicist Joseph Farrell, following WWII some of the Nazi atomic and saucer technology was sent to Bariloche, Argentina, the effective headquarters of the Nazi International. The Bariloche accelerator facility was known for sending "solunal" shockwaves through plasma in order to trigger nuclear devices. Interestingly, "solunal" spelled backwards spells "Lanulos," the name of the "planet" Derenberger was taken to in a spaceship! The pilot of that spaceship was none other than Indrid Cold, a self-proclaimed "spaceman" who, we later learned, lived in a house near Institute. Those with an understanding of ufological "name games" will no doubt surmise that some sort of linkage must have existed between the Kanawha Valley and the headquarters of the Nazi Odessa in South America, and one doesn't blame them... These strange, ominous MIB you are about to read about were real, and they were *not* just hoaxing around.

Here, in *Secret Terror*, Barker discusses the gripping experience of a young soldier working at a secret AVRO flying saucer plant somewhere in West Virginia. The AVRO saucer was built by a British company, A.V. Roe, which operated in the U.S and Canada. The family of the soldier, Jennings Frederick, underwent a forced interrogation in their home late one night, most likely as a security precaution. Later, only Jennings had any memory of the event, since he had been the only one not fully asleep when the intruders entered. In a scene out of a James Bond movie, turtlenecked MIBs tossed gas canisters and injected everyone in the house with some sort of truth serum. One wonders how many families of defense employees were treated to such indignities in order to find out how much they knew.

Simultaneously, dozens of cases of a rare form of cancer cropped up at Carbide plants in the Kanawha Valley, a percentage of which may have been – due to extreme tensions between management and labor – purposely induced, either by arranged "accident" (i.e., chemical spill) or by a method said to have originated in the Eastern Bloc: the surreptitious needle stick. Although the federal government performed a study on the Carbide cancers, it seemed to be a whitewash. No data was compiled showing just how many of the targets worked on secret projects, or how many were active in labor unions. Some of the employees, including my father, hinted that they might have contracted the disease after being pricked or jabbed by a

needle. Vehicle seats may have been the most common location for such loathsome devices, which were apparently laced with radioactive or other cancer-causing substances. Other methods for intimidating security-cleared employees also involved vehicles, such as running targets off the road while driving home, hitting them at crosswalks, or planting explosive devices under their cars.

Interestingly, Ohioan David Ferrie, a mobster and CIA asset suspected of being involved in the JFK assassination, is thought to have injected prisoners in Louisiana with cancer. It is rumored that Ferrie's assistant in this effort was Lee Harvey Oswald, who himself may have been a naval intelligence asset sent in to gather information on Ferrie and his neo-Nazi friends. Someone resembling Ferrie was seen in Pt. Pleasant during Mothman. One wonders if Ferrie knew Indrid Cold, or if either knew Charles Manson, who lived in Mound during WWII. Manson, by the way, happened to be out of jail when the MIB descended on Pt. Pleasant. Strangely, he is said to have been close friends with Sara Jane Moore, who later tried to assassinate President Ford. Even more strangely, Moore went completely missing about ten years before Mothman, only to resurface just as the saucers and MIB arrived on the scene. Moore's childhood estate is rumored to have been an "underground railroad" stop for Jews fleeing Nazi Germany. My elementary school, Grandview, was built on the Moore property. Funded by a special grant orchestrated by Robert F. Kennedy, the school became the focus of military interest due to the high number of "genius" kids there in the late 1960s.

One also wonders if David Ferrie was acquainted with Fred Lee Crisman, the CIA pilot involved in our nation's first modern UFO story, the Maury Island affair. As a testament to his bonafides as a researcher, Gray Barker was among the first to discover that Crisman had been called in to testify about his possible role in the JFK assassination. Unfortunately, the record of Crisman's testimony has never been released, probably because it would open up vast, uncharted areas of military-industrial conspiracy. Barker claimed he was stalked in 1967 by a man in a priest's outfit, one of David Ferrie's favorite looks. Crisman and Ferrie both belonged to Wandering Bishop orders, which are essentially intelligence fronts posing as churches. In 2010, after I showed Woody Derenberger's daughter a photo of Crisman, she told me that he closely resembled a man who had come around to investigate her father's claims.

This subtle thread connecting prophecies, paranormal phenomena, and conspiracies should be of interest to future researchers; if anything, it makes for interesting reading. But it might also have some real value;

sometimes what starts out as a "negative" conspiratorial belief, or process of questioning, can morph into a positive outcome – the reverse of the process mentioned earlier. Certain Eastern legends are based on this idea. They remind us that there is a flipside to everything; one should be patient when forming opinions, even if the current news sounds good. This cosmic process of dynamic revelation, of which the Thunderbird and Garuda are symbols, is quite natural; the ebb and flow of the subatomic world is revealed within consciousness. Due to its antiquity, this dynamism is perhaps the source of the Freemasons' reputed "revelation of the method," a complex process where secrets are exposed in order to provoke certain psychological responses from the public...

A nature-based "revelation of the method" does seem to exist. Indigenous shamans claim that they receive reliable psychic information from the natural world. If they need a recipe for a medicinal cure or a tip on where to hunt, they just ask the plants and animals around them. Perhaps not surprisingly, Mothman was seen coming and going from trees. It seems Mothman was attempting to reveal the methods of murderous conspirators when he gave people premonitions about the RFK and MLK assassinations. In fact, John Keel tried to contact MLK to warn him of his coming assassination on a hotel balcony in the spring of 1968! Unfortunately, the message did not get through... Conversely, there is little doubt that the conspirators – perhaps the real bosses of the MIB – sent out clues following the assassinations, letting us know that a coup had taken place. The murders of certain assassination trial witnesses, just prior to giving testimony, seem to have been staged in symbolic ways. The MIB have a flair for the dramatic.

Now about Mothman... If he really is an archetypal protector deity, trying to help humanity root out its own corruption, could his various messages and prophecies be considered a guidebook to the "Big Conspiracy?" One senses that Barker was, in later years, coming around to believing something like this. In 1977, just five years before *Secret Terror* was penned, official inquiries had revealed the existence of extensive mind "MK-Ultra" control programs run by the CIA, some dipping over into the UFO world. Barker was aware of these developments. UFO magazines were rife with stories about "aliens" planting messages into the heads of abductees. Some of the messages caused abductees to commit senseless violence, such as randomly shooting at black Cadillacs – an act that would both discredit the victim and generate sympathy for the MIB. Apparently, the "aliens" even figured out to how do such things *remotely*, using EM waves to plant "voices" into the heads of unsuspecting victims.

Reportedly, subliminal messages were even beamed into the TV sets of U.S.

Government employees, commanding them to steal sensitive documents. In response, the government hired a psychological specialist to look into the disturbing trend. After deciding that such things *were* indeed happening, the doctor, out of the blue, committed "suicide" after watching a football game on TV. Keel and Barker both wrote about cases where UFO or Mothman witnesses received strange messages on their televisions.

Immediately following the MK-Ultra revelations, conspiracy researcher Mae Brussell pinned the entire UFO abduction phenomenon on her favorite suspects: former Nazi doctors who had secretly come to the U.S. during Operation Paperclip. These scientists had been doing similar mind control experiments in and around plants like Dora and Auschwitz. It made sense that they might want keep on doing such things elsewhere. Brussell was also convinced that this international order of ex-Nazis had killed JFK, and that the U.S Army's Chief of Intelligence during WWII, a suspected double agent, had planned it...

Mae Brussell died not long after Barker. There is a longstanding rumor that she, too, was pricked with a needle and given cancer by the MIB. David Ferrie, who was a pilot, pedophile, and hypnotist in addition to being a cancer researcher, was able to fly himself around the U.S. at will, trolling for victims on what was likely a generous stipend. The Ferrie lookalike in WV tried to abduct paranormal witnesses and their children. Barker wasn't kidding when he said that the MIB were dangerous... According to Keel, the scattered remains of approximately two dozen people were found in a local cave in 1975. However, the cave story was seemingly suppressed, adding weight to Barker's warnings about the MIB; not only could witnesses pay the ultimate price for "knowing too much," but the police were unlikely to investigate their deaths...

Another suppressed story relayed by Keel had to do with the frequent sightings of a birdman in conjunction with the Nazi "foo fighters" – small, metallic globes that disrupted the navigation systems of Allied planes. A similar Mothmanlike entity was seen in 1942 at the "Battle of Los Angeles," where the military shot thousands of rounds at a flying saucer. The UFO, which looked suspiciously like an early Nazi "Hannebu" saucer, parked itself above Culver City, where the Bush family reportedly maintained a residence.

Barker's concerns about the Philadelphia Experiment and the death of M.K. Jessup now seem prescient in light of the fact that several workers at the DuPont plant in Belle, WV repeatedly saw men catch on fire and disappear – exactly what is said to have happened to Philadelphia

Experiment veterans. Were the Belle disappearances a genuine after-effect of the experiment, or were these veterans simply being shot with lasers because they "knew too much?" It just so happens that my father was stationed at the Norfolk Naval Yard throughout 1943, the year the original Philadelphia Experiment is said to have occurred there; this alone may account for the unusual MIB activity around my family and, possibly, my father's early demise... After my mother remarried, her new husband told me that he had seen several men catch on fire and disappear at the DuPont plant. Judging from the quiver in his voice, I think he was telling the truth.

Barker, too, had some unusual experiences, hoaxes notwithstanding. He obviously knew something remarkable was happening. He had a good grasp of Eastern mysticism, and he knew about Keel's theory that Mothman might be a Garuda. If the Mothman *were* a Garuda, there is every possibility that the "Oriental" Men in Black were actually Chinese agents hot on the trail of shapeshifting Tibetan monks, whom they feared and despised. According to sources inside the Buddhist community, some Tibetan monks have the ability to turn into Garudas. Some of these monks apparently wanted to be reincarnated in America, not war-torn Tibet. Unfortunately, holy men with otherworldly shapeshifting powers don't exactly fit into our materialistic culture. Due to such tensions, one could say that the MIB are at the very heart of the mystery. We may have actually been witnessing a battle *between* MIBs and not realized it. While some MIBs appear to be fabulously evil, others may be simply "fabulous": some may create complicated, abhorrent conspiracies, while others resolve them.

Barker seemed to understand that these gurus might be able to explain not only what the UFOs are, but also who Mothman and the various Men in Black are – be they "Oriental," "Greek," "Russian," "German," "Laplander," or "ultraterrestrial." These gurus were the heirs to Shambhala. With knowledge such as theirs, one could open up the proverbial "Book of Knowledge" and find out exactly which forces propelled ancient civilizations to great heights. As Barker put it:

> What if there could be some unknown race, on some unexplored portion of the Earth, which is responsible for the flying saucers? The "inner Earth" explanation would fit into most, if not all, of the facets of the flying saucer picture Various occult schools teach that polar entrances provide the doorways to the cities of Agartha, the Subterranean World, whose capital is Shambhala. If such a people have existed inside the earth for thousands of years, even before humankind, maybe they "seeded" the surface with humans. Maybe they

> have constantly watched over us, occasionally assisting us with technology, giving rise to what we now call "legends." Maybe they built the Great Pyramid; maybe they are responsible for some of the "miracles" reported in secular and religious histories. Until mankind, their protégé, learned to be morally worthy, they would not wish to suddenly give him the knowledge of their existence, nor secrets of their technology.
>
> When man, however, invented the atomic bomb, the people of the inner earth were greatly concerned about it. Maybe they feared that the contamination of the atmosphere would reach them; maybe they feared man could blow up the earth entirely. Halting or controlling man's propensity for destruction would be a delicate problem, unless they came out openly and informed him of their existence. They figured that they would eventually have to do so, and so began a slow process of indoctrination. First, they merely let him see the flying saucers fly around. Since men thought that flying saucers came from outer space, the [agents of Shambhala] pretended to be "space people" contacting him in their craft. They tried to indoctrinate him with peaceful philosophy. The majority of the "space people" spoke strongly against the atomic bomb.

While the agents of Shambhala were trying to help us, the agents from Dora tried to spread a vicious, racist ideology to a number of Ohio Valley UFO contactees. Keel commented on how strange it was that these contactees were given messages "straight out of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*." Ultimately, Keel's conviction that magnetic earth anomalies accounted for most of the sightings was seen as a hindrance to the many authors wanting to sell juicy stories about the "probing" of abductees. There were many knockdown, drag-out battles at UFO conventions following the release of *The Mothman Prophecies* in 1975. The CIA did not want its UFO abduction operation exposed, and cigar-chomping publishers wanted to sell books. Keel, wittingly or unwittingly, may have contributed to the coverup of any Nazi-based UFOs by continually reminding us that strange things have been seen in the skies since ancient times.

Even today, it is difficult to get across the idea that there seem to be two kinds of UFOs: the "synthetic" and the "natural." While some UFOs are obviously "nuts-and-bolts" terrestrial craft, others seem to be conglomerations of energy that can transmogrify and interface with the human mind. Due to the Nazis intense interest in the occult, they were the first to tap into the natural side of the equation and begin replicating it mechanically.

Nowadays, it is almost impossible to tell if a UFO is natural or synthetic; some of these recent inventions may be able to create unusual EM fields that can alter human perception. To some degree, these craft may be able to able to mimic the ancient phenomena discussed by Keel, in which a long string of notable witnesses have encountered strange lights resulting in "religious experiences."

Eventually, in the mid-1980s, the rhetoric softened a bit. The MIBs took a break from harassing UFO and "free energy" researchers. The Air Force and NASA stopped paying attention to the contactees. A few petrochemical companies left the Kanawha Valley and moved to China. The subject of UFOs went away for over a decade, with only a few stalwarts, like Keel, Barker, and Jim Moseley keeping things alive. People eventually forgot about the many early abductees, such as Betty and Barney Hill, who had seen soldiers in Nazi uniforms during their UFO abductions. The fact that Army psychiatrists had hypnotized the Hills into *forgetting* what they had actually seen was swept under the rug.

The more touchy cases, if they could not be ignored, were debunked. One Kansas man, who happened to stroll into a flying saucer while it was under repair (where he found the occupants speaking in High German and accurately predicting the outcomes of upcoming U.S. satellite launches) was apparently coerced into debunking *himself*! The method: make the story less believable by adding incredible details after the fact. Nothing will kill a Nazi saucer story faster than saying it took you on a ride to Venus. Woody Derenberger may have been forced down such a path. He was probably told that if he played along, no one would get hurt.

Unfortunately, when the UFO field rebounded in the 1980s, it lifted UFO abduction to a status approaching communion with God. Writers like Whitley Strieber, Budd Hopkins, and John Mack burst forth with well written, seemingly believable stories about "real" aliens. With the help of pro-ET fundraising outfits like the Rockefeller Initiative and shadowy groups like MJ-12, the Aviary, and the Human Potential Foundation, the belief that humans regularly engage with space aliens became a fixture in the American psyche. Today, the UFO field has become hopelessly muddled by hoaxes, intelligence concoctions, and dubious memes such as "False Memory Syndrome," the "Repto-Sapien Agenda" and "Exopolitics." The obvious has been brushed aside. An increasingly large segment of the population believes that ETs are real, and perhaps in control of the White House. And the situation didn't get this way by chance. Behind the constant drone of "ET" programming in the media, the intimidating MIBs were always there, lying in wait for anyone who refused to believe the ET

hypothesis.

The fact that the UFO field has long been dominated by "former" military and intelligence officers should tell us something. Woody Derenberger, an Army intelligence veteran and former Carbide employee, made "contact" with spaceman Indrid Cold just a week before Mothman began. Just before contact, an auto accident appears to have been staged, which isolated Woody from any passing traffic; he could be hypnotized without interruption. Strangely, an impenetrable ball of metal, encased in 24-carat gold, was found in a nearby field the same night that Indrid Cold made his first appearance to Derenberger. Was Cold looking for something that had accidentally fallen off of an aircraft, perhaps from an AVRO saucer? All we can say is that if top-secret material actually *did* fall, Derenberger's stories about spacemen provided good cover. Perhaps as some sort of reward, Woody received his fifteen minutes of fame on the lecture circuit. Even Gen. Walter Dornberger, whom Keel referred to as Gen. "Nuremberger," traveled the UFO lecture circuit. And why not? Dornberger knew more about the manufacture of saucers than anyone else!

In 2010, on what is statistically the most active paranormal day of the year, June 23rd, an interesting break occurred as this book was going to press. After sending out copies of a little-known MIB photo taken by Allen Greenfield at the 1969 UFO convention in Charleston, WV, I received an email from Mothman witness Harriet Plumbrook, an old neighbor and playmate of mine. Harriet claimed that she had seen the Greenfield MIB walking up and down the lane in front of her house throughout 1967 and '68. This happens to be the same time period when Dr. Alan Roberts, the psychiatrist who treated Woody Derenberger, was coming around our neighborhood. Roberts was reportedly treating Harriet's neighbor, Tommy Burnham, who claimed to be in contact with the aliens and with Mothman. In 1967, Tommy told me that Mothman had given him a vision of an attack on New York City in the year 2001, which would herald the "start of WWIII."

Harriet's remembrance of the MIB in Greenfield's photograph is important, for MIBs like him, with black turtlenecks, are suspected of harassing flying saucer enthusiasts all across the U.S. in subsequent years. Several incidents with them were reported in the late 1960s, in places like Seattle, Cleveland, Long Island, and various cities in Canada. They were often seen at UFO conventions, where they appeared to be eavesdropping on attendees. The turtlenecked MIBs were seen extensively in New York City and New Jersey, driving Volkswagen Beetles and black sedans – the same cars Harriet had seen on her lane, and the ones most associated with Indrid Cold. In fact, the car wreck apparently used to isolate Derenberger involved a Beetle. One of

these MIB was reportedly killed on the streets of Manhattan, while another one was arrested by NYPD. The turtlenecked MIBs had a penchant for pointing ray devices at UFO researchers, which knocked them out. These MIBs had Naziesque symbols on their car doors, such as the "zigzag" bolt of lightning. Three of them did a fairly good job of impersonating Keel, Barker, and Moseley.

Oddly enough, when Harriet's father, Neil Plumbrook, was car-bombed in 1968 (the second attempt on his life), the "FBI" men who came to investigate *also* drove Volkswagens. They blamed the bombing on Jack Bruno, a mobster who lived next door; supposedly the bomb had been meant for him... My father happened to be best friends with Mr. Plumbrook; the situation therefore hit close to home. At the time, Plumbrook was an engineer working on the construction of the Navy's top-secret base at Sugar Grove, WV. This base gathers intelligence and then shares it with members of Echelon, a group of countries primarily comprised of Britain and her former colonies. The guards at Sugar Grove carry NATO-style rifles, and the staff consists of technicians from many different countries. It is hard to know whether my father was targeted due to his proximity to Plumbrook, to the Philadelphia Experiment, or to some secret project he may have been working on at Carbide.

The turtlenecked MIB in Greenfield's photo may have been working security for Jack Bruno, as he seemed to be patrolling the lane on which Bruno lived. The Brunos were apparently allowed to deal drugs for a while, possibly in exchange for keeping an eye on the many government employees living in the area. Bruno himself seems to have been "protected" by J. Edgar Hoover. After his arrest on racketeering charges, Bruno disappeared within the penal system... In some ways, this FBI connection makes sense. President Truman, who was wary of the CIA after it took in so many Nazis after the war, tasked the FBI with tracking ex-Nazis around the world, even though that normally should have been the CIA's job. The FBI involvement on Woodward Drive raises the possibility that Indrid and his flying saucer buddies had links to the ex-Nazis within NASA or the CIA. As you may recall, it was the turtlenecked MIB who injected and interrogated NASA's Jennings Frederick.

One thing seems fairly certain... Gray Barker wanted to avoid discussing Indrid Cold. It is notable that Cold, perhaps the most famous MIB of all, is absent from the pages you are about to read. Might this be evidence that something truly important – and dangerous – was going on, and that Barker had no choice but to constrain himself? Even though *MIB: The Secret Terror* was written in the early 1980s, Cold still lived in the area at that time, and

was thus a threat. According to Derenberger's daughter, Cold eventually moved to Cleveland, which tells you that he was not what he claimed. Cold was not an ET or "space brother," but a bonafide Man in Black. He may even have been the leader of the MIB… Interestingly, when shown the photo of Greenfield's MIB, Derenberger's daughter thought she recognized him. She feels that he may, too, may have been a member of Team Cold.

Adam Gorightly, in his fine afterword to this book, suggests that Barker did a lot of spoofing, but I sometimes wonder if Barker wasn't just tagging along. When Bob Wilkinson's documentary about Barker, *Shades of Gray*, came out in 2010, at least one UFO investigator close to the situation stated that Moseley had instigated the pranks. One can understand the temptation... What else were they to do? It wasn't safe to tell the bitter truth back then. You couldn't just announce that the government was doing horrible things to its citizens, unless you wanted to risk your reputation and safety. There were many mysterious deaths of UFO researchers in those days. In addition, there were, and still are, severe legal penalties for those who reveal "national security" secrets – laws under which any secret saucer program would certainly fall. It may have been incumbent upon Barker to "change the names" to protect not only the innocent, but also himself. Even if Barker *did* scare his nephew, Jim Hawk, with a prank call or deep discussion of the occult, that doesn't explain how or why Hawk saw a dark, winged figure floating above his bed. This Mothmanlike figure was seen not only by Hawk, but also by John Keel and several other witnesses, some of whom I personally know and trust.

Keel, an observant man, always said, "You have to be very careful with Gray." Keel never said that Gray didn't tell the truth; it was just that you had to look for it amongst some other, more entertaining stuff. When one places this alongside one of Keel's favorite aphorisms, "The truth never sells," one can see that there was a practical wisdom to Gray's approach. We live in America, where commerce rules, and we all need to make a living. "Why screw up a good story with a bunch of boring facts, when the audience wants something magical and entertaining?" Barker probably surmised. Not that Gray always resorted to docudrama; during the 1950s and '60s, Barker's UFO reportage was remarkably restrained, conservative and, frankly, objective. As time went on and it became clear that the field was riddled with government plants and hoaxers, Barker, I think, loosened up and sort of said, "To hell with this stuffy reportage."

The beauty of Gray's approach is that he always made sure to let his more truthseeking readers know – as in the chapter on Richard H. Pratt – exactly when he was dramatizing and when he was not. He drops hints that "Pratt"

was really physicist John Sherwood, and that Sherwood was afraid to use his real name for fear of ridicule at the university. In recent years, Sherwood has tried to portray Barker as a hoaxer but, after reading *Secret Terror*, one can see that the pseudonym was Sherwood's idea…

It is easy to tell which parts of Gray's stories are straight nonfiction and which might fall into the realm of "creative nonfiction." The stitches in the yarn are there for all to see. Barker didn't *really* try to hide his use of composite characters, and his usage of this literary device was limited and judicious. Any radical shifts in point of view are obvious and, often, artistically justified. A good quilt is made up of many different shapes and textures. Gray knew where he wanted to take the reader, and how to take them there. It is there that we now go, to a place where one cannot exactly track the alchemy – what it is that makes it transcendent and meaningful.

Even in the face of "skeptical" opposition, there is little reason to worry about the longevity of Barker's work, since its value – its ability to mirror our inner states, from the clear and blissful to the painful and muddled – assures its conservation in our collective "archive." What any swirling mist hides is usually nothing more than emptiness, our essential make-up. Within that emptiness, that void, is our entire mental world, which keeps us busy as we go about our unknown task in the universe. As Nietzsche said, "When you look into the Void, the Void looks into you." I can hear Gray now as he whistles a blissful tune from a grassy knoll on the other side. The chirping of the birds tells us that everything is going to be all right.

-Andy Colvin

Colvin is the author of several books on the paranormal, including The Mothman's Photographer *trilogy and* The Mothman Speaks *trilogy. His ethnographic video series,* The Mothman's Photographer, *was the first to connect Mothman with 9/11 and to fully expand on the theory, first introduced by John Keel, that Mothman may be a Garuda.*

THE SECRET TERROR AMONG US: AN INTRODUCTORY FAREWELL

My friend, Gray Barker, the author of this work, published it in a spiral-bound, limited edition shortly after becoming ill with a then-unknown condition – what some think was AIDS. Gray was born in 1925 at Rifle, Virginia; he died in 1984. His death was shrouded in mystery. Like many of the heroic researchers who branched out from general UFO studies into the world of the infamous "Men in Black," his life was cut short. His illness was as bizarre to me as the case of the Russian politician, Viktor Yushchenko, who was poisoned with dioxin while running for the presidency of the Ukraine.

Gray was a mysterious fellow. He was more complex than even his closest friends may have realized. Was he a prankster? A folklorist living in the mythos? A dedicated ufologist? A cynical troublemaker? I've heard and read comments by his friends that could lead in any of these directions, or all of them. Like I said, he was a complex man. Thus, his greatest work, *The Silver Bridge*, went largely unrecognized for what it was, while his first, *They Knew Too Much About the Flying Saucers,* became his most well known. His specialty was the "Men in Black" cases. In fact, he coined that term.

In *MIB: The Secret Terror Among Us,* first published by New Age Press the year before his death, Gray moves away from the poetry of *The Silver Bridge* to a more documentary-style record of the entire MIB field. He reveals an overarching knowledge of occultism, metaphysics, and ufology equaled by only a rare few – names like Meade Layne, John Keel, and Jacques Vallee. Ten years before my own *Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts* devoted a key chapter to "The Men in Black and Their Magical Origin," Gray devoted a revealing chapter in the present volume to the "Brothers of the Shadow." As he notes therein:

> Any writer expressing pat explanations has just never studied occult tradition, in which the Men in Black are firmly established. Military "secret weapon" theories can never explain UFOs, which have been seen from the dawn of recorded history. The CIA could not be responsible for the MIB who have, down through the centuries, meddled into our affairs and – just as they do today – scared the living daylights out of us!

Though I had read most of Gray's many books, I must confess that in the mid-1980s, I was so deeply involved in a secret society of supposed occultists that I missed reading *Secret Terror*. I went on to write my own take

on UFOs and the MIB a decade later. Only recently, I was asked by the new publisher to develop an introduction to this most excellent book, which allowed me to plunge into its depths.

Gray was far ahead of his time. It is no accident that The National UFO Conference named its "Lifetime Achievement Award" after him. It was awarded first to his good friend and mine, Jim Moseley. Gray closes *Secret Terror* with his customary, good-humored suggestion:

> Pull the covers up more tightly around your neck, dear reader.
> If you don't know too much, there is nothing to worry about.

Gray then suggested that, if you *did* indeed "know too much," the Men in Black would probably come after you, and you had better watch out. He seemed to be asking for people to read between the lines of this book, and to quietly pass on the bits of devastating truth found therein. A year after writing those lines, Gray passed on. He is missed, but never forgotten.

-Allen H. Greenfield

Greenfield has written insightful introductions to both the original and 2008 editions of The Silver Bridge, *and is the author of the influential "underground" books* Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts *and* Secret Rituals of the Men in Black. *Allen spends much of time performing rituals at sacred power spots in the southeastern U.S.*

"For many years now, I have been quietly interviewing warlocks and trying to develop a book based on the actual experiences of natural witches and warlocks – people who are born with the ability to perceive and control the elementals. They seem to be several steps beyond mediums. Mediums are *used* by the phenomenon. Warlocks, on the other hand, are able to use these forces. Unfortunately, most of them seem to come to a tragic end – suicides, murders, bizarre deaths. But it is apparent that thousands of people in each generation suffer from this uneasy talent. I think that I had it when I was an adolescent, but I diverted my attention by studying physics, chemistry, etc., and lost it by the time I was 18. At 18, I woke up one night in a furnished room near Times Square and had what can only be described as an illuminating experience. For a few brief moments, I suddenly understood *everything*. I was really one with the cosmos. The next morning, I could remember very little of it, but I'm sure it was all entered into my subconscious."

-John Keel, letter to author Colin Wilson

"A White Paper [issued by a foreign government] has effectively exposed certain aspects of [our operation]. If possible, fabricate a big human-interest story, like flying saucers or birth of sextuplets to take [media] play away."

-Telegram to CIA headquarters from Florida safehouse, Jan. 30, 1954

"Mimesis is another name for mimicry. Certain insects do this; they mimic other things: sometimes other insects – poisonous ones – or twigs and the like. Certain biologists and naturalists have speculated that higher forms of mimicry might exist, since lower forms have been found all over the world. What if a higher form of mimicry existed – such a high form that no human (or few humans) detected it? What if it could only be detected if it wanted to be detected? Which is to say, not truly detected at *all* since, under these circumstances, it has not advanced out of its camouflaged state to disclose itself. The astonished human being would say they saw 'God' whereas, in fact, they saw only a highly evolved ultra-terrestrial lifeform."

-Philip K. Dick, *VALIS*

NOTICE

This book has been written for a specialized audience and is not intended for the general public or persons who do not have a basic knowledge of the UFO mystery and related subjects such as MIB (Men in Black). Persons for which it is intended will not be excessively frightened by its contents, for they already have a wide knowledge of the subject matter discussed herein.

The uninitiated reader may find certain information traumatic, which could lead to excessive fear and deleterious psychological consequences. May I respectfully address this kind of reader and urge you to put this book aside until you have acquired a background in more elementary and basic UFO books, serials, tracts, monographs, and discourses. A brief survey of occult literature is also advised.

And, even to the initiated reader, I must also address a warning: If you feel in the least that you may be upset by learning some of the more frightening facts about the Men in Black, let me suggest that you omit Chapters 9, 13, and 14 during your study of this volume.

With this Notice and the warnings expressed and implied, I release myself from any and all liability.

-The Author

ONE: THE NOTORIOUS THREE

"The superstitions of yesterday are the science of tomorrow."

-Van Helsing, from the film *Dracula*, 1933

The Men in Black (MIB) are no doubt the most notorious and feared denizens of the UFO tradition.

I think what scares us so badly is that we can't quite classify them. True, Bigfoot, at first glance, is more terrifying, but he (or she) is more of a physical horror. We can file Bigfoot away as some sort of animal the Ufonauts put out for experimental purposes. Bigfoot usually doesn't bother us until we happen to run into this horror in some lonely place. Then we can always run like hell (and Bigfoot usually seems to be as shy of us as we are of that strange entity).

The MIB seem to be after people who engaged in serious UFO studies, or those who have experienced close, dramatic sightings. They seem to be trying to discourage certain people from continuing such studies or talking about such experiences.

They usually dress in dark clothing and drive huge black automobiles which, though quite often old models, nevertheless appear to be brand new, even down to the new car smell. Sometimes they try to run people down. Although I have seldom heard of an actual physical harm coming to their victims, no doubt their psychological, ritual-like warfare has been severe. Indeed, their entire modus operandi appears to be designed to inspire terror and "hush up" UFO enthusiasts and witnesses.

Many of us have shared this fright in one way or another. Even though they may not be after us at the moment, we can never tell. Every time we look through our collection of books, magazines, and clippings we cannot help but wonder if we ourselves may be getting too close to the secret of the UFOs, and if the MIB may at any moment pay us a visit.

You could argue with me that the MIB, despite their scare tactics, have not been very effective, and that people whom they have "hushed up" have, instead, spilled all the beans and told everybody who would listen about their encounters with The Three. To this argument, I counter that the ones

who have talked have been a minority of very brave souls who are not afraid of anybody or anything, including the Government. Naturally, we haven't heard about all the unknown and untold cases where the MIB have successfully sealed the lips of UFO sighters, enthusiasts, and investigators.

Some people accuse me of inventing the Men in Black, and I must set the record straight. Maybe I did first introduce them in print, but it was Albert K. Bender, director of the International Flying Saucer Bureau, who had the first modern experience with them that we know of. I did write about this in *The Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, published in 1956.

In fact, I believe we can give John A. Keel the credit (or the blame) for widely publicizing the MIB in his books and magazine articles a decade later. I'm personally very glad that he did, for it made my reporting of the Bender case more credible. And he helped many people rediscover my book, for which I will be forever in his debt.

Through Keel's reporting we learned that the MIB represent a much more complex phenomena than suggested in my book. Although people reading or remembering my book usually think of the MIB as "Three Men in Black," actually there have been very few cases of their operating as threesomes. They don't always wear black – sometimes they even show up in Air Force uniforms!

Another surprising thing: Although their deeds are dark, they have been incredibly popular with readers, and many have continually urged me to write a book about them. I first thought of going through my files and making a kind of scrapbook of the many cases and articles to be found there but, once I got into the task, I found myself writing a formal book. Oh well, I can always do a scrapbook another time and, if this book is well liked, I can come out with *MIB II* – like the *Jaws* or *Godfather* movie sequels. I suspect this will be the case in time; villainy is often rewarded with adoration. Consider the fictional Darth Vader in *Star Wars*...

Don't expect this to be a definitive, scholarly work about The Notorious Three. To me they defy such organization. As best, I can be anecdotal. To pick out one case that might be considered typical would be impossible, but the following is not a bad try. I quote from a news story titled "Frightened UFO Man Gives Up and Warns" in the *Coventry* (England) *Evening Telegram*, dated March 12, 1968:

> Mr. Brian L. Andrew has shut down his UFO information bureau a frightened man. Since he opened the bureau in Coventry in September, he has, he claims:
>
> -Been watched by a man with a glowing orange face

-Had his telephone cut off whenever he attempted to talk about UFOs

-Received a phone message from a caller speaking unusual English

-Been worried by sudden fluctuations in the lights of a house he was visiting.

"I have given this thing up and destroyed all my papers. There have been happenings that have worried me and frightened my wife," he said. The incidents started at the beginning of October. At that time, he was repairing a car at the back of his mother's house:

> I was by myself. Suddenly, I noticed a man standing by the next-door garage. Nobody had been there before. His face was glowing orange and, as I watched, the face changed to that of an old man before my eyes. He turned and walked away. You could not describe the first face in normal terms. It had eyes, nose, and mouth in the proper places, but not the shape that we associate with the human figure.

The unusual phone call came soon after he began to collect information about UFOs:

> The speaker seemed extremely knowledgeable about the subject and asked very searching questions. What was odd, he spoke perfect textbook English without any slang or everyday words.

Throughout the period of his interest in UFOs, he has had mysterious trouble with his phone:

> Every time I tried to speak to someone on this subject, the phone went dead. All the lights in the house suddenly dimmed. This will happen once in a while, normally, but it kept on happening. This is most unusual. Since I have given it up, I do not have any trouble.

Mr. Andrews is an electrical engineer. Now, he is warning anyone against getting interested in this subject:

> All this started two days after I opened my [flying saucer] bureau. I want to publicly warn that this is nothing to dabble in lightly.

TWO: THE BENDER STORY

"We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be."

-Anonymous

Jan. 17, 1977

It had little to do with UFOs, but the small group of formally dressed people on Hollywood Boulevard contrasted bizarrely with the noise and confusion of rush-hour traffic. Like a graveside ceremony, the observance honored the dead, the late Max Steiner, a movie composer whose lush, romantic background scores thrilled people of two generations ago, and whose memory was still perpetuated by thousands of movie buffs.

A bespectacled man stood beside the widow of Steiner under a big black umbrella held by an assistant – for an unusual drizzle that had threatened all afternoon had finally materialized. As workmen cemented the huge metal star bearing the composer's name onto the sidewalk, Albert K. Bender knew it was joining those honoring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Dean and other deceased movie greats.

Teenage hecklers, following an ape-suited man promoting the new *King Kong* film gave up the chase and attached themselves to the anachronistic Steiner speaker. To Bender this was an unkind slap. Although Steiner may have become more famous for his *Gone With the Wind* score, he had also written the mysterious, threatening music that accompanied the original *King Kong*, released in 1933. Paramount Pictures, purveyor of the current remake of the film, had not sent a representative, though invited, to honor the composer for the former film, perhaps rankling critics who insisted on comparing the new picture with the old classic.

Bender ignored the heckling and continued speaking, even though further annoyed by a new disturbing influence, a wild-eyed preacher who had set up his pulpit on the bed of a truck half a block away and shouted through a handheld amplifying horn. He railed about the destruction of Los Angeles during a predicted earthquake that would devastate the entire West Coast. In his choked rantings, the speaker connected the catastrophe with UFOs

and quoted from the Book of Ezekiel, repeating the prophet's vision of "wheels within wheels" and extraterrestrial visitors who "turned not as they went."

Bender pretended to ignore the cacophony as he secretly remembered the dark days of his own UFO involvement and his flight from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Los Angeles after three threatening men knocked at his door. Heeding their warning, he dropped out of UFO research and turned to another interest: fostering a revival of movie music in danger of being forgotten or lost. Digging through studio archives, he rescued and re-recorded crumbling music soundtracks recorded on decomposing nitrate films. Thanks to his efforts, several releases of the old scores had become solid commercial successes on hit albums. But still, his UFO past dogged him as researchers tried to contact him to find out what he knew that had resulted in his hush-up. For this reason, he maintained an unlisted telephone number, could only be reached at a box number, and waived credit on album jackets.

As the ceremony ended and Bender walked toward the waiting limousine, a huge bale of tabloids thrown from a news distributor truck almost struck him.

"Strange UFO Abduction!" read the shrieking headline. There had been a time when he would have cut the wire binding, tossed down some coins and eagerly read the UFO story. But, like the creatures of the evangelist's Biblical spiel, Bender turned not as he went. His face expressionless, with teeth meshed tightly and jaw trembling, he followed his wife, Betty, ducking into the door held by the attendant. Then, the Continental sped away.

But just what does Albert K. Bender have to do with the UFO mystery and the probable role of intelligence agents in discouraging private UFO research? Why does he refuse to talk about the subject after being one of the earliest and most vocal advocates of civilian investigation? As I put it in my book, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*:

> There came three men in black suits with threatening expressions on their faces. Three men who walk in on you and make certain demands. Three men who know that you know what the saucers really are! They don't want you to tell anyone else what you know.

This quotation set the stage for a report that would curdle the blood of saucer buffs all over the world, and raise the dark curtain on a long series of encounters with the notorious Three Men in Black.

The really frightening aspect of the MIB may have been their unidentified status. They weren't spacemen – those we could cope with and "explain." They weren't exactly government men, though they might be from some "secret" government. They were definitely a part of the saucer pattern, for they warned people who "knew too much" to stop their investigations. They were terrifying because they were unknown. Bender might know who or what they were, but he wasn't talking!

Although Albert K. Bender's encounter with the MIB was certainly not the first, he is the person most closely identified with them when silver saucer tales are spun. The case he reported was not only highly dramatic, but was publicized by two books, the aforementioned *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* (University Books, NY, 1956) and *Flying Saucers and the Three Men* (Saucerian Books, Clarksburg, WV, 1963).

In 1952, Bender formed a club that he called The International Flying Saucer Bureau (IFSB). Present-day UFO groups such as the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) are patterned after Bender's organizational structure. A prospectus mailed out by Bender promised that the organization would collect and organize information and try to find out what the saucers were. Another aim was to try and make friendly contact with the occupants if they ever landed publicly.

The IFSB was highly successful in many of its aims. It soon attracted an impressive list of members. And it eventually appeared as if Bender, through information gained by the help of the organization, was able to reach some firm and definite conclusion as to the origin and purpose of the discs. Then, the MIB came!

I joined the IFSB in November 1952 and, in the following month, accepted the position of representative for my own state, West Virginia. I, like representatives in other states and in foreign countries, was to investigate sightings and collect general UFO data in my territory, and to solicit memberships. Neither I nor other representatives were paid, though we did receive free memberships.

In February of the following year, Bender set up a Department of Investigation for the purpose of investigating and evaluating sightings, photographs, and other evidence received at the Bridgeport headquarters. The IFSB published a quarterly journal of its activities, *Space Review*, which first appeared in October 1952. During 1953, the publication hinted that a "startling announcement" would be published in the July issue, but the announcement did not appear. The October 1953 issue contained infor-

mation, however, that was quite startling to most members. In announced that effective Jan. 1, 1954, the IFSB would be completely reorganized and would no longer be known by that name.

Bender offered refunds to all its members, though they could accept issues of another publication in exchange. The new publication would not be concerned with UFOs, but "questions of the universe in general." Memberships in the new organization would be restricted to specialists in particular fields and the public would not be invited to join.

But the most startling part of Bender's final issue was some text on the front page:

> The mystery of the flying saucers is no longer a mystery. The source is already known, but any information about this is being withheld by orders from a higher source. We would like to print the full story in *Space Review* but, because of the nature of the information, we are sorry that we been advised in the negative. We advise those engaged in saucer work to be very cautious.

Thus Bender announced he had solved the UFO riddle and unleashed a mystery and controversy that never has been laid to rest.

The first indication that something unusual was happening in the IFSB was a letter of Sept. 16, 1953, advising me to accept no more memberships until I had the October issue of *Space Review*. I assumed that some organizational changes were to be made and thought little of it, until I received a tape recording from a fellow member of the Department of Investigations, Dominick C. Lucchesi, who told me he had just talked to Bender by telephone and that the latter had suddenly announced, "I know what the saucers are!" It was due to this knowledge and subsequent events that he had decided to close the IFSB and to drop the UFO subject altogether.

There followed a frantic effort on the part of the members of the Dept. of Investigations of the now defunct organization to try and find out just what actually had happened. Piecing together telephone calls and two personal interviews with Bender, a fascinating story and additional mystery developed.

Bender had his idea of the origin and purpose of the saucers in mind for some time. Recently, however, he had received "proof" consisting of "diagrams and names," though he wouldn't say what the diagrams were about or what the names were.

He said he had submitted this information, along with his own theory, to some source (which he would not disclose) for consideration. Whether it was for confirmation or publication, we could not learn. But it appeared that the submission of the material led to the appearance of three men, in dark clothing, who came to his home unannounced. They had Bender's information with them and confirmed it as valid. In addition they offered further information, but warned him against disclosing any of it. The confirmation of his theory and the presentation of the additional information seemed to be most upsetting to Bender, who said he was sick for three days afterward as a result. A person who visited Bender shortly after the alleged visit confirmed that Bender seemed to be disturbed and "not quite his usual self."

Bender's silencing immediately became almost a fixation in my mind. What Bender found out was the topic of discussion with all my friends who had been involved as members. I collected reams of notes, and made summaries of different conclusions one could reach as to what actually had happened.

I just couldn't understand what would make Bender want to drop out of the saucer scene. He was at the top of a kind of thing that he must have liked very much. The IFSB was the most popular UFO organization in the world... Nothing in Bender's attitudes prior to the silencing indicated that he might be getting tired of the work of running such a large club – as some skeptics suggested.

Nor could I see the motivation for his concocting a story to cover his exit. I don't think it could have been a publicity stunt, because thereafter Bender consistently avoided publicity. Nor do I think that he had writing a book in mind at that time – though he later promised me that if he ever decided to reveal what had actually happened, he would write it up and I would be selected to publish it as a book.

After lengthy sifting of my data, the best conclusion I could reach was that his silencing was the result of interference by some Government intelligence agency. This theory is even more attractive today, in light of recent exposés of excesses on the part of the intelligence community in political affairs. Since Bender, we have had the murders of the Kennedys and King, and the suspicions of conspiracies and cover-ups in connection with them. We know today that during the 1950s, the CIA was concerned about national security from Russian missile attack, and that the agency convinced the Air Force that public belief in UFO's might cause confusion in case of an enemy attack. Acting on this cue, the Air Force consistently played down sightings, tried to explain all of them as misinterpretations of natural phenomena,

or as hoaxes and hallucinations. The Air Force tried to convince the public that the saucers were not real, and that those who dealt with them were crackpots and lunatics.

Such an agency could have frightened Bender by pretending to be some sort of *super* secret agents, maybe even representing the "space people"; or they could have simply flashed official credentials and convinced him that he was engaged in activities not in the interest of national security. It is conceivable that they could have had something to hold over his head, maybe his job, or even some skeleton in his closet. Bender did make a statement, to the effect that he "could go to jail for an awfully long time" if he revealed the secret.

After the success of my *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, I organized a small business, Saucerian Books, to publish my own writings and the manuscripts of others who could not get their experiences accepted by the large publishing houses. My first title, *From Outer Space to You*, by Howard Menger, was then in bookstores. I again got in touch with Bender, using this fact as ammunition to encourage him to reveal his secret. I knew that he enjoyed writing and would like to be, as most anybody would, a "real" author between the hardcovers.

To my happy surprise, Bender replied that he would indeed write a book, and would get to work on it right after the Christmas holidays of 1958. He agreed I could visit him at his home in Bridgeport in January 1959, to discuss his progress.

But before leaving Clarksburg I received a shock. A letter from Bender stated:

> I began to write one chapter and something happened. As a result, I don't think this is the proper time to write about UFOs.

"I wish I could have written the book," he told me later, "but I feared for the safety of Betty (his wife) and myself should I go ahead." I received another surprise, though a more pleasant one, in late 1961, when Bender did another turnabout and suddenly told me he had already finished it. I waited with baited breath to receive it, for I would be the first, I believed, to learn Bender's true secret.

Then came the real shock. When I read his manuscript, I got the strong impression that it either was a piece of fair science fiction or that Bender had gone off his rocker. In light of today's more widespread acceptance of paranormal phenomena, the book is becoming more believable, but I must confess that I was disappointed when I first read the manuscript of his

Flying Saucers and the Three Men.

The almost unbelievable events Bender reported began on March 15, 1953, a date that had been set up as an experiment involving all IFSB members who could participate. On that date, members were to adhere to a timetable, synchronized all over the world (at 6:00 p.m. in the Eastern Standard time zone of the U.S.) at which time everybody would concentrate and attempt to send a telepathic message to the UFO occupants. The message to be relayed stressed that the "space people" were welcome to land in peace and friendship. The saucerians were to be urged to give some sign that the message had been received.

At the appointed time, Bender retired to his bedroom, turned of the lights and lay down. As he began concentrating on the message, a cold chill overcame his body, dancing blue lights appeared in the room, and he smelled a sulfurous odor. He seemed to be floating three feet above the bed and could see his own body lying there. Then a strange voice called out, urging him to cease his UFO investigations and warning that "we will make an appearance if you disobey!"

That was only the beginning... Later, three shadowy figures materialized inside his room and gave him a small metal disc, which they said would aid him in contacting them should he desire to do so. If he squeezed the disc and uttered the cryptic word, "Kazik," they would reappear, particularly if he turned on his radio prior to doing so (suggesting that the radio had something to do with their ability to materialize).

Of course, a complete reading of Bender's unusual and frightening book is necessary for the reader's own evaluation; however, the work is out of print and difficult to find in most libraries. To necessarily and, perhaps unfairly, shorten the strange story, Bender became more deeply involved with his visitors and eventually was teleported to the South Pole, where a huge "mothership" and smaller, saucer-shaped craft provided a base for the visitors who had come here from a planet named Kazik. They were involved with extracting an unknown substance from seawater. The finished product looked like bouillon cubes. They took the time to tell Bender much about their home planet, where residents reproduced from eggs and occasionally were decimated when darkness and plague came upon their planet. They had only a limited time to carry out their work while their planetary system was closest to the Earth, and would soon be leaving. Their departure would be signaled by the disintegration of the contact disc that they had given him. Bender was returned to his home safely, again by teleportation. As promised, one day the small disc crumbled into dust.

Bender did depart from his refusal of publicity for a very short time, giving a few lectures and appearing on Long John Nebel's radio program on WOR in New York. But soon, he again dropped out of contact with the saucer scene and moved to California, where he lives today. With an unlisted telephone and undisclosed street address, Bender can be reached only by mail at a box number he has revealed to a few friends. An annual exchange of Christmas cards is practically the only personal contact I still have with him.

I published his book with some disbelief and disappointment. I wrote the best introduction and epilogue that I could muster under the circumstances.

At the time of publication, John A. Keel hadn't come along to crystallize much of the "4-D" theories that had been proposed by a few people back in the early days, nor had I read much in "occult studies." But I think that I did a very good thing in suggesting, in the epilogue, that readers should resist if such phenomena entered and started growing in their lives. Nowadays, in reading popular works on demons, exorcisms, and similar matters, the book takes on more believability. I probably exercised good judgment in warning readers.

As this is written, more than 25 years after the appearance of *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, the real facts about Bender's silencing may still never completely come out. People still ask me what I think really happened.

I am still fascinated by Bender's stories, though I don't completely believe everything. I still cannot help believing that Bender is still hiding some very interesting secrets. To me, the first story, concerning three men in black suits who came to visit him and confirm certain information, is the most believable. Despite his story of strange entities from the planet Kazik, his real story – if told – might involve some government intelligence agency and something that Bender found out, which he was forced to keep secret. I cannot believe that Bender completely invented the story as a cover for what actually happened or for his exit from active UFO investigation. It is too similar to the paranormal experiences reported by many others who could have been involved with UFOs. Of course, it could have been a bit of both. Whatever happened to him, Bender firmly established a fearsome tradition in ufological fact and folklore: the durable Men in Black (later shortened by popular usage to "MIB" by hurried and harried terrestrials). Like Coca-Cola, "MIB" became the "Coke" of a new generation of saucerers. They, like myself, would cast fearful glances over their shoulders while returning home alone of nights, fearing (and sometimes even hoping) that they also might "know too much."

THREE: BEFORE BENDER

"The problem with insight, sensitivity, and intuition is that they tend to confirm our biases."

-Naomi Weisstein

Although the publication of Bender's experiences created the first widespread interest in the Men in Black, apparently the shadowy mystery visitors had been around a long time before that.

Dennis Stamey, in a chapter that appeared in *The Truth About the Men in Black* (published by Kurt Glemser), believes that "visits by unknown agents are seeded throughout UFO literature and newspaper accounts of flying saucer sightings. For many years, they were overlooked or not recognized for what they were. Today, just about every UFO investigator has encountered these Men In Black. The history of demonology, witchcraft, and the occult are filled with similar incidents, leading one to speculate that the UFO phenomena are at least partly 'psychic' in nature."

UFO magazine editor Allen H. Greenfield has pointed out that there is usually a consistent reference associating the term "Black Man" with the Devil, along with a mention of an Indian-like appearance supposedly attributed to the Devil by witches. Greenfield has noted that there was a concentration of such cases beginning at the time of the Elizabethan, post-Reformation era in the 1600s. Several occult volumes classify these beings into a group of their own and refer to them as Men In Black, Demons, Devils, Apparitions, or Black Men – the latter being the most commonly used.

The writings of arch witch-hunter Cotton Mather mention a "Black Man" associated with the Indians. And there was mention of a man dressed in black during the witch trials in Salem, Massachusetts.

In *Flying Saucers in the Bible*, Virginia Brasington repeats what may well be folklore regarding the origin of the Great Seal of the United States. According to this tradition, Thomas Jefferson was walking alone in his garden late at night when he was approached by a mysterious man wearing a flowing black cape. The visitor allegedly handed him a parchment on which

was described the basic design that became the official seal of our country.

During the great airship "invasion" of 1897 and 1898, many mysterious visitors having oriental features, dark complexions, slight statures and heavy, indefinable accents often turned up, becoming a part of this strange legacy from the end of the last century. During one such instance, a huge dirigible dropped several artifacts over a small community in Texas. Local citizens gathered these and put them on view in a store window. The next day, a man posing as a "traveling dealer" came to the store and offered such a high price for the item that the storekeeper reluctantly sold the objects to him.

One of my favorite modern MIB stories came out before my book. Although it is undocumented, it suggests that the shadowy visitors were from outer space and may have been meeting with high officials of the U.S. State Department!

In 1956, shortly before *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* was published, Citadel Press brought out a second book by Dr. Morris K. Jessup, whose *Case for the UFO* it had published the previous year. This second volume, *The UFO Annual*, was a compilation of UFO reports for the year 1955, and obviously was intended to be the first of an annual series (which never continued). The large 375-page book apparently was hastily put together with newspaper clippings, letter to the authors about his first book, and other material largely published verbatim, with little editorial comment or bridging references. As a result of its poor organization and relatively high price, the book was bought only by serious UFO buffs, and bombed out on the general market. I confess I had not taken it off the shelf for several years until, while preparing for the present work, I remembered a weird account about some strange men in black. I thumbed through a lot of repetitious UFO sightings until I found the reference.

The clipping obviously had not been inspired by the Bender story, for it had first appeared in 1955, a year before my book came out.

I'm certain it was an actual newspaper or magazine column, for it appeared to be only one of such hastily gathered items Jessup reprinted. Identified only as appearing in "David Grinnell's column," it was typical of all the sparingly documented material in the book. Although I talked with Jessup once after the book came out, I'm afraid I forgot to ask him about it. I have asked many other UFO enthusiasts about it but they, like myself, could not remember seeing the material as it originally appeared.

It's a frightening and almost charming little MIB story. I here yield to the temptation to republish it, just as Jessup did, without documentation:

I cannot say whether I am the victim of a very ingenious test on the part of some of my wackier friends, or whether I am just somehow accidentally "in" on some top-secret business. But it happened. And it happened to me personally, while visiting Washington recently. [I was] just rubbernecking, you know, looking at the Capitol and the rest of the big white buildings. It was summer and fairly hot. Congress was not in session; nothing much was doing; most people were vacationing. I was that day aiming to pay a visit to the State Department, not knowing that I couldn't, for there was nothing public to see there, unless it is the imposing and rather martial lobby (it used to be the War Department building, I'm told). This I did not find out until I had blithely walked up the marble steps to the entrance, passed the big bronze doors, and wandered about in the huge lobby, wherein a small number of people, doubtless on important business, were passing in and out.

A guard, sitting near the entrance, made as if to start in my direction to find out who I was and what I wanted, when one of the elevators came down and a group of men hustled out. There were two men, evidently State Department escorts, neatly clad in gray double-breasted suits, with three other men walking with them. The three men struck me as a little odd: they wore long black cloaks, big "slouch" hats with wide brims pulled down over their faces, and carried portfolios. They looked like cartoon representations of cloak and dagger diplomats. As they were coming directly toward me, I stood my ground, determined to see who they were.

The floor was marble and highly polished. One of the men nearing me suddenly seemed to lose his balance. He slipped. His feet shot out from under him and, as he fell, his portfolio slid directly at my feet.

Being closest to him, I scooped up the folio and was the first to help raise him to his feet. Grasping his arm, I hoisted him from the floor. He seemed to be astonishingly weak in the legs; I felt almost that he was about to topple again. His companions stood about helplessly, rather flustered, their faces curiously impassive. And though the man I helped must have received a severe jolt, his face never altered expression.

Just then, the two State Department men recovered their own

poise, rushed about and, getting between me and the man I had rescued, rudely brushed me aside and rushed their party to the door.

Now, what bothers me is not the impression I got that the arm beneath that man's sleeve was curiously wooly, as if he had a fur coat underneath the cloak (and this in a Washington summer!), and it's not the impression that he was wearing a mask (the elastic band of which I distinctly remember seeing amidst the kinky, red, close-cropped hair of his head). No, it's not that at all... It's the coin that I picked up off the floor where he'd dropped his portfolio.

I've searched through every stamp and coin catalog I can find or borrow. I've made inquiries of a dozen language teachers and professors, and nobody can identify that coin or the lettering around its circumference.

It's about the size of a quarter, silvery, very light in weight, but also very hard. Besides the lettering on it, which even the Bible Society (which knows a thousand dialects) cannot decipher, there is a picture on one side and a symbol on the other.

The picture is the face of a man, but a man with very curiously wolfish features [such as] sharp canine teeth, a broad and protruding nose, widely spaced vulpine eyes, and hairy, pointed ears.

The symbol on the other side is a circle with latitude and longitude lines on it. Flanking the circle, one on each side, are two crescent-shaped moons.

I wish I knew just how far those New Mexico rocket experiments have actually gone.

I'm certain I'll receive a few dozen letters outlining the genesis of this beautifully horrifying story, and it probably will turn out to be fictional. But as I said, I couldn't resist reprinting it here.

It's a story too "good" to be true.

But the following story I'm going to tell, which also antedates the Bender mystery, is a different kind of horror study.

It is a story too "true" to be good!

Bender's tale of meeting horrendous visitors from the planet Kazik frightened me very little. But I have always been terrified of his original

Men In Black. That is probably because I sensed that maybe they weren't from outer space, from the Hollow Earth, or from some mind-bending fourth dimension. What if they were flesh and blood, and you and I were paying their salaries right now out of our weekly paychecks? This probably won't scare you unless you think about it for a while. Meanwhile, I'll get on with my story...

Though not primarily an MIB story in the narrow sense, Tacoma, Washington's "Maury Island Affair" is probably the granddaddy of all the more current reports involving mysterious visitors, frightening phone calls, and general experiences of persecutions of UFO sighters.

It involved Kenneth Arnold, whose sighting was the first to publicize modern "flying saucers" and to give them that name. It also involved Ray Palmer, accused by the Air Force and by science fiction fandom for inventing the flying saucer mystery!

It also involved two Air Force intelligence officers who lost their lives while investigating the affair.

It resulted in the most fascinating book about the UFO mystery I have ever read, *The Coming of the Saucers*, privately published by Arnold and Palmer in 1952. It would be impossible to justly review the Tacoma affair in the space available here, so we urge you to refer to the original, if possible.

Practically all of us know about pilot Kenneth Arnold's 1947 sighting of nine gleaming objects over Mt. Rainier in the state of Washington. It was an excellent and clear sighting, though not as dramatic as many that preceded and followed it. We also know that when Arnold described the objects as "like saucers skipping over the water," the term "flying saucer" was invented. Due to the space given his sighting in the press, readers the world over began reporting their own experiences, and the modern UFO era began.

Among letters from publishers asking for Arnold's first-hand account was Ray Palmer, who had founded *Fate* magazine, which carried accounts of strange and inexplicable events. Palmer had been the editor of *Amazing Stories* when the science fiction magazine published the alleged experiences of Richard S. Shaver, who claimed to have been in contact with a race of degenerate beings known as "Dero," living in caverns beneath the Earth's surface. Shaver had even predicted flying saucers in his series of stories and articles, which he claimed were true. Although he had been contacted by many larger magazines, Palmer's tone of sincerity impressed Arnold, and he answered the letter. When Palmer replied, he related a brief account of tow harbor patrolmen in Tacoma who had experienced a dramatic UFO sighting

and claimed to have physical evidence that had dropped from one of them. He offered Arnold a considerable sum of money if he would fly to Tacoma and investigate their claims.

Still impressed by Palmer's sincerity and intrigued by the mystery, Arnold took off from Boise for Tacoma, never anticipating the bizarre events into which he was plunging.

From the very beginning, the inexplicable happened. Although he had told nobody except his wife of the date he was taking off, Arnold was amazed to find a twin-bedded room reserved in his name at the Winthrop, the finest hotel in Tacoma, after finding all rooms booked up elsewhere.

He reached one of the witnesses, Harold A. Dahl, who was very reluctant to talk to him because of certain "bad luck" he had experienced after the sighting. Arnold finally persuaded him to talk. Dahl came to the hotel room and began to relate the sensational happenings.

At about 2:00 in the afternoon of June 21, 1947 (prior to Arnold's own sighting), Dahl, two crewmen, his son, and a dog were patrolling the east bay of the practically uninhabited Maury Island when they sighted six very large, doughnut-shaped aircraft flying about 2000 feet overhead.

The objects were slowly descending as five of them circled a sixth, which apparently was disabled. Dahl estimated they were about 100 feet in diameter, with portholes around their middles. Never having heard of flying saucers, Dahl and the others thought they were balloons. When the unusual objects had descended to about 500 feet above, the witnesses heard an explosion, and the center object began to discharge a hail of hot metal fragments into the bay.

Dahl and his party fled for shore and ducked under some cliffs to protect themselves but, despite this precaution, one of the fragments struck and injured the arm of Dahl's son, killed the dog, and damaged the wheelhouse of the boat.

Dahl immediately reported the incident to his superior officer, Fred L. Crisman, who at first appeared incredulous but became convinced when he saw the damaged boat, the white metal fragments, and the slag-like material deposited on the beach.

The next morning, a man dressed in a dark business suit called at Dahl's house and invited him to breakfast. There was really nothing unusual in the man's appearance – Dahl thought he was a salesman and quickly accepted his hospitality.

But the moment they were seated in a restaurant, Dahl's suspicion and curiosity were aroused, for his host began repeating, with great accuracy, Dahl's strange experience of the previous day; he knew every detail. Since Dahl had never seen the man before, he was amazed and shocked. After breakfast, the visitor told him that he and his crew had seen and experienced something that shouldn't have happened. He told Dahl that if he loved his family and didn't want anything to happen to him, or them, he shouldn't discuss the experience. Dahl then drove Arnold out into the suburbs to his secretary's house, and showed him one of the fragments that had fallen. Although it looked like ordinary lava rock, Arnold was excited because he remembered a newspaper story of an earlier sighting involving the discharge of lava or cinder ash particles.

The next day, Dahl arrived with Fred Crisman, who backed up Dahl's story in regard to the damaged boat and the fragment discharge onto the beach. Becoming convinced that something important and mysterious had happened, and feeling alone and frightened, Arnold phoned his buddy, Captain E.J. Smith, a pilot for United Airlines. Smith was intrigued, and quickly agreed to join Arnold and occupy the other twin bed, which had also been mysteriously reserved along with the room.

The plot thickened immediately upon Smith's arrival. They further examined the dark lava-like fragments and found them perfectly smooth on one side and slightly curved, while the other side appeared to have been subjected to intense heat. When pieced together, they appeared to have been the lining of some kind of power tube about six feet in diameter. When they examined the white metal, however, they believed it to be a fake, for it was a common type of metal one could find in any salvage dump where surplus Army bombers had been junked.

Meanwhile, Ted Morella, news director of the United Press in Tacoma, called Arnold asking for a story. When refused, he told Arnold that a mysterious informant had been calling the UPI office and telling him everything they had been saying. Morello wanted them to confirm this information. Arnold and Smith thoroughly inspected the room. If there were any "bugs," they were too cleverly concealed to be discovered.

Remembering two Air Force officers from A-3 Military Intelligence, Lt. Frank M. Brown and Capt. William Davidson, who had interviewed him after his Mt. Rainier sighting, Arnold decided to call them and try to bring them in on the case. They were interested and, within a few hours, flew to Tacoma and were in the hotel room. After they inspected the fragments in the room and listened to the entire story by Dahl and Crisman, the two officers

appeared to lose interest and rose to leave. Crisman practically forced a large box of the fragments upon them (which he had brought from his home and which appeared to be different from the ones they had inspected).

Shortly after Brown and Davidson took off, their B-52 crashed, killing both of them. Two survivors, enlisted men who hitchhiked a ride on the bomber and parachuted to safety, said Brown and Davidson also had ample time to bail out, but didn't. The crash site was placed under heavy military security.

Dahl and Crisman failed to produce the photographs they claimed to have made of the doughnut-shaped craft. When invited to inspect the harbor patrol boat, both Arnold and Smith realized that it was not the craft that had been described to them. A "Major Sander" from Army Intelligence visited Arnold and Smith, and collected all of the fragments in their room.

The mystery deepened. When Arnold drove Smith out to the house where he had met Dahl's secretary, he couldn't believe his eyes! The house was empty. It looked as if it had been deserted for months, with cobwebs growing all over the place. Later, Arnold tried to get Dahl's number. He couldn't obtain it through information, even though it had been in the telephone book while he had been in Tacoma. The mysterious informant who constantly called Morello rang him up again, and told him that Crisman had boarded an Army bomber and was being flown to Alaska. A check with McChord Field confirmed that an Army bomber had indeed taken off that day! Regardless of where he had gone, Crisman had indeed disappeared.

All of the above is reported in the first person by Arnold in *The Coming of the Saucers*, though it probably was edited by Palmer. The remainder of the book was obviously written by the latter. Aside from Arnold's account of his own dramatic sighting and the Tacoma affair, briefly outlined above, the remainder of the book is a routine recounting of sightings and UFO background material.

Despite the short shrift and the cries of "hoax" prominent UFO groups have given the incidents described in the book, I have always had a hunch that much of it was true. One can deduce some logic from it: Arnold, fresh from the publicity accorded him because of his own sighting, may have believed more than he should. Palmer was a great editor. He may have jazzed the thing up a bit. All or part of the Tacoma affair may have been a hoax. But we are left with all the "whys" of it: the pattern of the "Men in Black," even before this became publicized; the fact that Arnold and Smith were either being "read" by some superhuman intelligences who knew everything they were saying in the room or that – even in 1947 – sophisticated bugging devices existed, which they couldn't discover in their room.

Palmer had been in touch with Crisman prior to the Tacoma incident. An airman during World War II, he had written Palmer of his frightening experience in a cavern in Burma, where he had been attacked by creatures similar to those reported by Shaver in *Amazing Stories.* Palmer said that later, Crisman had telephoned him from different parts of the U.S. reporting similar incidents.

With its contradictions and the often-inexplicable behaviors of its principal characters, the Tacoma affair reads like an impossible tale. As the precursor of present-day cases, and its parallels with elements of them, however, it becomes more worthy of serious review.

If one could explain this one, one could explain much of what is happening today... And Tacoma's "Maury Island Affair" may be easier to fathom than one thinks.

Take a "real" UFO sighting and mix in Kenneth Arnold, fresh from his confusion as the first publicized UFO witness. Then, mix in a general helping of Ray Palmer, one hell of an editor when it comes to taking an incident and reporting it dramatically. Add a cup of U.S. military, suddenly confronted with the publicity created by Arnold's sighting and the full-blown UFO mystery just coming to light.

But the mix is not yet fully complete...

Stir in a generous portion of the Central Intelligence Agency, and you may just have a fully palatable, logical kind of dish!

Reading Allen H. Greenfield's publication, *Ufology Notebook,* the other day, I came across a baffling reference I had almost forgotten.

After the assassination of John F. Kennedy, I became intrigued by the "second gun" and other conspiratorial theories advanced by Mark Lane and others. When Clay Shaw was tried as a conspirator in New Orleans, I subscribed to *The Times-Picayune* in order to follow the case closely.

Skimming over the myriad details the paper was reporting prior to the trial, I almost skipped a list of grand jury witnesses. But I glanced at it quickly and, as Greenfield has pointed out, I saw a name that rang a peculiar bell.

That name was Fred L. Crisman!

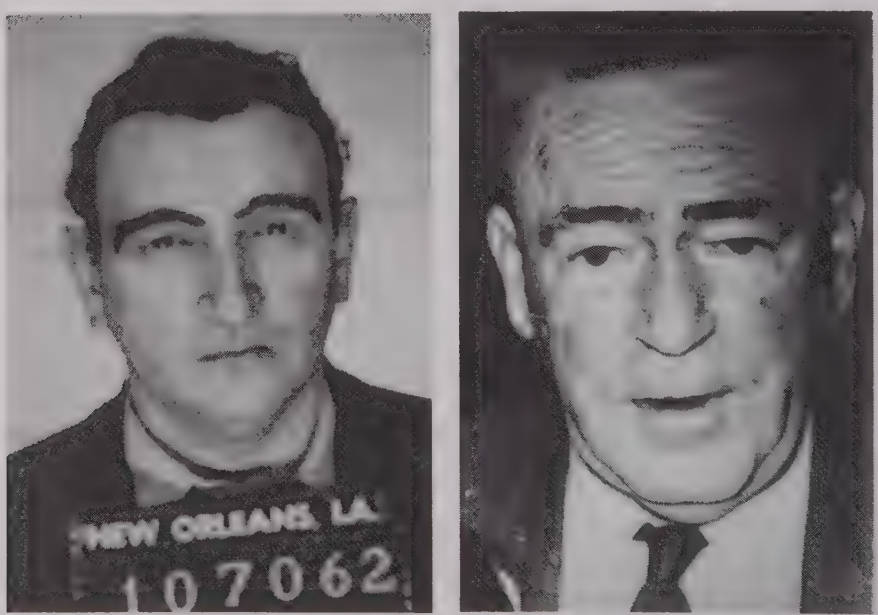
"Just a coincidence," you are saying, "for it probably was another Fred L. Crisman."

But it wasn't a coincidence.

Recently, while reading through my files of mimeographed journals issued by small UFO study groups, I rediscovered the reference I was looking for, a copy of a UPI story that appeared in *The Arkansas Gazette*, Nov. 22, 1968:

> A Tacoma, WA, radio announcer who said he had nothing to tell District Attorney Jim Garrison about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy went before the Orleans Parish Grand Jury Thursday. Fred Lee Crisman, 47, was accompanied by his attorney, Robert Griffin of Tacoma, for the Grand Jury appearance. Crisman told newsmen, however, that he knew Thomas Beckham, an Omaha, NE evangelist, who testified in the Garrison investigation earlier this year.

Like we said, Tacoma's "Maury Island" Affair is a story too *true* to be good!



CIA agent Fred Crisman (right), a suspect in the JFK assassination. Crisman was also involved in one of the first UFO sightings, at Maury Island, WA in 1947, which resulted in the deaths of two Air Force intelligence officers. Crisman, a pilot, preacher, radio host, and self-described "disruption agent," was once detained by SwissAir for flying stolen gold. The discovery of a golden sphere in a field near Pt. Pleasant, WV - on the very first night Indrid Cold appeared to Woody Derenberger - points toward Crisman's involvement with the MIB during Mothman. Derenberger's daughter thought she recognized Crisman when shown his photo, saying he claimed to be investigating her father's UFO contacts. Crisman's involvement in right-wing "wandering bishop" orders may have put him into contact with another CIA pilot, David Ferrie (left), a friend of Lee Harvey Oswald (see page 85). Ferrie was likely the scary "Frightwig" man seen in Pt. Pleasant.

FOUR: MYSTERY MEN AND IMPERSONATORS

"Complexity is the harbor of scoundrels."

-Thom Hartmann

On August 14, 1967, Jim Moseley sat down at his Smith-Corona portable electric typewriter to write an apologetic editorial for the Fall 1967 Issue (No. 69) of *Saucer News*.

Jim had every reason to be extremely happy and enthusiastic. The delay in publication of No. 69, he noted, was due to the huge success of the June convention of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists, a worldwide group of dedicated people who were striving to solve the UFO enigma. Jim's expert sponsorship of the convention in New York City had resulted in unprecedented attendance at the public sessions.

The news media of New York had given the meeting thousands of dollars worth of free publicity, and the public sessions, at which nominal admission was charged, had unexpectedly filled the *Saucer News* coffers with a large profit. But Jim was already a wealthy man. His Wall Street holdings alone totaled more than a million dollars. A few years earlier, he had married the beautiful Sandra Svensen, who presented him with a similarly beautiful daughter. As a result of the publicity, subscriptions were also pouring in to *Saucer News* by the mailbag. He had happily signed a lease for larger office quarters.

Yet, despite the fact that Jim Moseley had again demonstrated his business skills in yet another venture and was enjoying extremely pleasant days with his fame and blissful home life, the editorial did not reflect this happy state of his affairs.

Readers would later note that Jim seemed to be worried about other matters. But rather than risk the possibility of letting our sense of drama get away from us, let us be precise and quote from Jim's editorial word-for-word:

> It is very clear, as of this writing, that the longstanding UFO mystery has quite suddenly entered a new and apparently

dangerous phase. We use the word "dangerous" advisedly, not wanting to sound like alarmists.

However, information reaching us during the past few months, from several reliable sources, indicates that leading researchers as well as ordinary saucer sighters throughout the country are being subjected to an unbelievably complex and extensive series of frightening events. Among them: attempted – and often successful – "hush-ups" by mysterious strangers, usually dressed in dark clothing; weird or threatening phone calls and letters; the appearance of cars with meaningless license plates or no plates at all, which have followed certain UFO investigators in the course of their work; and other events so utterly fantastic that we hesitate to put them into print.

Please do not think that we have lost our equilibrium or are merely trying to "jazz up" the UFO investigation. We are merely reporting the evidence that we have uncovered.

It is difficult to pinpoint just when and where these events began. Our first attempt to bring the truth to our readers regarding this new phase of the mystery was in our recent Summer issue (p.38), where we reported that the Air Force admits to having checked out a number of cases in which mysterious imposters, bearing impressive but completely phony official credentials, have visited and frightened saucer sighters in various parts of the United States. This report from John Keel was later substantiated by an official Air Force letter, dated March 1st of this year, which we would reproduce here except that it is presently on loan to *Real* magazine, where your editor writes a monthly column. The letter, intended for distribution to all commands, is signed by an Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff of the Air Force.

At the recent UFO Convention in New York, several delegates claimed to have been watched and followed while walking on the lower levels of the vast Hotel Commodore, by individuals who looked and acted like official military or civilian investigators, but who (as we later learned by checking with the manager) had no connection whatsoever with the Commodore. These men were apparently working out of a room near the hotel's coffee shop, to which there is access both from the lower-level hall and from nearby Grand Central Station. There

is even reason to suppose they had wire-tapping equipment set up temporarily in this room – though by the time anyone thought to check this out, it was too late. The convention was over. The men, whoever they were, had departed.

It was also during the convention period that your Editor and several of his associates met and conversed at length with an individual who would qualify as one of the "silent contactees" described in John Keel's article in this issue. This person, whom we do not wish to name here, claims to be in fairly regular contact with a small group made up of selected Earth people as well as space people, who apparently are able to pass unnoticed among us. The purpose of the group is supposedly to enlighten mankind in various ways. We do not necessarily "buy" this story, especially as no proof whatsoever was offered; but all who heard the full story were impressed with the sincerity and conviction with which it was told.

In general, the rash of peculiar events which have plagued Ufologists of late have by-passed your Editor and his staff, except for a few strange phone calls.

On August 19th, we were shocked to learn of the "hush-up" of one of America's leading UFO researchers, who had been one of our featured speakers at the convention. Please do not write to ask us to further identify this person. Insiders may jump to the conclusion that we are referring to Gray Barker, whose on-again, off-again record in the saucer field, plus his frequent use of the "hush-up" theme, makes him the logical suspect. Let us assure you that we are not referring to Barker.

The unnamed person to whom we are referring has suddenly ceased all communication with trusted friends; and although he is definitely "not talking," he apparently has now reached the conclusion that the UFO mystery involves a classic struggle between good and evil forces, such as those described in the Bible. Whether his sudden, drastic change of attitude and opinion results from his having had a UFO contact of some sort, is another intriguing question to which we have no answer at this time.

Of course, I knew the identity of the man. As I read the editorial, I understood why Jim was depressed by the exit of the researcher from active UFO investigation. I had discussed this on the phone with Jim at the time it

happened, and knew he was worried about it. This man was one of his best friends, and had been one of his most valuable sources of UFO information.

In the June 1966 issue of *Saucer News*, Jim had scooped all the news media, even the staid *Scientific American*, with an illustrated feature titled, "First Photos of Martian Canals!" The article, which noted the new "image intensification" method of making astronomical photographs, quoted Dr. A. G. Wilson of Lowell Observatory as saying that when the image of Mars was thrown on a special screen: "Suddenly, there were canals all over the place. I had been a canal agnostic, but I'm not one anymore."

The man who had released the Martian canal photos to *Saucer News* was Prof. Gordon H. Evans. I also knew Evans, though less intimately. Until recently, Jim's friend had occupied an important position in a well-known New York management-consulting firm. Evans, fairly well-heeled financially, wanted to continue his studies in Asian politics, and figured that the new job would give him the time and proper sponsorship for a book he was writing.

A few weeks after the convention, not only Jim but also Joseph Henslik (see below) called me about Evans, complaining that he would not take their telephone calls. I first called John Keel to find out what he knew, and he confirmed that something strange had happened. Although he hinted that he knew the circumstances behind Evans' alleged silencing, he would not give me any details, explaining that his information had been received from a confidential source.

I then dialed Evans at his home. His housekeeper answered and promptly put me through to him.

"Gray," he told me as soon as he came on the line. "I'd prefer that you didn't call me or write me. I also insist that you remove my name from your mailing list. I prefer that you do not send me the usual complimentary copies of your publications, nor any of your advertising literature."

I interrupted with a barrage of objections and questions.

"What's going on, Gordon? Are you trying to pull an Al Bender? Look, I appreciate a good joke as much as the next fellow, but get off it! You have Jim Moseley frightened of his own shadow..."

"Read the Bible," he interrupted.

"What's that?"

"Remember this, for this may be the last time I'll talk to you on the phone or face-to-face. Just remember this admonition. Write it down if you wish,

for it is important…"

Then, a pause…

"What is this big message, anyhow?" I insisted. "Tell me truthfully, Gordon. Has somebody told you to shut up about UFOs?"

"Read the Bible," he repeated. Then he put the receiver on the hook.

Let me quote further from Jim's editorial in the same issue:

> As you read the "Recent News" section of this issue, you will learn the "hush-up" type stories told recently by Robert Easley of Ohio, a well-known UFO researcher; Joseph Henslik of Long Island, New York, who had the good or bad fortune to take close-up photos of a UFO; and several others who are not named. Since no actual proof is on hand regarding any one of these cases, we do not accept them at face value, and we do not expect you to do so.
>
> One thing should be made clear, however: our belief in the "old" saucer mystery, involving things seen in the sky, was not based on any single proven case (of which there are none, unfortunately), but on the overwhelming weight of evidence accumulated over a long period of time. Similarly, our belief in the "new" saucer mystery, involving strange events on the ground, is based on the accumulation of many accounts, all similar in certain respects, accumulated over a much shorter period of time. If there is something real behind the "old" mystery – and we firmly believe that there is – then there must surely be something real behind the "new" one.
>
> We hereby commit ourselves to finding out what that "something" is. If we succeed, we will make every effort to bring this information to our readers. On the other hand, in the unlikely event that *Saucer News* should suddenly cease publication, you will know automatically that we found the answer and were prevented from publishing it by circumstances beyond our control.

So ended Jim's rather odd editorial.

I was impressed for more than one reason. Jim Moseley, through his years of *Saucer News* editorship, had certainly not demonstrated the symptoms of a crackpot. On the contrary, he had taken a conservative editorial attitude. He had often lambasted the "contactees." He had privately expressed to me

his belief that the people who had been victimized by MIB were paranoiacs. In the case of Albert K. Bender, he took the time to go to Connecticut, with the intention of debunking Bender's claims. He told me that although previously he had taken the story "with a grain of salt," he had been unable to "crack" Bender's story.

Was Moseley going off the deep end? I didn't think so. Why would he display such a change in his attitude toward the idea that there just might be a remote chance that somebody, a secret agency or something, was trying to "hush up" UFO investigators?

What might be a partial explanation of Moseley's attitude appeared in subsequent pages of the same Fall 1967 issue, under the heading, "Recent News," indicated as "Special to *Saucer News* from John Keel." We assume that the following is not in the actual words of Keel, but is based on a report from that investigator and paraphrased by Moseley:

"Mystery Man" Nabbed on Long Island

Those elusive "Men in Black" were reportedly busy again throughout the country this summer, and at least two of them fell into unexpected traps in the New York area. One is supposed to have been killed in the streets of the city, while the other was suddenly taken into custody by unidentified legal authorities.

Several teams of men wearing black turtleneck sweaters visited eight separate communities in the state of Washington in April, allegedly warning UFO witnesses not to discuss what they had seen. They told some people that they represented Civil Defense and were trying to prevent a panic; but since most Civil Defense operations were disbanded two years ago, this seems unlikely.

Citizens in Canada, Maine, New Jersey, California, and Long Island, N.Y., also told of being visited by "government men" this spring. One of these witnesses says he was ordered to turn over some flying saucer pictures "for the sake of yourself, your family, and your world."

In West Virginia, Tad Jones, who witnessed a hovering sphere on a major highway on January 19th, received two threatening notes warning him not to tell anyone what he had seen. These notes were crudely printed on cheap paper and cardboard, and

slipped under his door. One of the notes was somehow set afire after being shoved under the door; the edges were badly burned.

The printing on these warnings was identical to the printing on a note placed under the door of a UFO sighter in Middleport, Ohio. This girl, who had allegedly seen West Virginia's famous "Mothman," later escaped from a would-be kidnapper – a tanned young man who was driving an old car "that looked like new." Police in Middleport were baffled. There was no one in the area who resembled the girl's description of her assailant.

On Long Island, two men in Air Force uniforms harassed UFO witnesses. One of these men identified himself as "Lt. Frank Davis" and threatened two different people with a revolver, warning them to "watch out who you talk to." A "Colonel John Dalton" interviewed at least three Long Island residents and asked them to fill out complicated forms, which contained involved questions about the witnesses' personal histories. Through officials on Long Island, John Keel had a check run on both men. The Air Force denied that it knew anything about either one, or that men with those names were assigned anywhere on the island.

"Lt. Davis" later turned up in a postman's uniform and was followed by Keel. "Davis" and another man were engaged in taking photographs of the homes of UFO sighters. While involved in this investigation, Keel had two encounters with a large black Cadillac in an isolated section of Long Island. In one of these encounters, the Cadillac, which contained two dark-skinned men, was parked and laying in wait on a deserted road. In the other incident, Keel did a turnabout and followed the Caddie for several miles.

On August 4th, a black Cadillac made a deliberate attempt to run over a UFO witness on the main street of a small Long Island town.

One of the "mystery men" known to be involved in the Long Island capers was reportedly killed in New York City by unknown assailants on July 18th. "Lt. Davis" was apprehended on August 5th by agents from an unidentified law agency. "Davis" was in a public place when two well-dressed men approached him and forcibly removed him. All three men then drove away in a large black car, either a Cadillac or a Lincoln,

according to the many witnesses. "Colonel Dalton" is believed to be still at large.

Strange hoax calls continued throughout the summer, involving UFO researchers in many states. Some Ufologists received as many as three or four calls daily, and at all hours. The hoaxters were able, somehow, to obtain unlisted phone numbers. None of the calls could be traced. These calls were received in West Virginia, Connecticut, Washington, D.C., Massachusetts, Ontario (Canada), Long Island, N.Y. and many other places. Some were threats delivered in accented voices. Others consisted only of eerie electronic sounds.

All in all, it was a hectic summer, and quite possibly only a taste of even stranger events yet to come.

Man in Black Case in Ohio

Following a pattern that has become fairly commonplace during the past few months, weird events began happening to Robert Easley soon after attending the UFO Convention in New York City. Easley, incidentally, is a respected saucer researcher, holding positions of importance in several UFO organizations, including that of Ohio Director of the Interplanetary News Service.

In the wee hours of July 11th, Mr. Easley was awakened by a phone call from a lady who told him that she and seven others were observing two bright, fast-moving UFOs. After she hung up, he immediately got dressed and went to the scene. While checking out this report, he noticed that he was being followed by a man in a black sedan with no license plates. The driver – a complete stranger to Easley – was dressed in black shoes, black dress pants, and a dark blue pullover shirt.

On July 15th, he was again followed by the same man in the same car as he was driving his girlfriend home. When he pulled into her driveway, the unknown car sped off. Later that evening, the two sat talking on the front porch. As soon as the topic of UFOs entered the conversation, the same car came down the road and stopped right in front of the house. Easley could "feel" the man staring at them. When they got off the subject of UFOs, the car left but, when they got back onto it

about an hour later, the same car came back again. It was as if the mysterious driver could hear what they were saying, or could read their minds!

Between the 11th and 17th of July, Easley received a total of twelve strange phone calls. In each case, the only sound on the other end of the line was a strange "beeping" noise. Each call lasted for about fifteen seconds, followed by complete silence. The beeps sounded far away and as if coming from a machine – possibly a tape recorder. No explanation could be offered by the telephone operators.

Easley tends to connect these unusual events with his plans to check out a possible flying saucer landing site in southern Ohio. After the area was finally checked in early August and found to have no importance after all, the succession of "persecutions" ceased. Even though it sounds something like a plot from the TV series, *The Invaders*, Easley believes that the Aliens, whoever, they are, apparently knew about his plans to explore the site, and rested easy after nothing was found there.

Mr. Easley now echoes the warning given many years ago by Albert K. Bender, one of the first to be "silenced" by the notorious "Three Men in Black." Bender said that extreme caution should be exercised by all UFO investigators.

Another Man in Black Case

A barking dog was responsible for transporting a modest young man on Long Island into the eerie world of flying saucers, strange men in black garments, and threatening phone calls – the dark world of fear and frustration that is swallowing up hundreds of innocent people every week, while governments look the other way and pretend that nothing is happening.

The dog's howling wakened Joseph Henslik of Greenlawn, Long Island, N.Y., on a morning in October 1966. He does not remember the exact date. He looked outside and was excited to see a strange circular object hovering directly over the post office building not far from his home. He grabbed his camera and took a whole roll of film, shooting a sequence of pictures of a luminous metallic disk with a windowed dome on top. Since the object was very low, he was certain that he

had obtained some sensational pictures. When he received the finished prints from a local commercial processor a week later, he saw that he was right. At least, this is what he claims, for no one else ever saw those pictures!

Two days after the negatives and prints were returned to him, Henslik was visited by a pair of strange men. He was returning home late from work, about 3:00 a.m., when he found them waiting for him. Both were of medium height with deeply tanned complexions and dark hair. Both were dressed in baggy black trousers, with black turtleneck sweaters and loose black jackets, which he described as looking like "black smoking jackets or pajama tops."

"We want to talk to you about your sighting," one of the men said, in a voice with a slight accent, which sounded Scandinavian.

"We're from the government."

Henslik asked them for credentials, but they told him they were from a secret agency, which they were not allowed to name. They went on to tell him certain facts about himself, which astounded him – facts that not even his closest friends knew.

"We know that you have taken some photographs," the men continued, "and we want you to turn them over to us for the sake of yourself, your family, and your world, and as a good American."

The flabbergasted young man decided to stall, and told them he had not got the pictures back yet. He was told that they would be back in exactly 24 hours, and that he had better have the pictures available for them at that time.

Henslik remembered that one man had a scar on his left cheek, while the other hand an identical scar on his right cheek.

The next day, Henslik studied the pictures carefully with a magnifying lens. He says there were definitely some markings on the object, but they were too fuzzy to read. "If I could have blown the pictures up, I probably could have made out what they said," he claims. He also says that he noticed some kind of large shadow moving up and across the windows of the craft in

the final frames of film.

At 3:00 a.m. the following morning, three men appeared, all dressed identically. Again, they threatened him vaguely when he appeared reluctant to turn over the pictures. He finally gave them both the negatives and prints. They checked the negatives carefully with a flashlight and then warned him sternly to keep quiet about his sighting. When they left, he did not see any vehicle, although he lives on the outskirts of town and a vehicle would be necessary to visit him.

In the months that followed, Henslik learned of Gray Barker, and claims that he wrote Barker six letters, none of which were ever received. Finally, after coming across Barker's book, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, in June of this year, Henslik decided to call Barker.

The day after he spoke to Barker on the phone, he received a threatening phone call from an accented voice, which warned him never to speak to Barker again. He also began receiving the standard "hoax" calls regularly – with electronic sounds or nothing at all on the other end.

Henslik spoke to Barker again in late July, and again got a threatening call. In the meanwhile, he had sent Barker two more letters. One envelope contained a letter, and the other, which he sent by certified mail, contained a detailed drawing of the UFO as he remembered it. Barker received only the letter; but it had apparently been opened by someone and then resealed with Scotch tape. The other envelope – the one which had been certified – has not reached Barker as of this writing.

FIVE: HUSH! HUSH! JIM MOSELEY!

"Anything will give up its secrets if you love it enough."

-George Washington Carver

My own communications with the Henslik youth confirmed Keel's report. From our phone conversations, and from the letters the young man had written me, I was convinced that he was sincere and had indeed experienced the threatening encounters.

Excerpts from one of Henslik's letters fills in additional details:

> Here is my best description that I can recall on these "men." The two men were deeply tanned. Both were identically dressed in long, baggy, black trousers and turtleneck type shirts of sweater-like materials. They weren't wearing what you would call suit jackets, but something like bedroom robes, reaching down slightly below their waistlines.
>
> Both had straight hair, which was dark brown or black. One man did all the talking, and he seemed to have a Scandinavian accent. Neither man wore a hat. I must tell you something more about them, which may not mean anything. Both men had scars, one on the right side of his cheek, the other on the left. I noticed these when they used a flashlight to look at my film. The eyes of one of them seemed to slant upward.
>
> The actual dialog they spoke went something like this: "We've come to get the film I requested from you last night. Do you have it? For the good of your own world, your family, yourself, and the duty of an American citizen, you must turn it over to us."
>
> After I handed over the film, their last words were: "I warn you to stop immediately your interest in matters that do not concern you! You have been warned. If you have to be contacted again, it won't be as pleasant as this time!"

Another graphic description of the fears plaguing UFO researchers materi-

alized in a Keel article titled "The UFO Secret: Answers Are On the Way," quoted below:

> After almost twenty years of total confusion and meandering journeys down blind alleys, hardcore Ufologists around the world are finally closing in on the real "secret" of the flying saucer puzzle. The extensive worldwide flaps of 1964-67 have provided a wealth of new clues to the mystery, and now all the pieces are being fitted together.
>
> Already, thousands of people in the United States know the full "secret," believe it or not, and thousands more will have the answer before this year ends. These people comprise a select group, which we now call "silent contactees."
>
> In my travels throughout the country in the last year, I have uncovered and interviewed dozens of these "silent contactees." They all have the same story to tell and, more important, most of them have been given identical artifacts as proof of their experiences.
>
> The "silent contactees" differ from the over-publicized "contactees" of the past in several important ways. First of all, they are afraid to speak up and reveal what they know. They find themselves in the midst of a complex conspiracy, which poses personal threats to them. They have been involuntarily enlisted to participate in a series of experiments and adventures that go far beyond anything ever dreamed up by hack science fiction writers.
>
> Extensive "contacts" have actually been going on since 1939, but many have been handled in such a manner that the "contactee" often did not realize what was happening to him. The contactee frequently rejected the whole situation as some kind of hoax or, in some cases, hallucination or experience with "ghosts." In many instances, once the contactee's role in the phenomenon was finished, they were somehow "brainwashed." All conscious memory of their experiences was wiped away. I have learned of other cases in which the "silent contactees" either went insane or committed suicide. Still others changed their names and fled to new areas, or even new countries, in an effort to escape their strange fate.
>
> A number of very well-known UFO researchers have been

"silent contactees" for years. They have cautiously sprinkled genuine clues in their books and articles, but have never dared to reveal the whole story. Other prominent Ufologists have been contacted briefly and given specific information to be deliberately passed on to their readers. Ironically, the real "truth" is so bizarre that sensible researchers usually reject it outright until they themselves have first-hand experiences. Many of them find it impossible to cope with emotionally, and they quietly abandon UFO research in the interest of self-preservation.

There is no simple answer to the mystery. All of the current theories ranging from "extraterrestrial" to "fourth dimensional" cannot actually be applied. Such erroneous concepts mislead researchers and blind them to the actual truth buried in the available data. The only effective way to cope with the situation is to apply the underground methods of research employed by top-secret intelligence agencies. This is a matter for spylike intelligence techniques, not for "science."

Once the researcher has learned to revise his approach to the subject and discovers the keys to look for in the new cases, he can uncover the secret in a matter of weeks. Many have already done so, and they are all keeping their mouths shut!

The secret has been under our noses all along. Side issues of no importance, such as endless attacks against the Air Force and other government agencies, have tended to divert us from the real issues and have provided us with tangible targets when the UFOs themselves seemed so elusive. The Air Force and the government have been carefully following a well-organized plan, which was very successful until 1965. Despite the endless campaigns by amateur UFO groups to "expose" the Air Force and get them to "reveal all they know," the boys in blue managed to ignore all such harassment and maintain their anti-UFO policies. The upper echelons of government and Congress never paid any attention to the anguished howls of NICAP and other UFO organizations. In short, the UFO buffs wasted twenty precious years with these attacks.

Why is it that even butterfly collectors can win the attention of Congress and get legislation passed to protect butterflies, but UFO researchers with trunks filled with documentation,

photos, and tape recordings, cannot really make any kind of impression in the halls of Washington?

A large part of the "mystery" attached to UFOs has actually been manufactured by the UFO buffs themselves, as they floundered about in bewildering half-truths and tried to apply their own notions of "science" to the incoming data. They have dedicated themselves mainly to endless investigations of the reliability of witnesses, and have stubbornly devoted themselves to proving that UFOs exist. These, like the attacks against the Air Force, are side issues. The main problem is, and always has been, why do they exist at all, and what are they doing here?

Such issues were important in 1947, but now many years have passed, and it is astonishing – even humiliating – that so little progress has been made in understanding the phenomenon. The side issues have sidetracked us from the real problem.

Before this article is printed, thousands more will learn the real truth behind the flying saucers. Like all the others, they will keep quiet; not even their neighbors will know. The UFO truth is something like psychiatry: the psychiatrist cannot tell you what's wrong; he can only guide you to learning the truth about yourself. So it is with the UFOs; it takes personal experience to convince you of the truth. You have been told the truth many times in many books and publications, but you have rejected it. Once you learn the "key" to the problem, you will find that the Bible actually lays the whole thing out in minute detail. The key will help you to interpret the truth.

This elusive "truth" cannot be summed up in a few words or a few pages so that it will seem credible. Some "contactees" have tried. Unfortunately, very few people are strong enough or emotionally stable enough to cope with the whole "secret." And the average UFO researcher does not fully realize the great personal risks involved until they have enmeshed themselves in the situation. Then it is too late!

At a closed session of the 1967 Congress of Scientific Ufologists, held this year in New York City under the sponsorship of *Saucer News*, I explained that this subject is not really a matter for teenage hobbyists. And I warned that we could expect a new wave of "silencings." Now, in recent months, these silencings have begun on a large scale from Canada to Florida. Mail

is being tampered with, and telephones are being tapped. Some innocent researchers, who have stumbled upon important cases they don't quite understand, are now being threatened and harassed.

Old-timers are also being sucked into this new wave of conspiracies. An elaborate plot was recently launched to "frame" Gray Barker on a phony blackmail charge. An attempt was even made to frame me for murder! Someone even broke into an apartment where tapes of the convention speeches were being kept, and carefully cut out certain section of those tapes and removed them.

Obviously, flying saucers are very serious business. Paranoia is rearing its ugly head everywhere. Thousands of "silent contactees" are living in constant fear, too terrified and confused to turn to any authorities. But slowly, the answers are spreading. More articles will soon appear, which will give you new clues to the answer. The final solution, however, will never come from the Air Force or the government, but will be delivered by the UFOs themselves.

That day may not be far off!

In the late fall of 1967, James W. Moseley put the final editorial touches on Issue No. 70 and sent it to the printer. It would be the last issue of *Saucer News* that he would ever publish. Although I would take over and publish the magazine, it probably never again could possibly carry the dedication and enthusiasm Jim had put into it.

Again, as in Issue No. 69, the entire contents would be dominated by the mood of the Editorial, in which Jim again expressed the miasma of fear plaguing those who wanted to find out the truth about flying saucers:

In our last editorial, we discussed in some detail the "new and more dangerous phase" of the saucer mystery that we have encountered during the past several months.

Since that issue of *Saucer News* went to press, the pattern of strange events has become more complicated than ever. As a result of our Fall issue, we received many letters (most of them written in confidence), telling weird and frightening experiences similar to those we had printed. A contactee who had been (allegedly) having benign communications with space beings over a long period of time suddenly reports an entirely

different group of entities who scared the wits out of him, and attempted to make him give up his research. A UFO researcher in the South tells friends that his wife has had an experience similar to that of Betty and Barney Hill. Several researchers report that they have continued to receive strange and/or threatening phone calls; or that long distance calls they never made have appeared on their telephone bills; or that callers pretending to be them have harassed other UFO investigators; or that they have received peculiar letters with no postmark; and so on.

The first problem that comes to mind is that there is really no way of knowing whether these recent events offer confirmation of the authenticity of the earlier ones, or whether people are simply trying to "hop on the bandwagon." Since each case rests on the unproven, unsupported word of only one individual, it is theoretically possible that (as saucer critics would tell us) we are merely in the grip of hoaxters, publicity-seekers, and people with deep psychological problems, who enjoy entertaining each other with frightening stories.

On the other hand, if most of the reports are true, we are confronted with either (a) a group of totally mysterious "aliens" operating with long range hostile motives beyond our present understanding; or (b) a highly organized group of hoaxters who are unbelievably well financed, and who are sowing endless confusion in the UFO field for as yet unfathomable motives. If we are looking for a reasonable working hypothesis, and if we admit that the solution must be approximately along the lines of either (a) or (b), then it doesn't matter which of the two we choose; both are equally unacceptable in that they pass among us unnoticed. If hoaxters, then who finances them, and why?

Here at *Saucer News* headquarters, we recently received from a small town in Virginia an incoherent, anonymous, threatening letter, which we would ignore as the work of a crank were it not for the fact that the writer indicates he is being watched, harassed, and generally persecuted by us. The implication is that some person or group has been systematically annoying this individual, using the name of *Saucer News* or of your editor!

This brings to mind a robbery last Labor Day weekend. The

most obvious missing items were a typewriter and a postage meter. It took some prodding from a fellow researcher to make us realize the possible sinister nature of the robbery. If some of our letterhead stationery were stolen too (and we hardly go around counting sheets of paper in the office every day), then the purpose behind the theft might well have been to write threatening letters to various individuals, using our equipment for the purpose of framing and discrediting us. So far, we have no proof that this has happened, but the paragraph above strongly indicates it may have happened.

Late last fall, our office was subjected to a long and complex series of incidents which were definitely in line with the pattern of confusion we are talking about. First came several telephone calls from someone calling herself "Jane Jenkins," from Farmingdale, Long Island. Jenkins told us that she was in touch with a person or entity named "Agar" who supposedly knew enough about the saucer field to describe the personal life of your Editor and others, and to make predictions about future events. Her statements about your Editor's private life contained a few inaccuracies such as would be made by someone who knew him well but not well enough. A prediction concerning the death "within a few months" of a very well known UFO researcher (name known to us) may or may not come true; but in any case, we lost faith in the sincerity of "Agar" when the Jenkins woman planned a rendezvous with us, for a specific time and place in New York City, and then failed to show up.

A few days later, we received by mail this notice:

KATELLA

WHERE WERE YOU??

WEAR THIS – (9:30 p.m.) SHONGUM LAKE, NEW JERSEY

NEAR GREYSTONE PARK BY OLD MILL ROUTE 10

COME ALONE

BRING SUNGLASSES AND TENNIS SHOES

NO FLASHLIGHTS OR GUNS

MAN NAMED SHILOH WILL MEET.

TELL NONE

NOV. 14

GOD BLESS YOU

It arrived together with a newspaper clipping about life on Long Island that was totally irrelevant to us. In place of an envelope, there was a stamped and neatly folded piece of paper concerning a lecture in New York by UFO expert John Keel. This was a printed notice that our office had mailed out, several months previously, to people who are on our special list to receive notices about our monthly lecture series.

The location of the proposed saucer contact in New Jersey turned out to be an ideal one, as it involved an area where an isolated artificial lake, high tension power lines, and a winding country road came together in one and only one spot. Your Editor took the time and trouble to arrive at the location at the appointed time but, as in the Jenkins case, no one else showed up.

This can hardly be considered a simple run of the mill hoax in light of the other strange events we are describing in this editorial. During our many previous years in saucer research (1953-1966), we never received phone calls such as those from Jane Jenkins; never were invited to "contact" locations; and never experienced the general pattern of unexplainable events that we have come upon in the past few months. It is situations such as this that try the patience of honest researchers and make many people wonder why we bother to go on investigating. Yet, somewhere, perhaps almost at our fingertips, is a vital part of the answer to the flying saucer mystery. In spite of all the frustrations, contradictory evidence, meaningless clues, and false hopes, we get the feeling that this solution is now closer than ever before. We still intend to find this solution, and to bring it to our readers promptly if circumstances permit.

Although Issue No. 70, along with the previous number, expressed fear and apprehension of recent events, no clue of any intention by Moseley to cease publishing appeared in the magazine. Moseley solicited District Representatives to become members of the Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society (SAUCERS), the organization *Saucer News* officially represented, and the editor also announced a new literary contest, inviting

readers to submit articles for future publication.

And, considering subsequent events, Moseley displayed inordinate optimism in announcing a lifetime subscription offer.

I do not recall any clues in my private conversations with Jim during this time that indicated he had any desire to quit. But the day Jim wrote the foregoing editorial probably was the day that *Saucer News* died.

Although it would be continued by myself in a "slicker" format with professional typesetting, it would never again be quite the same. For it would not have at its helm a man who had husbanded it through 70 issues, a publishing record unrivaled in the UFO magazine field. From the day Moseley, along with August C. Roberts and Dominick C. Lucchesi, cranked out the first issue on an antiquated Mimeograph machine, to the night he sent out Issue No. 70 to the printer, the magazine and his efforts in the UFO investigative field had been labors of love.

When Moseley sold me his mailing lists and all rights to publish *Saucer News*, he gave me no real reasons for his actions, and I did not question him closely. I did know that he would soon be able to gain the complete management of a large estate previously controlled by a trust fund in his name. At the time we were negotiating the transfer of the magazine, I assumed that Jim believed business matters would interfere with his UFO work and was divesting himself of some of this responsibility. Thinking back, however, and re-reading the material you have just read, I do wish I had asked more questions.

Had Moseley himself become the victim of the strange persons or forces he had documented so well on the pages of *Saucer News*?

Or was he, indeed, a part of that Silence Group?

Even to this day, rumors persist that he was secretly in the pay of the Air Force or the Central Intelligence Agency, and that, masking himself as a UFO researcher, he cleverly threw confusion into civilian investigation while pretending to be one of its major advocates. Although many of his early actions were suspicious, such a theory is for me personally difficult to believe, even in light of recent disclosures that the Air Force and the CIA did indeed act in concert to discredit the UFO evidence.

SIX: TERROR BY TELEPHONE

"I don't practice what I preach, because I'm not the kind of person I'm preaching to."

-J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

When I wrote *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, I never dreamed that in describing Albert K. Bender's visitors as "Men In Black" I was giving birth to a generic term that, like Kenneth Arnold's "flying saucers," would never aptly fit the phenomena to which it referred.

Like "flying saucers," which never fit the complex array of phenomena it labeled, the "Men In Black" appellation has been employed to cover a multitude of complex situations.

For a short time after my book was published, "Men In Black" was used somewhat narrowly to label cases similar to Bender's, in which strange visitors, who actually dressed in black suits, threatened or frightened UFO enthusiasts.

The "Men In Black" idea never really seemed to catch on until it was publicized widely by John A. Keel. In fact, I had begun to believe that Bender's experiences, and a few other cases, were unique and limited to the late 1950s, until Keel began rediscovering the dusky mysterians during the 1960s.

Keel reported that, quite often, persons who experienced sightings were interfered with or persecuted in unusual ways. Keel's visitors weren't always dressed in black suits, and they didn't always pay formal visits – often their pesterings were limited to telephone calls.

Perhaps the Men In Black had, like Bender claimed, left the planet for a few years and then had decided to return. Keel, with his expert investigating, was discovering cases other researchers were overlooking. I must confess that I was flattered to see my original claims being backed up by Keel's work.

Keel, an excellent writer with a sense for tight narrative, gave the "Men In Black" new life when he shortened the term to an acronym, simply "MIB." This nomenclature caught on well with a younger generation of saucer buffs.

While "Men In Black" could best label persons actually dressed in black business suits, Keel's MIB had more of a catholicity. His MIB could be mysterious telephone callers or uniformed men impersonating Air Force Officers. Nor was Keel's evidence a lot of hot air. In a directive to all commands dated March 1, 1967, titled "Impersonations of Air Force Officers," and signed by an Assistant Vice Chief of Staff named Lt. General Hewitt T. Wheless, the Air Force acted on information supplied by Keel and other UFO investigators. The text of the directive follows:

> Information, not verifiable, has reached Hq USAF that persons claiming to represent the Air Force or other Defense establishment have contacted citizens who have sighted unidentified flying objects. In one reported case, an individual in civilian clothes, who represented himself as a member of NORAD, demanded and received photos belonging to a private citizen. In another, a person in an Air Force uniform approached local police and other citizens who had sighted a UFO, assembled them in a school room, and told them that they did not see what they thought they saw, and that they should not talk to anyone about the sighting. All military and civilian personnel and particularly Information Officers and UFO Investigating Officers who hear of such reports should immediately notify their local OSI offices.

Perhaps the most fantastic of all the MIB phone communications is reported in Keel's *The Mothman Prophecies*. Mysterious personages continually call up, giving him strange messages relating to his investigation of the Mothman cases in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, among others. Eventually these callers predict the very date of the crash of the giant Silver Bridge during rush hour traffic.

They seem to have the capability of originating calls from Keel's telephone, and he receives huge long distance bills for which he cannot account. People all over the country claim to have received calls from Keel that he has not made. Mary Hyre, a close friend and newspaper reporter who has been helping John with the Mothman investigation, calls him, asking if he is feeling better. She recounts one of the fake calls, which he had not made, and remarks that he had sounded "sick or drunk the other night."

Whoever the perpetrators of these meaningless calls were, they dragged me into the act.

On July 15, 1967, Keel called me at my office and cautiously referred to our phone conversation the past night. I detected something was wrong from

the tone of his voice and figured he had been the victim of a strange phone call. When I denied making the call, he gave me the details.

"Gray Barker" had telephoned him about one o'clock in the morning. My voice was almost natural, complete with southern twang. He said I sounded as if I may have been just a little drunk – although "my" conversation sounded quite coherent. But little things were wrong. "I" told him about a contactee case (apparently a non-existent one) that was similar to the "Derenstein" case. Of course, John and I had worked very closely together on the Woodrow Derenberger case. To John, this was the main giveaway that something was "wrong" with the call.

As John talked, I searched my mind. I could not have forgotten such a call. And I had not been drinking the previous night.

The "fake" Gray Barker also reported a very insignificant sighting that had occurred in Pennsylvania. This was an actual happening, but hardly an important enough case for me to be concerned about, let alone spending long distance telephone money on.

I was certain that John thought I was lying, and that I had just been putting him on the night before. At that time, I did not know of all the hair-raising experiences John was going through, which were later reported in his book.

When I got my phone bill, I was almost convinced that I was losing my mind. There was a phone call listed to John's number on the very night when the "fake Gray Barker" had called him. I had been home all night, and had received no visitors who could have surreptitiously placed the call.

All of my doors were locked and, because of two break-ins, I had placed bars over all my windows and a huge swinging bar on my back door. My quarters were almost like a prison. Besides, I was a very light sleeper.

This was all the more perturbing because John had never told me about his huge telephone bills charging him with calls he had never made. The whole matter had been further complicated by people in the New York area who complained they were receiving nuisance calls from a "Mrs. Gray Barker" (I was unmarried)!

I vaguely remember other phone "problems" around that date but didn't make note of them as had Keel. My memory is refreshed by reading a letter from myself, quoted in Jim Moseley's Non-Scheduled Newsletter of Nov. 10, 1967, in which I reported the "fake Gray Barker" call and added the following:

> An informant, who asked that his name not be used, has told

me that during the first part of September his telephone rang. When he picked up the receiver, he heard a conversation between Moseley and myself. The voices did not sound natural, but rather like "mechanical reproductions" of our voices. My informant spoke to them several times, but they did not reply to him, as if they were completely unaware of his overhearing their conversation. After a minute or two, the voices faded, to be replaced by weird noises and another voice mentioning the name of John Keel and something about tapes. Then the line went dead. The party was unable to get the dial tone for the remainder of the evening. Although there could possibly be explanations, including the party's misinterpreting the voices, or a hoax of some sort, our informant was unnerved by the call, became very ill the next day, and finally reported to some visits to a psychiatrist who was a family friend.

John Keel has also reported that both the mysterious impersonator of Gray Barker and a strange "Mrs. Gray Barker" have been calling residents of Long Island, threatening them in various ways, and asking them to cease their activities in the field of UFO research.

I believe that Jim Moseley has already revealed in the current issue of *Saucer News* the strange case of Joseph Henslik, a Long Island resident who disappeared after receiving threatening phone calls. These began after he revealed having been visited, about a year ago, by three black-clad men who confiscated some photographs he had made of a flying saucer.

There are many other things that have happened that I wonder about, such as the Post Office Inspector's calling me in and reporting they had found empty postage-due envelopes addressed to our Saucerian Publications organization. The Post Office feared they had been rifled, and had sent them back to Philadelphia where they had first been found. I checked the names on the envelopes and learned, to both the surprise of myself and the Inspector, that we had already received letters in the same envelopes and filled the orders they contained. We usually just throw away such empty envelopes. I wonder, indeed, how these turned up at the Philadelphia Post Office. Neither of us could figure out any logical explanation!

The night after I checked out the above-mentioned situation, I

received a telephone call from Dr. M. K. Jessup. I think we can safely say it was a hoax for, as most readers know, Dr. Jessup has been dead for several years!

One of the most puzzling MIB phone cases was a weird voice that called itself "Heinrich." Whoever Heinrich was, he delighted in calling UFO buffs, warning them about their activities, often frightening them severely.

Although these phone victims found Heinrich's threats upsetting, even more unnerving was his odd accent. Most of them said it sounded something like German, but certainly was not that. Some said there was a bit of Indian mixed in. There was a distinct non-human "feeling" about the voice.

Patrick Mathna, son of the mayor of an Ohio city and an avid UFO investigator, became a friend of mine through phone calls and correspondence. I was particularly interested in Pat because of several encounters with MIB he had reported. I thought one aspect of his experiences was unusual: once, when hospitalized, Pat looked out his window and saw a black Cadillac with three black-suited visitors gazing in his direction. Pat, in that instance, felt that the MIB were protecting him. His recovery was, he believed, sped up by their visit.

I looked forward to meeting him during the May, 1969, meeting of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists in Charleston, West Virginia, which he was to attend as a delegate of an Ohio UFO group.

Mathna had told me he had the feeling the MIB were trying to convey a message to him, though they had never contacted him openly. Ever since he had been six years old, he had experienced the strange fixation that he, himself, was not from Earth. These thoughts had culminated in the appearance of the MIB at various times. Unlike other UFO enthusiasts, who had cringed at the MIB, the idea had never really frightened him. Once, in a dream that was "more real than a dream," they had whispered to him, "Little Brother!" He would like to meet them and find out what they were really up to.

Mathna arrived at the Charleston meeting a day early. He had been asked to appear on Hugh McPherson's radio program to help promote the public lectures that would be offered, and was just returning from station WTIP. He walked across the lobby of the Daniel Boone Hotel and got his key.

"You have a message," the clerk said. "I was just putting it into your box."

Pat looked at the slip of paper. It contained a name and a New Orleans telephone number. He didn't know Gina Rando, but the name of the organization, CAPRI, was familiar. He wondered how she knew he was in

Charleston.[1]

As he rode up the elevator, he remarked to himself, "Exciting things are already happening." His group had just recently become a member of the Congress, a highly regarded confederation of civilian UFO investigative organizations. He looked forward to meeting some of the top investigators in the field, including Jim Moseley, Allen H. Greenfield, Rick Hilberg, and others.

Before returning the call, he decided to check the name with his address book, and was irritated to find that he had obviously misplaced it. Finally, he found it in his suitcase. He was almost certain he had left it in the desk drawer. He couldn't find the name, and his curiosity was growing. After having trouble getting the switchboard due to a faulty connection and two people conversing in a foreign language, he picked up the phone and returned the call.

"Mr. Mathna, I would like to know what this is all about!" an obviously nervous voice confronted him from New Orleans. Miss Rando explained she had just received a most terrifying call from a man "with a German accent," who identified himself as "Heinrich."

"Did he threaten you?" Mathna asked.

"Not exactly. He said he could only 'advise.' I don't quite understand what he was driving at. He 'advised' against my further investigation of what he termed 'free energy.' This didn't upset me so much as the tone of his voice. It had a strange, mechanical, almost alien quality to it."

"But how did you know to call me here? We've never even met or corresponded!"

"Mr. Heinrich told me to call you. He gave me the telephone number of the hotel and your room number. He said you had experiences with the Men in Black and that you could further advise me what to do."

For an hour after he hung up, Mathna sat in the room and tried to explain the situation rationally. Nobody except members of his own Ohio UFO group knew of his present whereabouts. How had Heinrich found out? Perhaps through Mathna's own group. He telephoned colleagues Norman Swinehart and Robert DeLuca. Neither of them had received any strange calls nor revealed his whereabouts.

Mathna concluded that something strange definitely was afoot, and vowed to keep a careful record. He began to make some notes, but he was very tired. It was now 1:30 a.m. He removed his shoes and jacket, lay down on

1 The CAPRI organization would soon thereafter disband without explanation.

the bed to think the matter out, but very soon was fast asleep.

He was slowly awakened by the jangling room telephone.

"Is this the person or persons who is known (Mathna later remembered the peculiar grammar) as Pat Mathna?" The caller stretched out the name, dwelling on every syllable and seeming to relish every last vowel.

"Who is this?" Mathna, already made nervous by the odd accent, demanded.

"It does not matter. It is Heinrich. It is Gustaff Heinrich, not does that matter. We advise, ah, let us say, rather, we seriously advise, you give up thoughts of what is that? (And then, as if reading from a note) Oh yes, free energy!"

The "r" in "free" sounded like a "w," and Heinrich also had some trouble with the word "energy."

"But what about free energy? I know nothing about free energy," Mathna responded.

"But, oh yes, free energy. What do any of us know of free energy? What do any of us know about anything? But, oh yes (the caller punctuated his rigmarole with many "oh yes's"), the tape, my friend, the tape. Know not of free energy. Yet the tape."

"You mean the tape I made tonight."

"Oh yes, the tape. Oh yes. The tape. Must be cancelled."

"I can't cancel the tape. There is nothing wrong on it."

"Nothing wrong, of course. The tape. Oh yes. Advise cancel, cancel."[2]

The caller seemed to have no breath at all, almost as if he were mechanical. By now, Mathna was fully awake and collecting his wits. This must be the same person who called Gina Rando and who inexplicably knew where he was staying.

"Look, Buster!" Pat rejoined. "I don't know who you are. Where are you from, and who are you?"

"I am Heinrich, Gustaff Heinrich. You can check my address, which is One Wall Street."[3]

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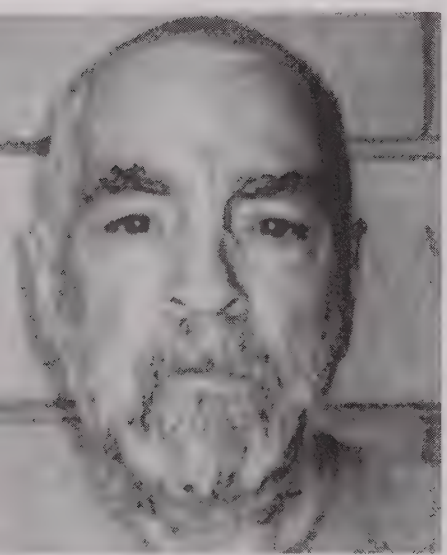
2 Heinrich's words do not represent a literal transcript, for they were not recorded but reconstructed from detailed notes Mathna made following the conversation.

3 "One Wall Street" is the address of the New York Stock Exchange!

Mathna scribbled down the address. Then he rejoined the caller for telephoning him so late at night.

"You will not be angry, you will not be cross. For tomorrow is another day. Again, advise tape cancel, cancel."

Mathna thought back over the recorded interview with Hugh McPherson. He could think of nothing his mysterious caller might object to. He thought again about the phone call. The caller's final remark had affected him strangely; why, he did not know. Before the phone went dead, Heinrich had said to him, "I will be seeing you, Little Brother."



Charles Manson (top left), who was out of jail in 1967, is rumored to have gone back to his home near Pt. Pleasant. Manson was a close childhood friend of failed presidential assassin Sara Jane Moore (lower right). Both lived in N. Charleston on Woodward Dr., which was haunted by this MIB (top right), whose photo was snapped by Allen Greenfield in 1969, at the Charleston UFO convention discussed by Barker in Chapter 7. The turtlenecked MIB shadowed UFO witnesses across the country in the late 1960s, including one Woodward Dr. boy who had predicted the 9/11 attacks. The boy, who was also a Mothman witness, had the same psychiatrist as Woody Derenberger.

SEVEN: HEINRICH, FREE ENERGY, AND THE UFO CONNECTION

"Don't rely on miracles alone. Say two or three prayers as well."

-Old Russian proverb

As Mathna sat there, still pondering the call, he suddenly got a very strong impression that somebody was standing outside, watching him through the wall. He walked haltingly to the door, put his ear to it, and listened. Silence. Then he gently grasped the door handle. He could feel a firm grip on it from the outside doorknob. Then, angered as much as frightened, he turned the night latch, grasped the doorknob hard, twisted it, and flung the door open. He would confront Heinrich, whoever he was! But Heinrich wasn't there. The hallway was empty.

Then he spotted the paper on the floor, which had been stuck partially under his door. It was a fragment crudely torn from a promotional map that had been sent to each delegate.

Pat picked it up. The fragment comprised roughly the Parkersburg, West Virginia area, and counties south of it. Circled by a blue marking pen was an area north of Point Pleasant. That was all.

He stared at it, turned it over to see if there was anything on the other side, but there wasn't, except the usual tourist information. He looked again at the circled area. It was the spot associated with the "Mothman" sightings prior to the collapse of the Silver Bridge in December 1967.

He believed the map was a message from Heinrich, who might be trying to tell him something. Perhaps if he went to Point Pleasant, Heinrich might meet him there. He would like to know who this strange man really was. And he had a few days to occupy before the Congress convened on Friday. Buses ran to Point Pleasant all through the day, and it was only a two-hour trip.

He picked up the phone, got Hugh McPherson's home number, and woke him up. Over Hugh's protestations, he asked him to cancel broadcast of the tape and to erase it.

Then he got the map fragment and looked at it long and closely.

Yes, he would go to Point Pleasant the next day.

Mathna looked at the spectral monoliths on the horizon. They stretched almost endlessly, ghostly frameworks of rotting factories, eaten up by the encroaching underbrush. It was like a place removed from human reality. It had begun when they had swung past the old TNT plant power house, its sad, broken windows trying to stare at them, it seemed, with half blinded eyes. This was the place where the two young couples had first sighted a tall, waddling, ungainly thing – a bird creature that would terrorize Point Pleasant and haunt the newlyweds long after the thing had left the area.

"This was quite a place once, during World War II," Jerry Heiskell told Pat. "At that time, this was a vast munitions complex. Explosives were manufactured here, and that is why the buildings are so widely dispersed. I was just a kid then, but my dad worked out here. It was all classified, but I remember my dad driving me out here. It was neat and tidy, not all grown up with brush. Of course, after the war, the whole thing was shut down, and the machinery carted away or sold off as surplus. God, this is a real weird place. It's no wonder they see things out here!"

City Police Officer Heiskell had first greeted Pat at the station as just another tourist seeking to visit the "Mothman" area. Cold at first, Heiskell warmed up quickly when Mathna disclosed his police connections and greeted him as a Brother in the Fraternal Order of Police.

"How are you traveling?" Heiskell asked.

Pat told him he had come on the bus, and Jerry suggested that he jump into the cruiser and he would drive him out and give him a complete tour of the area. As they drove, Jerry reviewed the Mothman sightings.

"At first, we didn't think much about it." We thought those kids were drinkin' it up. Then this investigator from New York, this Keel fellow, came down here, and we were all very much impressed with him. We worked very closely with him, and he uncovered some pretty convincing stuff."

Mathna thought about the weird call from Heinrich but decided not to mention it. If Heinrich indeed planned to meet him here personally, that would be difficult, for he hadn't foreseen being driven around the area in a police cruiser.

Suddenly from behind one of the old acid storage shacks came a whirring noise. Heiskell glanced furtively in that direction, then gunned the car and sped away. Pat turned his head and peered out the rear window. A smokelike

mass shot up from the building, swirling high into the air.

"What was that?" Pat gasped.

"Out here you're liable to see anything," his companion answered. "The wind picks up the dust here and causes some mighty queer sights."

In the few hours after the gavel of Chairman Allan Manak had banged down to open the Sixth Annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists in Charleston, Pat Mathna was impressed by the amount of ufological information being offered.

Half an hour earlier, he had walked, with others – many of their faces ashen and afraid – out of the private conference room where a confidential tape, a private message to Congress members from John Keel, had been played. It had suggested that terrifying, world shaking events were taking place, right under the noses of Ufologists, the secret kept by them, themselves, through their unwillingness to recognize and accept the obvious. He could understand why Keel had stipulated the tape could not be reproduced.

Now Bueford Ratliff, of an Ashland, Kentucky, group, had just finished addressing a closed session. He was the final speaker, and members rose and rushed to the back of the room to examine what he termed "a UFO artifact" – the fossilized remains of a tiny saucer and its occupant, which Ratliff asserted had crashed to Earth more than 10,000 years ago.

After the others had gazed – some in wonderment, some in skepticism – at the weird stone, Pat at last had a chance to hold it. Yes, the little creatures were there, if one looked: bulbous-eyed and grotesque. Some delegates had laughed, but Pat thought that was because the "spacemen" were so small. Some scientists had said that creatures would evolve smaller in size on a much larger and heavier planet, adapting to the greater gravity. If the visitors were real, Pat felt sorry for them. They must have crashed very long ago, in a time of great upheavals on the Earth, to be buried suddenly, and preserved in the sinking sediments of a primeval era.

Then he remembered. The time for his appointment was growing near. Heinrich had called again. He was sorry he had been unable to meet him in Point Pleasant, and had given Pat directions for meeting him in a remote and unused part of the hotel.

It probably was a false lead. The caller might have been a hoaxter, though he could not believe a hoaxter could assume such an alien voice.

Nevertheless, he would give it a good try. So far, the careful directions received over the phone were correct: the unlocked window leading to the fire escape further confirmed their authenticity. Pat opened it and stepped outside. If the call were on the level, a window to an unused storage area would also be unlocked.

Should he go through with it, or flee? Heinrich said he had very important information for him, which he could impart only during a personal meeting. He tried to think it out.

Maybe Heinrich was a maniac of some kind but, still, Pat had the overpowering desire to test him out. He had to know. Was Heinrich a hoax? Or was he real?

He grabbed the railing and lifted himself quickly over the two missing steps of the rusting fire escape. The window was open, as promised. He raised it and entered the dark interior. He stood there for a moment, breathing deeply. For a few moments, he could see nothing. Then, his eyes, growing accustomed to the darkness, picked out the musty out-of-date furniture and other junk, stored there when the hotel was remodeled. He could sense that Heinrich was somewhere in the room though, try as he might, he could not hear a single sound except for the street noises that crept in.

He sat on the dirty, ancient sofa, his senses alert, his eyes darting around the huge, dimly lit room. This was another false lead. Heinrich wasn't there. Heinrich didn't exist. Even the saucers – were they also falsehoods?

Then, suddenly, came the voice. He tensed when he heard it, then relaxed with his recognition of it. Where did it come from? The old pile of paper boxes to his left? From a hole in the ceiling? From the door leading to still another darkened storeroom? It was the same voice! He could recognize it anywhere, even though it pronounced only two words:

"Little Brother..."

Although I have received my share of mysterious telephone calls, which apparently have been connected with my UFO interest, I have never had the dubious pleasure of conversing with Gustaff Heinrich via Ma Bell. He apparently tried, however, just missing me by one night.

On July 31, 1969, about six weeks after Pat Mathna's experiences at the Charleston, WV, UFO convention, Jim Hawk arrived from Michigan to pay me a visit. Jim, a young man of about 19 at that time, had recently become very religious but was, I thought, somewhat overdoing the practice of his newfound faith. Looking at my books and decorations, he warned me

that I should throw away certain objects (such as statuettes of the Flatwoods Monster and an image of Mothman) and certain rare, out-of-print books on witchcraft, since he could detect "negative vibrations" from them. The next morning, my nephew complained that he had seen a shadowy figure hovering over his bed. I assured him it had been a dream induced by exhaustion from the long bus trip.

As I was trying to calm him, the phone rang. It was an educational film producer with whom I had been working. He told me that it was imperative that I come to Beckley, WV, to help him with a rough film cut so that he could make a deadline early the next morning. Knowing that my nephew felt ill at ease, I urged him to go with me. But Jim, a musician, told me he was in the middle of a composition and wanted to use my absence as an opportunity to work with the tape equipment I had in the house. I left my itinerary with him, urging him to call me in an emergency. That evening, I called him from my motel room. He was happy and contented, though alone, and relayed some phone messages.

My phone rang at 5:30 a.m., and a very frightened Jim Hawk was on the line. He had just received a terrifying phone call from none other than the notorious Heinrich. The voice, which he described as "half German, half Chinese," and unlike any accent he had ever heard, warned him against discussing "free energy," and also warned him that I was "evil" and that he should not associate with me.

"But I know nothing of free energy," Hawk, who was not a UFO buff, complained, "I am just Mr. Barker's nephew… Why don't you talk to *him*!"

"Oh yes! But not Mr. Barker's nephew. Not relationship by blood. You see, we know all things."

Up until that remark, Jim figured the man was a crank. But here was information a crank caller wouldn't know. Hawk, indeed, was not my nephew through direct bloodline.

As the conversation terminated, Jim heard a series of weird beeping tones; then the line went dead with no dial tone.

He confessed he was greatly frightened; he didn't know why, unless it had been the unknown and alien quality of Heinrich's voice. I phoned my film coworker, told him he would have to deliver and screen the rough film cut without me, and hurried back to Clarksburg. I found Hawk in a state of near shock. I drove him to a nearby church where there was a priest who I knew would be helpful and understanding. But despite the efforts of Father F. to convince him he could not be harmed by powers of evil, Jim never-

theless cancelled the rest of his visit and returned home the next day.

"There was a feeling of evil in that voice," he explained, "and I don't want to risk hearing it again." I really think that Heinrich knew that my nephew was alone in my house that night and, for some unknown reason, wanted to frighten him out of his wits. And *that*, he almost accomplished!

It is interesting, though perplexing, to note that during two separate phone conversations, Heinrich seemed to be fixated upon the subject of "free energy."

At that time, a great deal of speculation involved the method of propulsion the saucers employed. Some investigators insisted they utilized a radical source of power, possibly drawn from the electromagnetic properties of the Earth and most likely very cheap or "free." More imagination-prone UFO enthusiasts believed that "The International Bankers" (see a later chapter) feared that the advent of the saucers might reveal the secrets of such revolutionary power and upset the financial system by bankrupting the great energy cartels. According to these enthusiasts, the "powers that ruled the world" were attempting to "hush up" the whole subject of UFOs.

As fantastic and paranoiac as that idea may have been, one stops to wonder – during the present energy crisis – why the miracles of solar energy, the power of the winds and the tides, the massive energy streams of hot and cold ocean currents, and other relatively "free" sources of energy are not given the "crash" program attention they deserve.

We could go on endlessly, reporting hundreds of instances where witnesses to UFO sightings have received threatening calls, had their phones go out of order, or heard odd noises on their phones after the sightings. This is obviously a part of some pattern that, on the surface, would seem to be a device to persuade these witnesses to play down or not report their experiences. Maybe we hear only of those cases where the witnesses have been courageous enough to publicize their sightings after the interferences. But maybe not... We suspect that such tamperings and harassments may actually encourage witnesses to tell of their experiences, because the attention they receive convinces them that what they saw was important.

My own favorite story of the reaction of a UFO witness to a threatening call is one Laura Mundo tells. Laura is one of the earliest Ufologists. She was the first to sponsor George Adamski on a lecture tour, and is the author of many books and publications on the subject.

During March 1956, she received a threatening phone call in the middle of the night.

"You must get out of research," the voice demanded, "because you have come too close to the truth."

But Laura did not heed the advice. A recent issue of *The Mundo Monitor*, the monthly newsletter issued by the Flying Saucer Information Center of Novi, MI, reviewed that "obviously, she did not do so. Her protonic (soul) mind told her that the caller was a spaceman whom she had met at a statewide saucer meeting in Grand Rapids that afternoon."

Laura believes that space visitors are constantly lining up Earth people who have superior attributes to help the rest of mankind during a coming planetary crisis. She believes that the visitors must sometimes adopt negative attitudes with the mission of frightening out those who might otherwise "chicken out" during a crisis.

Naturally, one should be wary of the MIB, via telephone or in person, for Laura probably is wrong. But, if she is right, your shadowy visitors might be paying you a real compliment.

During a wave of "raygun" attacks on NYC-area UFO researchers in the late 1960s, this MIB (left) was photographed by Tim Beckley and Jim Moseley. The MIB drove cars with plates matching those seen in WV. One MIB seen in Elizabeth, NJ matched the description of Indrid Cold, while another was rumored to have been shot and killed by NYC police. CIA asset David Ferrie (top right, on left side), who is thought to have injected people with cancer, was friends with JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald (on right). After being driven out of Louisiana by the Garrison investigation, Ferrie - who was originally from Ohio - may have moved his hit team to the TNT Area in WV - Mothman's haunt. Both the MLK and RFK assassinations were predicted by Mothman witnesses.

EIGHT: THREE MEN IN BLUE, BLUE-GREEN AND BLUE-VIOLET

"The tragic comes from the accumulation of the insignificant."

-Max Apple

Unlike Bender's MIB who dressed in black suits – and unlike Heinrich, who frightened UFO buffs with his unearthly accent – "Mr. A.," "Mr. B.," and "Jemi" penned their dark mysteries in delicate shades of blue. I don't think they had any connection with Heinrich, even though their fractured English matched his ill command of the language.

Some people thought they were gypsies, though Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour sensed they had some connection with the cosmic. Some thought that Mr. A was none other than the notorious Carlos Allende, who had written the letters regarding those unfortunates who went into the "deep freeze."

In the Office of Naval Research, Morris K. Jessup read their frightening comments and later took his own life.

This chapter is about a Naval experiment that may have never occurred, and about a book that some UFO buffs still swear never existed.

It is also about Morris K. Jessup.

Jessup was an astronomer, but, ironically, his only public recognition came from lay people, who read his four books about flying saucers.

His first book, *The Case for the UFO*, had alienated him from his colleagues, though it came and went with relatively few sales. Its publisher sold off the hardcover edition to second-hand stores at $1.00 each. Today it brings $25.00 or more per copy, if you can find one.

But it was a paperback edition of the same book, published in 1955 by Bantam Books, which enmeshed Jessup in one of the most bizarre mysteries in UFO history. An annotated reprint of the paperback was laboriously typed out on offset stencils and printed in a very small run by a Garland, Texas, manufacturing company, which produced equipment for the military.

Each page was run through the small office duplicator twice: once with black ink for the regular text of the book, then once again with red ink, the latter reproducing the mysterious annotations by three men, who may have been gypsies, hoaxters, or space people living among men. The spiral bound, 8½ x 11-inch volume, containing more than 200 pages, became known as "The Varo Edition." The reprint quickly became legend. A few civilian UFO enthusiasts claimed to have seen copies, and it was rumored that a few close associates of the late Dr. Jessup possessed copies.

Because I finally obtained a copy and have published a virtually exact facsimile of *The Varo Edition*, which is available to anybody interested enough to plunk down the money for this limited and very expensively produced edition, it is obvious that the book existed. But the big mystery still remains: why did a government contractor go to so much trouble to reprint a book that had been rejected by the scientific community, and further, to include mysterious letters to the author and even more bizarre annotations? And with this mystery goes the suspicion that the book may have been printed by the manufacturer at the request of the military, which implied government interest in some of the weirdest aspects of "flying saucer" study.

Not much detail is known of Jessup's life before he emerged as one of the early writers on UFOs, mainly because nobody has taken the trouble to do the needed research. Probably the most that Ufology knows about him prior to his involvement with flying saucers is printed on the jacket flap of his first book.

He is described as having been an instructor in astronomy and mathematics at the University of Michigan and Drake Universities. The jacket copy also notes that Jessup completed his thesis for the doctorate degree in astrophysics at the University of Michigan.

Apparently his thesis consisted of a report on his research program which resulted in several thousand discoveries of physical double stars "which are now catalogued in the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society of London."

The short biography mentions his archaeological studies of the Maya in the jungles of Central America for the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D.C. And without identifying the source of sponsorship or financing, the jacket states that he explored Inca ruins in Peru and concluded that the stonework he found there had been "erected by the levitating power of spaceships in antediluvian times."

Also: "Dr. Jessup's latest explorations have taken him to the high plateau of Mexico, where he has discovered an extensive group of craters. They are as large as, and similar to, the mysterious lunar craters Linne and Hyginus N, and he believes them to have been made by objects from space."

The mystery of the annotated *Varo Edition of The Case for the UFO* was preceded by a series of bizarre letters from Carlos Miguel Allende addressed to Jessup. The letters claimed that as a result of a strange experiment at sea, utilizing principles of Einstein's Unified Field Theory, a destroyer and all its crew became invisible during October 1943.

"The field was effective in an oblate spheroidal shape," Allende wrote. He added that "any person within that sphere became vague in form," and that, as a result of the experiment, some of the crew went insane.

Further horrifying details of the experiment were detailed in the letters. Some of the crew "froze" or were unable to recover from the invisibility imposed by the strange field. They could be brought back by a "laying on of hands" ceremony by crewmembers, or by sophisticated equipment hurriedly readied after the experiment went awry. For months afterwards, crewmembers suffered relapses into invisibility. The letters indicated it was a common sight around the Philadelphia Naval Yard to see sailors clustered around a wavering, half-invisible victim. One such victim of the experiment is alleged to have walked through a living room wall, in the presence of his family, never to be seen again. Two men who had gone into the "freeze," as Allende termed the condition, "caught fire and burned for 18 days."

Varo Manufacturing Company's unusual involvement in the mystery began a few months after February 1956. In April of that year, Admiral N. Furth, Chief of the Office of Naval Research, received a manila envelope postmarked "Seminole," a small town in Texas. Written across its face was the notation "Happy Easter." When Furth opened the envelope, he found a copy of the Jessup paperback. We are not certain of Furth's reactions, but we can assume that he thumbed through the book and that his interest was piqued by a series of notes, interjections, underscorings, etc., in three colors of ink: blue, blue-green, and blue-violet, apparently written by three different people. Only the name of one of the authors of the annotations appeared in the notes, that of "Jemi." The two others signed only their initials, "A" and "B."

The paperback had apparently been passed through the hands of the annotators several times. This conclusion could be drawn from the fact that the notes indicated discussions between two or all three of the men, with questions answered, and places where parts of a note had been marked

through, underlined, or added to by one or both of the other men. Some had been deleted by marking through.

The notes had a tone of absolute weirdness. Sometimes they agreed with Jessup's original text; sometimes they contradicted it, as they referred to two types of people living in space. They specified two habitats for the space people: under the seas, and in what they termed the "stasis neutral," the latter term apparently in agreement with Jessup's exposition on points of neutral gravity in space.

They mentioned the building of underwater cities and identified the two groups of spacemen, "L-Ms" and "S-Ms." The "L-Ms" were designated as peaceful, the "S-Ms" as sinister.

Some of the terms were: mothership, home-ship, deadship, great ark, great bombardment, great return, great war, little-men, force-fields, deep freezes, measure markers, scout ships, magnetic and gravity fields, sheets of diamond, cosmic rays, force cutters, clear-talk, telepathing, burning coat, nodes, vortices, and magnetic net.

They explained what happened to people and to ships and planes that had disappeared, as discussed in Jessup's original text – and elaborated upon the origin of odd clouds, objects falling from the sky, strange marks and footprints, and other matters Jessup wrote about.

In the words of Brad Steiger and John Whritenour[4], the notations were made by "three individuals who are members of an older Earth civilization with full knowledge of the origin of UFOs and a mental library of remarkable scientific facts. The three note writers are often smug, a trifle arrogant, and make little effort to control their mockery of Homo sapiens."

We do not know Admiral Furth's personal reaction to the strangely marked paperback. The history of this matter next surfaces several months later, in July or August of the same year, when the paperback was passed on to Major Darrell L. Ritter, U.S.M.C., Aeronautical Project Officer, ONR, and Captain Sidney Sherby, ONR, who, along with Commander George W. Hoover, Special Projects Officer, ONR, indicated interest in the book.

Sherby and Hoover were deeply involved in satellite development. They were supervising the systems that would later place the first U.S. satellite into orbit. Some UFO researchers have expressed the belief that they were also coordinating gravity research, and that this was the reason for their interest.

4 *The New UFO Breakthrough*, Award Books, 1968

The book was evidently taken to the Varo firm by Sherby, possibly in conjunction with Hoover. At that time, Varo was deeply involved in aerospace design and manufacturing for the military. One division was called "Military Assistance," which may have coordinated the firm's activities with the government, and occasionally performed personal services for military personnel.

The Military Assistance Division agreed to run off a limited number of copies of the annotated book. It was laboriously typed out by Miss Michael Ann Dunn, personal secretary to the president of the company.

In the preface to my facsimile edition of *The Varo Edition*, I proposed two theories as to why Varo published the special edition, though in reality, both make little sense:

> (A) Top military brass passed the book down through the lower echelon, thus avoiding responsibility should there be any surreptitious publicity caused by Varo, the personnel of which had top military security clearances. They avoided sending it to a Government printing source, where word might leak out. The military was interested in applications of the notes to secret research being carried out by the U.S. After printing, the limited edition could be passed around to interested persons and distributed to other contractors engaged in secret military development.
>
> (B) Lower echelon officers, such as Sherby, had deep personal interests in the UFO mystery, and wanted copies to give to other Naval personnel who held similar interests. As a matter of personal interest, they asked the Varo Company to make the reprint, knowing that the contractor would comply, as one of the personal favors they extended to military personnel.

There would seem to be still some other hidden reason why the military professed so much interest in the weird annotations and why the book was published by an industrial concern (that in no way was connected with the publishing or printing industries) instead of usual government facilities. To me, these circumstances appeared much stranger than even the alien-like Jabberwocky of the gypsies – or saucermen – who penned the annotations. That and other reasons account for my fascination with Jessup, far beyond the quality of his writings and the contributions of his books to UFO research.

Nor did Jessup enlighten me about the Varo book in any of his correspon-

dence. He was contacted by the firm, which obtained permission from both him and his publisher, Citadel Press, to reproduce the original copyrighted text of his book. We do know that he was given some copies of the book, evidently the source of the few that reached the hands of civilian UFO researchers.

One such copy, according to Riley H. Crabb, director of Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, had been given to the late Bryant H. Reeve, author of two books published by Ray Palmer.

Crabb told me that he saw *The Varo Edition* while visiting Reeves at his home in Virginia Beach. Reeve agreed to lend the volume for a brief period. Crabb, who told me he felt that both he and Reeve were "under surveillance," hesitated to carry it with him back to his home in California. He posted it to himself, but it got "lost" in the mail.

A tradition of bad luck or strange circumstances is connected with possession of *The Varo Edition*, including the appearance of the MIB.

Stephen Yankee, a Michigan researcher, managed to obtain a copy of the book on microfilm, and was pursuing the mystery in detail, when two dark-suited men suddenly appeared at 3:00 a.m. during a nightshift at his place of employment. One of them asked Yankee about his study of the Jessup-Allende case. When the latter assured them that he had given up that part of his UFO investigations, the visitors seemed to be satisfied and left the room. Yankee followed them, but was amazed when he noted they were not in the hallway and had apparently vanished. Walking through the hallway, he sensed what he thought to be an electrical field, which made the hairs on his arms stand up and gave him a feeling of mental disorientation. The effect, isolated to one location in the hallway, persisted for more than an hour, before gradually fading away.

Yankee returned the microfilm to its owner and stored his extensive notes in his house when called to active duty in the Army Reserve. Two weeks later, he learned that in his absence, the dwelling had caught on fire and destroyed all of his notes. Authorities attributed the fire to arson, although no suspect was ever apprehended.

Regardless of the tradition of bad luck associated with the book, and the unknown motivation for producing it, neither Varo nor the military could foresee the zeal of civilian UFO researchers in their probings of the mystery.

My own involvement began with my publishing of *The Strange Case of Dr. M. K. Jessup* in 1963, which was reprinted in 1965, 1967, 1975, and 1980. Although that book contained a chapter about *The Varo Edition* and repro-

duced the Preface and its annotations supplied to me by Crabb, I had not, at that time, seen the original. I shared the doubts of other researchers that it even existed.

Finally, in 1971, one of the rare original copies found its way into my possession. Observing the clarity of the printing and the good physical condition of the copy, I began exploring the idea of a reprint.

I was confronted by enormous financial and technical problems. The book contained about twice the number of pages of our usual productions, and to print an exact facsimile, reproducing the original text in black and the annotations in color, involved costly and laborious color separation negatives. By pricing it relatively high and soliciting advance payments from our customers, I was able to bring out the limited edition and make one of my most valuable publishing contributions to UFO research.

Some day, indeed, I may press the MIB just a little too far, but none of the bad luck traditionally associated with the book has so far come my way. Sometimes, I feel they may even be helping me along and that, therefore, I must be on the *wrong* track!

But the luck of Dr. Morris K. Jessup, whose original *Case for the UFO* began this unsolved mystery, ran out quickly. On the evening of April 10, 1959, he was found in his station wagon in Dade County Park, Coral Gables, FL, officially the victim of carbon monoxide poisoning – a "suicide." The body was whisked away to the University of Miami Medical School, which is listed on the death certificate as the place of internment. One can only assume that Jessup, prior to death, had donated his body for medical study. Such disposal of the body, whether intentional or not, avoided dispute of his alleged suicide, for once a body is consigned to a medical school for anatomical study, it loses all identity.

Correspondence with Dr. Joseph H. Davis, the medical examiner for Dade County, indicated the body had *not* been autopsied, though he would give little additional information.

Another letter from Dr. Davis, after he had read a copy *of The Strange Case of Dr. M. K. Jessup*, has always intrigued me (though I received no further correspondence from him after my reply). Evidently impressed by a letter from Richard Ogden published in the book, Davis asked me if I had any information on hallucinatory drugs employed in UFO investigation. Of course I did not, and I so advised him.

Ogden had raised disturbing questions about Jessup's death. He claimed that the astronomer might have been a victim of an electronic sound process

known as "white sound" or "Auralgesiac," which can produce a state of deep hypnosis. It could have been sent to the author disguised as an ordinary audiotape. Ogden suggested that the recording process could be used to produce self-destructive suggestions."[5]

During my brief correspondence with Ogden, he indicated that he was employed by the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and claimed that he had run into trouble with some official intelligence agency because of his UFO interests.

Ogden would shortly stop corresponding and his letters would be returned, marked "moved – no forwarding address."

Other persons would also drop out of sight. The introduction to the original Varo Edition states: "Miss Michael Ann Dunn has undertaken the task of rewriting this book, including all notes, interjections, underscoring, etc."

Miss Dunn probably could explain some of the mystery – if she were still around! But like the mortal remains of Jessup, she vanished into the darkness of the Ufological night, a non-entity whose reality and existence ceased to be, much like the facts of history tossed down the "Memory Hole" in Orwell's book *1984*.

Varo personnel records indicate that Miss Dunn is not now employed, nor is there any record of the employment of such a person!

Did Miss Dunn, like the seamen aboard a disappearing ship, vanish into a "deep freeze" or "into the flame" of a military madman's experiment gone wrong? Or, like others who "knew too much," did she suffer a stultifying, paralyzing anonymity even worse than burning?

Somewhere, in some dark asylum, or in some unknown intellectual or spacewarp dimension, Miss Dunn may be crying out for the laying on of hands.

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5 Since the writing of this manuscript, a thorough investigation of Jessup's suicide has been made by Anna Lykins Genzlinger, whose book, *The Jessup Dimension*, was published by New Age Books 1981.

NINE: INTERSTELLAR BANKERS

> "The people who really control the wealth – the corporate structures – are screwing the people rotten. And most of us, like me, are too stupid to know how to handle it."
>
> -Billy Idol

To the average reader, the "International Bankers" may represent an alleged conspiracy to gobble up all the "hard" money, while the rest of us sit holding worthless greenbacks foisted upon us by the Federal Reserve System. This shadowy world financial organization is about to do us all in, supposedly. And apparently there isn't much we can do about it except, perhaps, to abolish the United Nations, which seems to have something to do with all this.

But let's get off of this subject, for the International Bankers I'm discussing seem to have nothing to do with politics. Rather than being "international," my bankers seem to be more "interplanetary," or even "interstellar." Indeed, they may be just a hoax, though an elaborate one. But they seem to fit into the MIB pattern. This is sort of a wild story, so hold onto your hats, hopefully not black ones!

It began with my meeting two of the nicest people I have ever run across during my UFO writing and investigations: Roger Pierce and Howard Neuberger.

Roger and Howard first endeared themselves to me by writing me a letter praising my book, *The Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*. I gathered that they were important personalities in Cleveland, Ohio UFO circles, for they recounted how they had just sponsored a lecture by Dr. M. K. Jessup to a capacity crowd. This had been confirmed to me in a letter from Jessup.

The two had seen me interviewed on a Cincinnati TV program, where I was promoting my book. They believed they could duplicate the success of the Jessup lecture if I would come to Cleveland. I had been encouraged by my publisher to make more lecture appearances, and I accepted.

Impressed by accommodations they had arranged in the city's newest hotel,

I checked in and awaited meeting the ufological entrepreneurs, who, it was said among some of my contacts, would soon probably be national leaders in the movement. Somebody knocked, and I opened the door and saw two small kids standing there. I thought there might be some mistake as I peered down at them from my six-foot height, but one of them was holding a copy of my book, and the other was clutching a large briefcase almost too large for him to handle.

This indeed was Roger and Howard. Though they were only fifteen and sixteen, and somewhat small for their ages, I soon learned they knew practically everything that had recently happened UFO-wise, and that they had read most of the books on the subject. I learned they had financed their UFO interests by buying and selling used merchandise through classified ads, and had only lately hit upon the idea of sponsoring lectures by UFO authorities. Soon they hoped to start a small magazine, *Cosmic News.*

They had lined up one television news appearance and a couple of radio interviews for me to promote the lecture, and I could also get in a few licks for my book. I discussed the UFO mystery with them for two or three hours. The two kids continually seemed in awe of me. They probably believed me to be much more famous than I really was, and I found myself getting to like the youngsters. I hoped the lecture wouldn't be a financial bust and they wouldn't lose all the dough they had made on Jessup. I was to share only in the profits, but wasn't worried, for my publisher was picking up part of my travel tab and the royalties looked very promising.

Due to a combination of the kids' expertise in promotion and Cleveland's apparent hunger for UFO information, the auditorium was almost packed. At $2.00 a ticket (rather high in those days), I figured the boys had taken in more than $800. They insisted on going back to the hotel with me and counting the money in my presence, rather than mailing me a report and a money order. I figured they wanted to talk more about UFOs.

They sat down on the floor and arranged the currency in neat stacks by denominations. Seeing all the money got me enthusiastic, so I got down on the floor with them and helped them count it. It was flattering to see all the money people had shelled out just to hear and see me.

I knew the kids were in further awe of me in view of the crowd I had drawn, which was even better than Jessup. They became even more impressed when I took them down to the coffee shop and bought them hamburgers and ice cream. Not knowing some of the fine points of sponsor-lecturer relationships, they complained that they had to pick up Jessup's tab during a snack after his lecture, and that he had asked for his money that very same night.

After that, I further enjoyed my newfound friends, one time by picking them up on my way to a Detroit UFO meeting, another time when they came to Clarksburg to visit me. I treated them to drive-in movies and a trip to the site of the appearance of the Flatwoods Monster. But, after about three years, our relationship began to deteriorate, due to unfortunate and mysterious circumstances.

Roger and Howard had published five issues of their *Cosmic News*, a small but excellent amateur magazine, when Roger telephoned me. He told me they had stopped publishing due to reasons he couldn't discuss, and advised that they wouldn't be sending out the latest issue. In fact, they had burned all the copies!

I felt Roger might be kidding, and that the boys were simply "growing out of" their UFO interests in favor of girls, and were making up a mysterious story to cover scuttling their publication. Perhaps they were trying to imitate Albert K. Bender's "hush-up." But Roger refused to talk further about it.

What followed made little sense, and much of it seemed to be the work of unknown hoaxters. But seen from the vantage point of today, it may take on a darker meaning.

Howard, who still maintained limited contact with me, telephoned. He had received a threatening letter from the International Bankers and was under great emotional stress. I figured this was a hoax. Although I had read of an organization called the International Bankers, it was a legitimate international trade association without any known conspiratorial motives, and certainly not likely to frighten a UFO enthusiast.

I urged him to send the letter, along with its envelope, to me by registered mail. I would photocopy it and return it by the same methods.

I read the letter with amazement. The letterhead and envelope were made of very expensive paper with the words, THE INTERNATIONAL BANKERS, in engraved printing. No other information was on the letterhead, and the envelope contained no return address. It was postmarked: "London."

My suspicions of a hoax were beginning to cool. For one thing, it would set a hoaxter back quite a few bucks to get the expensive stationery printed.

But it was the text of the letter that threw me further. It didn't threaten, as a hoax letter probably would. It had a dark undertone of evil, and yet poetic overtones. It obviously had been written by a highly educated person with a sophisticated knowledge of occult subjects – if written by a "person" at all! It seemed hardly likely that such a writer would be interested in playing a joke

on two young persons in Cleveland, Ohio:

Messrs. Howard Neuberger and Roger Pierce
Cosmic News
Box 225
Strongsville, Ohio, U.S.A.

Gentlemen:

We have sovereignty in whole your system. Do not fear us. Only to counteract Evil we come. Your Terra we shall have to destroy. Our Servants, with our silver and our gold, are paying for your scientists to strip bare core of Terra and remove coat of filth.

You have been watched for long aeons. We saw the split of the sexes on Mu, caused in Evil by Black Magic by Powers of Darkness. Mu we destroyed, but only after taking away certain remaining androgyne people to continue true Mankind on planets you call Mars, Venus, and Saturn.

Atlan fell for Dark Ones. Atlan we destroyed. Survivors still in power of Dark Ones who set up religions worshipping false gods in Chaldea, in Khem, in Hind. What remains? You still have ruins and religions based on rites of Dark Ones.

Sister planets in danger by your adventurers. Liars of Terra, working for Dark Ones, may say falsely that Dark Ones are using Atom Bomb. Lie! Lie! Lie! It is Servants of International Bankers who prepare Terra for Cleansing process.

When crust of Terra bursts away, all Mankind will die. We shall guide their souls to Neptune and Jupiter where sex split will be healed, Man joined into same body with Woman, pure races start all over again. All will reincarnate as androgynes and enjoy Golden Age prophesied by your few Great Ones who received warning many years ago.

Do not fear this death. We bring you release from servitude to flesh. We cleanse your spirits of evil and misleading religion. We baptize you with waters of the Cosmos.

You, small brothers, write of Silence Group. You afraid of these Servants. Do not fear them, they have their orders and work well for your Freedom of Bondage.

Fear nothing. It should be ourselves on Pluto who fear you. Your religionists prepare to pollute planets with sacrilegious filth ordered long ago by Dark Ones. We must prevent invasion by you. Only this can be done by whole destruction of Mankind in bisexual body. No more can Mankind endanger sister planets.

You know so small what we do for you. Call us Silence Group if has to be. In silence we progress. Silence follows where we have gone. Our footsteps echo round planets when we march.

Useless is to try to oppose us. In your life we have started what you call revolutions. New life is being prepared for you here on Terra. Old life of serfdom to petty altar and Evil Lord is overthrown in more than half Terra now.

Blind beloved ones, you we serve in not many months time. All we shall save for better state of welfare and harmony in other worlds. Rejoice with us. Thrill to the sounds of our marching music of explosions. In the dead faces of Terra are the Angels of the Revolution.

Know then our design. Our servants quell silently those who seek reaction. The Dark Ones who flaunt us will live on like those who assist us by inaction, but they will not rejoice with you who cooperate.

Not your ancient God, not your once all-wise Lucifer, not your Martyrs or Messiahs are your Masters. We, the International Bankers, Lords of Pluto, Sons of the Lightning and Daughters of the Fire, know us as your Masters and your Saviors.

I leave now your England to return to my home. Our plans are ended, all is decided.

Adonai Vasu
Clerk 209

"Adonai Vasu" was written in a weird script. I thought this was the name of the person sending the letter, but later learned that this term is often employed by "space people" speaking through mediums in trance, as a form of greeting or farewell.

Although Roger dropped out of UFO research immediately, Howard continued for some time alone and had a further run-in with the Bankers. That time, it was a blacksuited man identifying himself as "Otto Von

Mobile," not the leader of the International Bankers but of the *Interstellar* Bankers! To me, this sounded like supreme hokum, considering the similarity of Von Mobile's name to "automobile."

Recent years, however, have brought to light the extensive research on the MIB by John Keel, particularly in his books, *Operation Trojan Horse* and *The Mothman Prophecies.*

Keel's MIB have alien qualities that often appear ridiculous in our everyday frame of reference. Sometimes they may deliberately try to make us doubt their reality in order to confuse us. Or, using Keel's type of reasoning, perhaps Otto Von Mobile might have been referring not to himself but to the huge black Cadillac he was driving – a kind of gibberish meaning that he was "mobile" while on Earth because he was transported in an "auto." I now wish I had taken Howard more seriously at that time, while he was still willing to discuss the matter.

I don't believe I kept any notes at that time, but I do have a letter from him describing his meeting with Von Mobile in a park, after Howard had been picked up by a black Cadillac and taken there.

Von Mobile told him of a mysterious person in Los Angeles who was known as "The Voice of Two Worlds." This prophet had been destroyed by evil beings from space, and Von Mobile was greatly upset and concerned about this. "Beware of these last days," he warned Howard.

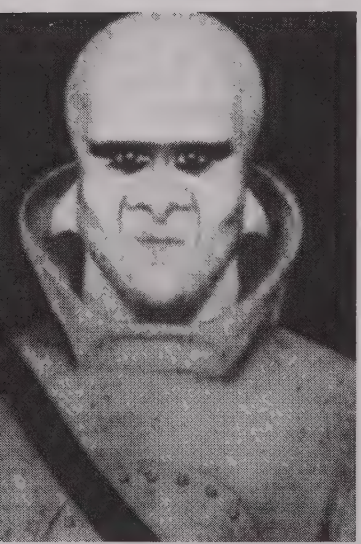
Suddenly, Von Mobile vanished, and Howard found himself standing on the street in front of his house, as if suddenly teleported there from the meeting place.

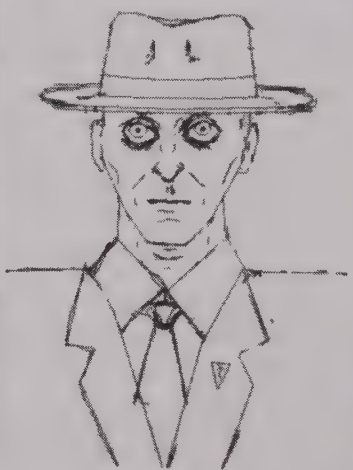
Later correspondence with Cleveland UFO researcher Tom Comella indicated that he believed a member of his own UFO organization had hoaxed Howard, though he couldn't explain the motivation. Comella later dropped his formal UFO interest but wrote articles, under the pseudonym of "Peter Kor," which suggested a non-physical origin of UFOs.

In today's world, I catch myself feeling a pang of nostalgia for Otto Von Mobile, Clerk 209, and others of their ilk, who told fascinating (though somewhat terrifying) tales to teenagers. Today, I am more concerned with the real Bankers, like the kind down on the corner of Main and Fourth. Their letters are written by computer and are just as frightening as the one received by Howard. I'd almost trade an invasion from outer space for a phone call from the finance department when the automobile payment is overdue!

Instead of stripping "bare core of Terra" and removing "coat of filth," Big Energy is stripping off the beautiful forest, removing the coal, and leaving everything filthy. As "Atlan fell for Dark One," many of us "fell" for the gasoline and natural gas "shortages" that changed to "oversupply" as soon as price gouging had been established. Today, not even "Interstellar Bankers" seem very frightening in the light of immediate problems.

Howard abandoned all of his UFO interest and devoted more of his time to his growing interest in the Jehovah's Witness faith. Roger Pierce took a job in his father's thriving auto parts business. As I write this, I glance up at the bookshelf to see the Bible that Howard gave me during my final visit with him. I remember the two little kids lying on the floor, counting their money that night in Cleveland.





In the late 1940s and early '50s, the MIB clearly looked "Nordic" or "Germanic," especially those seen in the Ohio Valley and in S. America - where the Nazi scientists had fled. They definitely seemed human, more accurately revealing their association with terrestrial flying saucers. As time went by, some wore disguises to make themselves look less human and more extraterrestrial (left). By the 1960s and '70s, some of the aging "spacemen" may have shifted into MIB work, which was probably less rigorous than piloting experimental craft. One older MIB seen in New Jersey in the 1970s (center) bears a strong resemblance to a younger Nordic spaceman (right) seen in S. America several years before.

TEN: FROM OUTER SPACE TO THE PENTAGON

"In my early teens, I found that I could sometimes sense what other people were thinking, and I assumed that everyone had this ability... Now and then I encounter someone whose mind is actually vulnerable to my own. I not only sense what they are thinking, I can project my own thoughts into their mind; they accept these thoughts as their own. In short, I can control that person's mind on a modest scale. There are people who have this power to a very developed degree. They can control others, even from a great distance. It is probable that some world leaders, especially the evil ones like Hitler, possessed and exercised this ability. One famous Russian psychic proved that he could hand a railroad conductor a blank sheet of paper and the conductor would punch it, thinking it was a ticket..."

-John Keel, *The Eighth Tower*

September 13, 1958, dawned clear and bright, a perfect day for an unusual gathering. A crowd estimated at more than 6,000 persons, from thirteen states, converged on Howard Menger's farm near Lebanon, New Jersey for the first "East Coast Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention."

But even more unusual than the convention itself were the man and woman who sponsored it. Howard Menger claimed he had contacted people from outer space since he was a boy of 14, and that his wife, Connie, had first met him during a previous incarnation on another planet!

Menger was considered one of the most famous "contactees" of the 1950s. He owed much of his fame to Long John Nebel, whose midnight-to-dawn radio program on WOR, New York, reached more than twenty states. Nebel specialized in interviewing guests with offbeat stories, and after Menger's initial appearance, his ratings and mail volume soared. He repeatedly invited Menger back on the show to retell his story.

While an adolescent, Menger was wandering through the woods when he supposedly met a beautiful lady who told him the space people were watching over him. Although he had no further contacts until World War

II, he believed they were constantly around. He claimed that they openly contacted him while he was serving in the Pacific, and saved his life during one battle. Back in civilian life, Menger opened a sign shop near his farm and began having face-to-face meetings with his interplanetary visitors, including the same lady of the woods, who had not apparently aged any since their first meeting. She told him she was more than 600 years old!

Menger assisted the space people, who were mainly from Mars and Venus, in their earthly infiltration. He purchased terrestrial clothing for them and acted as an amateur barber in shearing off their beautiful long hair. Eventually, they took him on board one of their spacecraft and gave him a ride to the moon where he took photographs and received as a souvenir a "moon potato," which contained ten times the protein of terrestrial tubers.

Such was the story told in an unpublished manuscript by Menger. I quickly signed him during the convention, feeling that his book, *From Outer Space to You*, could successfully launch my fledgling publishing company. Although it was outlandish and somewhat sensational, I had the feeling that it would enjoy excellent sales.

But I was not entirely cynical about Menger's story. His accounts of some of his early meetings with space people sounded credible, as did the stories of many "contactees." Menger's Polaroid photographs of a spacecraft in flight, and a "space woman" walking away from the camera, had not been successfully refuted by experts.

The unprecedented crowd that gathered at Menger's farm was due to the promotional genius of Long John Nebel, who had given the convention thousands of dollars worth of free publicity in trade for the popularity Menger brought to his radio show. I knew I could count on Nebel to continue booking Menger on both the radio program and a future television series. I planned a national tour for the author.

But, by the time the book was out of the bindery, Menger did a disappearing act. He stopped lecturing and turned down bookings on the Long John Show. As Nebel put it in his book, *The Way Out World*, Menger "kind of left his publisher, non-contactee saucer man Gray Barker, holding the promotional bag."

A year went by. Nebel's television program went on the air. He was visited by "Mr. Lester," a mysterious person who would never give his complete or actual name, and who had often acted as an unofficial publicity agent for Menger. He told Nebel that the author wanted to come out of "retirement" and appear on the new show.

Despite Nebel's success as a radio "talk show" host, he hadn't quite found the right format to transfer his talents to television. He was glad to see Menger's unusual "press agent," for he was reminded of the ratings the author had brought him on radio. He booked Menger on the spot, and WOR-TV ran numerous promo ads. UFO buffs and other enthusiasts of the bizarre waited to hear an update by the famous "contactee."

But when the red light on the TV camera went on, misfortune struck. In the words of Nebel, "Howard said nothing, and un-said most of what he had originally claimed. The show was a disaster."

Howard wasn't sure of anything. He stated he could have been mistaken about some of his space contacts. He said the trip to the moon might have been a "mental obsession of the other side of my consciousness."

The local show was not broadcast in my area, and it was a week before I heard the debacle on an audiotape. As I envisioned the already slow sales of *From Outer Space to You* tumbling further, another, much different realization hit me.

Suddenly, I realized that, at long last, I could believe Menger's outlandish story!

I couldn't pin it down, but I remembered that while reading and re-reading the book during editing and publishing, I was struck by a gut hunch that some of the experiences the author claimed could have been staged by ordinary earth residents. I thought the story could have been further embellished by the experiences of hypnotic trance, although at that time I had no inkling of the "mind control" experiments then being initiated by intelligence sources.

But the pieces still didn't fall into place. It was not until my third experience of being deserted at the publicity altar by a recalcitrant author that I began to search more carefully for answers.

In 1950, the late Frank Scully, a well-known writer, caused a sensation when his book, *Behind the Flying Saucers*, related the account of a government scientist who examined a flying saucer that crashed in New Mexico. Although Scully probably was taken in by his information sources – much of the book was poorly documented – it strengthened rumors, which persist to this day, that the U.S. Air Force actually possesses crashed spacecraft, along with bodies of alien pilots.

Four years later, writer James W. Moseley became fascinated by a report similar to Scully's, after receiving an unusual tip from a military friend. The

informant based the tip on the testimony of a woman who was a WAC at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in 1951. She told him that a saucer had been brought to the installation, and that she had seen a picture of it.

According to the correspondent, the Air Force found an operative radio-transmitting device aboard the craft, which regularly gave off "beeps." They were afraid the craft had signaled for help and might attract other craft to attack the base. The bodies of six little men had been found and transported to the base, along with the saucer.

Moseley, working at that time on a book commissioned by a major publisher, quickly followed up the lead.

Although he found many discrepancies in the original tip, the lead turned out to be sensational. The witness, whom Moseley identified only as "Miss Y," was not a WAC, but had been a civilian employee of the Signal Corps. The incident did not take place at Wright Field, but at another large Ohio base. "Miss Y" worked at Teletype transmission and was amazed when she read messages that detailed the capture of the crashed saucer and the ordering of a red alert. She also inadvertently saw pictures of it in the photo lab. No occupants were aboard the small 30-foot circular craft, which appeared to be a remotely controlled device constructed of some unknown alloy.

Moseley collected many other UFO cases but, upon turning the manuscript over to the publisher, promptly received a rejection slip. Although the author made little comment about the rejection, colleagues who had discussed the "Wright Field" case with him felt the publisher had backed off because of government pressure.

When Moseley later founded the UFO publication, *Saucer News*, he drew criticism from other researchers. They charged that his publishing of "contactee" cases, and his articles claiming that the saucers were secret military devices, were attempts to discredit scientific investigation and to mislead the public into believing that the military was responsible for the sightings. Many of his critics still believe that Moseley was an intelligence agent, and that his magazine was secretly financed by the military. Indeed, Moseley stopped publishing *Saucer News* shortly before the closing of Project Blue Book and the final report of the Condon Committee, almost as if his career were ending in synchronism with those negative events.

But Moseley made his exit from active UFO involvement with a bang that is still shaking the saucer establishment. Conservative UFO groups still believe that his controversial 1967 New York Flying Saucer Convention,

one of the movement's best-attempted events, was yet another ploy in his military-inspired plan to discredit serious investigation. Speakers claimed to have contacted spacemen or to have ridden in flying saucers, or presented other unorthodox views. Roy Thinnes, star of the then popular *Invaders* television show, was the featured speaker, investing the convention with an aura of science fiction. Edward U. Condon, who was then pursuing his UFO investigations at the University of Colorado under a half-million dollar Department of Defense grant, attended the convention. To many, this confirmed that the New York "circus," as some called it, was a part of the government's all-out campaign to put the damper on public belief in UFOs.

Two years earlier, Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, Director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), who was battling the Air Force for Congressional hearings on saucer secrecy, had cancelled Moseley's membership in the civilian research organization without explanation, but presumably because of the latter's alleged military ties. Apparently these suspicions of his motives still exist, for recently, the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), one of today's largest saucer clubs, refused Moseley membership with the terse explanation that the blackballing was due to his "past record."

Six months before the convention, Moseley had telephoned me with an unusual offer. He wanted a new book, written by him, to appear in conjunction with the convention. He wanted my small firm to handle the project, because he believed I could produce a book in the short time involved. As an inducement, he agreed to forego a cash advance and subsequent royalties in return for copies that he could place on sale at the convention. He promised that a major portion of the massive New York media promotion he planned would concentrate on the book.

It was a deal I couldn't pass up, and I agreed on the spot.

A few days later, Moseley called back and complained that due to his concentrated work on convention planning, he could not furnish a completed manuscript in time for my printing schedule. He suggested I take chapters from his original manuscript, along with some unorganized new material, and whip it together myself. He also suggested that I utilize tapes from his appearances on the Long John Nebel show to obtain current material to use as a framework to introduce the earlier writings.

With hard work, I was able to complete the manuscript three months before the convention. But Moseley suddenly did an about-face. He notified me that I must drop all plans for publishing it. When I protested, he proposed an alternative: I could bring out a different book, consisting of excerpts

from past issues of his magazine, which might be titled *The Best of Saucer News*. I speedily accomplished this by cutting out the actual typeface from the old issues and pasting them up for offset printing. The substitute book came out in time for the convention. Although a crudely produced effort, it sold relatively well and has been well liked by readers.

I was still disappointed that the original had been aborted, principally because of the chapter about the captured craft. I was therefore pleased when, in 1970, Moseley did another about-face and gave me the go-ahead on *The Wright Field Story*.

But like Bender and Menger, Moseley refused to help promote the book, almost as if some intelligence "employer" had rung him up and rapped him on the knuckles for releasing it. And Moseley even went a step further: he circulated rumors that the book had been written entirely by myself, and that it was a work of fiction, never authorized by him – though I have yet to see a process server at my door! Shortly after the convention, Moseley got completely out of UFO research and sold me all rights to his *Saucer News* publications.

But, as this is written, my three authors are beginning to seem less like temperamental prima donnas, and the whole jigsaw puzzle is beginning to fit together. Although Watergate may have had nothing to do with flying saucers, it started a lot of people thinking, including myself.

But even before the excesses of the executive branch and intelligence agencies were beginning to be exposed, I gradually began to realize that my involvement with UFOs was not a game, a dream, or just a way of selling books. Although I knew that there was indeed "something up there" – not made here on Earth – I also concluded that a great part of it was more mundane.

Like Watergate, the revelation began with politics, though in a much smaller town than Washington.

Shortly after his unusual appearance on the Long John TV debacle, Howard Menger moved to Sebastian, FL, and I lost personal contact with him. Then, five years later, in 1965, a bombshell dropped into my lap.

It was a copy of a letter from Menger to the City Clerk of Sebastian expressing great anger. Menger had reestablished his advertising sign business there, and his wife was working for a newspaper. Both had become well-liked citizens and Menger was planning to run for office in city government.

He proposed a "science fair" project for the small city, to promote tourism,

and obtained NASA cooperation for personnel and displays. City officials were ready to give him the green light.

The Mengers had never publicly discussed their involvement with UFOs, fearing unfavorable publicity in their new lives. However, members of a rival political faction happened to find an old magazine featuring the New Jersey space convention and wrote to NICAP for more details. They received a derogatory reply about the Mengers. Although the letter consisted of distorted facts, it was enough to persuade the city government to squelch Menger's plans and elicit an angry response.

In the heat of his emotional rebuttal to the cancellation and NICAP's distortions, Menger made an unusual revelation that might otherwise never have come to light:

> I wrote a book, *From Outer Space to You*, based on an actual experience, which I accidentally stumbled upon in an isolated field to the rear of my property in Highbridge, New Jersey. These photographs I sent to a department in the Pentagon. It wasn't long afterward that I was contacted and asked if I would cooperate in an experiment based on what I had inadvertently seen, and to project into this experience an expanded, futuristic view of 'things to come,' with their help and cooperation…"

Although Menger didn't specify what military branch or intelligence agency visited him, he wrote that the experiment he witnessed "was used as a gauge to indicate people's reactions to alien contact":

> You will not think this is too strange when you consider that our astronauts today are being thoroughly conditioned and trained to meet any and every strange condition or situation they may face upon landing on an alien world.
>
> I agreed to cooperate in the above experiment, and when the press picked up the story of flying saucers over Highbridge (and they were there and people did see them – don't ask me how or why), they really had a ball. They worked it up into a real sensation. However, all the publicity did not help me, my work, or my family, as I had little or no privacy left. But this was all part of it; I had to meet and talk to people. At first, I was a little shy and tongue-tied but, after many lectures, I gained confidence. With the material and suggestions handed to me, I was able to carry on.
>
> After the "Highbridge Incident" had been widely publicized

> and the experiment was considered finished, I completely withdrew from all activities in saucer research. I refused to lecture, or show movies, or speak to anyone about it. I had completed my mission. I wanted peace. What I did, I did in good faith and with good motives.

We can only speculate about what government agency contacted Menger, and what actually transpired. Whether or not the "actual experience" he accidentally stumbled upon was a real flying saucer, something set up for him to see, or some secret experiment he accidentally witnessed, we may never know. But we do have an important clue, which is that the U.S. government may have played an important role in the development of at least one of the "contactee" stories of the 1950s!

It is also now known that the CIA was concerned about UFOs during the 1950s, its primary interest probably involving the use of the idea in psychological warfare. That agency also influenced the Air Force to maintain its public attitude on UFOs, which included ridiculing and downplaying reported sightings.

Menger's involvement may have been just what he said it was: participation in a psychological experiment to determine how the public would react to a possible widespread series of UFO landings. Or it could have been a plan to discredit the whole idea of UFOs – after all, Menger's account of meeting space people could, indeed, sound like crackpotism to many people. But regardless of the motives, the public, instead of fearing the saucers or disbelieving the story, began flocking to Menger's farm to find out more about them, to sight them, and even make contact with them. When thousands attended his 1958 convention, this may have given the signal to whatever agency enlisted Menger's aid. The "experiment" probably indicated that the public was ready to accept landings by friendly space people without panic. In fact, the "experiment" may have been getting out of hand and becoming counterproductive to the official Air Force policy of pooh-poohing saucers. By the time its initiators were ready to call off the "experiment," Menger's book was either in release or well on its way to being published. The same agency could have gone back to the author and said, "It's time to cool it. The experiment is over and you've done your duty!"

Menger's revelation becomes more believable in light of later information. The CIA's role in Project Blue Book's playing down of saucers has been partly revealed by David Michael Jacobs' doctoral dissertation, *The UFO Controversy in America*, published as a hardcover book by Indiana University Press in 1975. Working from declassified documents, Jacobs explored what

may be only the tip of the iceberg of CIA involvement.

Fearing that UFO reports might constitute a threat to national security – because of the possibility that the Soviet Union might utilize the resulting confusion for a sneak attack – the CIA convened a panel of top civilian scientists, chaired by Dr. H.P. Robertson, to study the situation. During three days of analysis of Blue Book sighting reports, the panel concluded that although the objects themselves did not seem to constitute a threat to national security, the reports themselves might contribute to national hysteria, might lead defense personnel to misidentify actual enemy missiles, and "induce harmful distrust of duly constituted authority." The panel recommended that major civilian UFO investigative groups be watched and "the possible use of such groups for subversive purposes kept in mind." Finally, it recommended that a campaign of public education and debunking be carried out by the Air Force.

While the CIA, in its relationships with Blue Book, urged playing down and debunking saucer sightings, it may have been engaged in other projects designed to confuse the Soviets regarding U.S. knowledge about the UFOs. One of these devices may have been the "setting up" of early "contactees" such as George Adamski, Daniel Fry, Menger, and others.

Dr. Leon Davidson, a scientist who worked at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory during the Manhattan Project, had a top-security clearance and was designated by an act of Congress to distribute a public reprint of the Air Force Project Blue Book Report No. 14, a massive statistical analysis of computerized UFO data that was contracted to the Battelle Memorial Institute. Davidson believed the CIA had hoaxed saucer celebrities into believing they had actually contacted space people and taken rides in their craft. In a series of articles in Moseley's *Saucer News*, Davidson argued that the UFOs were military devices designed to confuse the public.

Davidson believed that Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, author of several UFO books, had been carefully fed information by the CIA for publication, and that NICAP, which Keyhoe was to later head, had been originally set up by that agency as a front. The fact that Vice-Admiral R.H. Hillenkoetter, the first director of the CIA, was one of the original members of the NICAP Board of Governors tends to strengthen Davidson's claims.

UFO historian Jerome Clark has pointed out another obvious concern of government intelligence during the early days of the Cold War, which still exists today. In an article, "The Bender Mystery: a Re-Examination," in the December 1975 *Flying Saucers* magazine, he suggested that any government that learned the technology of an advanced civilization by, say, capturing a

flying saucer, could make a quantum leap in weapons development and be at a strategic advantage. This would be akin to, or even greater than, the advantage once held by the U.S. while in exclusive possession of atomic weapons.

Albert K. Bender's possession of metallic residue from a UFO, which he had submitted to a commercial metallurgical lab for analysis, could fit Clark's theory. And it also might help explain similar silencings of other civilian researchers that occurred at about the time of Bender's hush-up.

John Stuart, head of Flying Saucer Investigators, a New Zealand civilian UFO organization, claimed to have possessed similar fragments, which resulted in a visit by a man who frightened him into handing over the material.

Laimon Mitris collected some metallic residue that he saw fall from a cigar-shaped UFO near a lake in Canada. Soon thereafter, a man called at his home and claimed to be from a Canadian government agency, though he refused to show credentials, was deeply tanned, and obviously not a native of that country. Like Stuart, the frightened witness gave up the sample.

Edgar Jarrold, head of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau, another civilian club, had submitted UFO fragments for analysis prior to a visit by a mysterious stranger who gave him startling information. Although we do not know if the visitor demanded the fragments, we do know that Jarrold corresponded with Bender prior to the latter's silencing and suggested that he contact the same "higher source" that had contacted him. It is interesting to note that Bender used the same terminology, "a higher source," in the farewell issue of his publication, *Space Review*. Unlike other hush-up victims who, like MacArthur's old soldiers, "faded away," Jarrold met with an unexplained tragedy shortly after the visit. While shopping in a large department store in Sydney, Australia, Jarrold was pushed violently from behind while boarding a descending escalator. Police distrusted his incoherent last words about a "man in black," and his unknown assailant as never identified.[6]

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6 By an unusual coincidence, an attempt on the life of another person connected with the UFO mystery was similarly carried out. Sgt. Ted Obenchain, of the Dade County, FL, police department, had been present at Dr. M.K. Jessup's death scene while a rookie homicide detective. Obenchain pointed out unusual circumstances in the suicide to Anna Lykins Genzlinger, author of *The Jessup Dimension* (Saucerian Press, 1981). During 1980, the officer went upstairs to an occupied room of his station to get a soft drink. As he glanced at the floor while stepping off the escalator, an unseen person pushed him backward, and he slid down the ascending stairs. The assailant was never apprehended. Although not killed, Obenchain was handicapped for life and thereafter indicated he would talk no further about Jessup's death.

The fact that the hush-ups of UFO investigators and the seizing of metallic samples were carried out internationally within a very short timeframe suggests that the only U.S. intelligence agency with such capabilities, the CIA, may have been responsible. Recent disclosures that the CIA has been illegally involved in domestic investigations makes that agency's interference with U.S. civilian UFO researchers seem credible.

Of course, it is also conceivable that, in a desperate race to crack the technological secrets of the "interplanetary" visitors, a foreign intelligence agency could also have been involved in the collection of metallic samples. In the atmosphere of the 1950s, when the UFO subject carried a "crackpot" connotation in the minds of most people, both domestic and foreign intelligence operatives may have fitted themselves right into the unbelievable world of men from Venus. In this way, they could become MIB without fear of identification.

I would like to believe that the frightening MIB are figments of neurotic imaginations, or devils summoned by their victims' mental concentration on crackpot theories. Or that they might be interplanetary visitors, ready to invade us or upset Wall Street or the oil cartels. During thirty years of UFO research, I've seen and heard just about everything, and none of these ideas frighten me.

But real, flesh-and-blood MIB chill me to the bone, particularly when they may be intelligence agents telling me what I can, or cannot, reveal about flying saucers!

ELEVEN: WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CARROLL WAYNE WATTS?

"If aliens are smart enough to get to Earth, why aren't they smart enough to find some *other* place to go?"

-Wanda Sykes

Do you remember Carroll Wayne Watts? Except for his weird abduction by "space people," he was a person who would hardly interest you – a nondescript farmer trying to eke out a living from the red soil of Loco, Texas.

Those of you who are really dedicated UFO enthusiasts, or who have photographic memories of everything you've read about UFOs in the press, can probably reel off the whole tale right back to me. Those of you who were subscribers to *Saucer News* in 1968, when we carried most of the story, are probably diving into the files for this issue right now. Don't bother, for I am going to repeat it here.

Now, everybody remembers the Barney and Betty Hill case. Betty has appeared at many UFO gatherings to re-tell her experience after the death of her husband. A television show was filmed about it. Charles Hickson, of the famous Pascagoula, Mississippi case similar to that of Watts, is still making public appearances.

But after a run-in with the MIB, Carroll Wayne Watts wouldn't talk anymore, and ceased to be famous. He said that he deliberately flunked a lie detector test at the request of the Notorious Three – in this case, two men and one woman (as if the MIB anticipated the "Women's Lib" movement)!

I like to think of the MIB as sinister, probably non-human personages who, although they sometimes appear to be muddled in mind, nevertheless carry out their hush-ups with a great deal of style. In the Watts case, I don't think it was the honest-to-goodness, supernatural MIB who silenced him. His threatening nemeses probably were from the CIA, for they zonked him on the head with a billy club and threatened to shoot him! But that is the *end* of a great story. Let's start at the beginning.

The night of February 26, 1968, had been a "slow news" night, with

nothing really sensational from Vietnam, and things relatively quiet on the domestic front. But then, the Associated Press machines in newsrooms all over the country suddenly came to a grinding halt with stories marked "continued."

In some offices so equipped, warning bells rang to indicate an important story coming over the wires. In the small anteroom that housed the lone AP machine at radio station WTIP in Charleston, W. Va., commentator Hugh McPherson stood by the device and watched a sensational printout. Within minutes he was on the telephone, alerting the editor of *Saucer News* to the biggest UFO news break in months.

Near the town of Wellington, Texas, just south of the Salt Fork of the Red River, a 29-year-old farmer, Carroll Wayne Watts, had broken a strange story. He told Amarillo newsmen how he had contacted strange little men, four feet high, with slit-like "wrap-around" eyes, who had given him a medical examination on board their craft. He exhibited a series of Polaroid photographs of a cigar-shaped object, which had photographic experts in a dither.

When Hugh hung up, I called my contacts at a local newspaper and asked that they hold the wire copy for me. At 12 p.m., I began alerting SAUCERS (Space and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society) members in the Amarillo area. We managed to reach associate editor Richard E. Wallace, who was visiting in Houston.

Due to our contacts with news media and law enforcement officials throughout the area, and on-the-spot investigating by Wallace, we developed a story plagued with strange details of threats, hush-ups, hypnotism, and disclosures of a concentrated local UFO "flap" of which the national press had seemingly been completely unaware.

Mrs. Hazel McKinney had been the first person to report publicly on the "flap."

The sun had not yet risen as Mrs. McKinney neared the county line on U.S. 83. She and two companions were driving southward on their way to work in Childress. It was about 6:15 a.m., on November 3, 1967. The morning was clear.

As the car approached the cutoff road to Loco, Mrs. McKinney glanced to her left and saw what she thought was a headlight in a vacant wheat field.

She called the light to the attention of her passengers and, as they watched, the light grew larger and larger.

"It was a huge, bright light," Mrs. McKinney said.

"It came on all of a sudden."

As the women watched, the object, which had a discernible form, turned southward and paralleled the McKinney car.

Suddenly it changed speed and direction and flew in front of the car, angled up, and disappeared.

Later, both Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Harry Patterson, of Wellington, described the object as silver-gray in color.

"It was big enough to drive a car into," Mrs. McKinney said. "It was shaped like a cigar – one end was round."

The other end, she said, glowed like a fluorescent light. She said she heard no sound from the mysterious craft.

The two women drove on to work and later returned to Wellington, where they told their story. To their surprise, they soon learned they were not alone in seeing unusual objects.

Carroll Wayne Watts, well known and respected in the Wellington area, was one of the first to confirm Mrs. McKinney's experience.

He was measuring a wheat field in February of the past year when he saw what may have been the same object. "It was about 200 feet above the ground. It came from the southeast at about 50 miles per hour," he said. "It went three quarters of a mile, turned to the northeast, and was gone."

And thus began a weird series of events which would suddenly catapult Watts to national fame and, just as suddenly, plunge him into a morass of contempt and ridicule.

Watts' second contact with the unknown, after he had sighted the cigar-shaped craft in the air during February 1967, came on the night of March 31 of that year.

Working late at some chores around the barn, he looked in the direction of his uncle's property, located adjacent to his farm, where he noticed a light.

The light made him suspicious, since it was near his uncle's abandoned house. He feared thieves might be at work. So, he got into his pickup truck and drove the short distance.

The area, in the desolate rolling plains of far northwest Texas, was particularly depressing this evening. The final cold snap of the winter was holding

on; mud was everywhere, and a fierce March wind was blowing. Soon spring would come, Watts reflected happily and, with that, warm green days prior to the sweat of summer. He didn't mind the hard work, for he was turning the previously unproductive farm into a paying proposition. He thought how hard his wife also had worked, and how she had stuck by him in the earlier "hard up" days of their marriage, when they were taking over the farm.

The light had disappeared as he steered the car over a dirt road toward the abandoned home. Suddenly, he braked the truck to a halt. There, caught in his headlights, was a dull gray, cylindrical object, possibly 80 to 100 feet long and 8 to 10 feet high, seemingly floating about two feet off the ground. As he told our investigator:

> At first I wasn't frightened at all. I thought it must be some new aircraft that the Air Force had developed – that it must have made an emergency landing. It may sound odd, but that was the first thing I thought of. I also thought that there might be injured crewmen aboard. I wondered how to find out, since there weren't any windows or doors. I scrounged around and found an old, rotting fence post. I pulled it out of the mud and started banging – sounding out the machine by hitting it with the post.
>
> Suddenly, a door that I had never detected before slid open – something like an elevator door. I began getting scared. Somehow, I just stood there, looking into this opening. Inside, there was no crew, just machinery – all kinds of meters and dials, lit up by this strange, bluish light.
>
> Then there was a loud crackling, like the beginning of a Victrola record, and then a voice, sounding like it came from a machine or was recorded. It began talking to me. It knew my name and everything. It told me that it wanted to give me a physical examination. It said that no harm would come to me whatsoever, and that the examination would be completely painless.

At this point, Watts' "nerve" broke. Never bothering to get into the truck, which he abandoned with the motor running (fearing it might get stuck if he tried to turn it around there in the mud), he ran the half-mile back to his farmhouse, where he panted out the incident to his wife.

After recovering his composure, he called his cousin, Don Nunnelly, who

was Chief of Police in Wellington, eleven miles northeast of his farm. Nunnelly summoned Collingsworth County Sheriff John Rainey, who knew Watts well and later assured newsmen of his "reliable character." Both officers got into Rainey's cruiser and hastened to the Watts farm but, by the time they arrived, the strange machine was no longer there. The only evidence was the truck, with one door open. The motor was running, but it soon gave a cough before they could shut it off, as it ran out of gas.

For the next ten days, Watts pondered what he had seen and the accounts of many other witnesses in the area. He vowed that if he ever saw the machine again, he would hold his nerve and try to find out more about the strange device and the disembodied voice.

On the night of April 11, the heavens seemed to break loose. Lightning flashed and thunder roared as the first spring storm drenched the area in rain and blew down an old tree on the property. To Watts, the cacophony was sweet music, for it heralded the reawakening of the land and his return to tilling the red soil he loved so much. When the rain stopped, he stepped outside to see if he could detect any wind damage, but his attention was soon diverted, again to the vicinity of his uncle's abandoned house. There was the flickering light again... He vowed this time to investigate more completely.

Before reaching the spot where he first saw the machine, his truck motor died. He noted that an ovoid-shaped craft, much smaller than the long cylindrical object seen previously, had descended and was hovering behind him. He got out to see a door standing open, and four men beckoning for him to come inside.

Again, an electronic-like voice urged him to take the painless physical examination. He didn't know quite what to do. After his first experience, he had talked with an Air Force officer, who had heard about the incident through the sheriff and had come to interview him. The man had only asked questions, however, and had given him absolutely no advice or reassurance. In fact, Watts told his wife that he thought the Lieutenant had "put him off." The occupants of the craft were 4½ to 5 feet tall, muscular, clad in white coveralls, and had what he described as "wrap-around eyes." They had only superficial ears and noses, and slit-like, smiling mouths that did not move as they "talked" with their electronic voice.

The rain suddenly started again, and he felt he had to make a quick decision. Quickly, he stepped through the doorway, into the small craft. The door slammed shut, seemingly automatically. It reminded him of a heavy car door, such as that on a Cadillac.

The occupants pointed to a metal chair. As he sat down on it, he noted that it seemed to be flexible, gave slightly to the contours of his body, and was most comfortable. He didn't have much time to examine the interior, for the lights suddenly dimmed to almost darkness. His weight pushed at the flexible chair in a short jolt. He knew they had taken off. Following that, there was no sensation of acceleration. In what seemed like a couple of minutes, "though it could have been longer or shorter," there were three very light bumps and the craft vibrated slightly. The lights came up, and the door opened not to the outside, but to what appeared to be a large room. Later, he figured that the small machine had attached itself to a larger craft, ingress to which was provided by the matching doorways, which may have comprised an airlock.

Then followed a strange physical examination, with delicate wires probing gently on his stripped body. The small men stood in another room, huddling over an illuminated circle, apparently studying the results. Wanting some proof of his experience, and seeing a small green cube sitting on a table, he surreptitiously slipped it into the hip pocket of his jeans, which had been left hanging nearby. Later, after he had dressed, one of the men reached into the pocket to retrieve the object. Watts grabbed the man's arm and was immediately struck unconscious.

That was the last he remembered of the encounter. When he gained consciousness, he was again sitting in his truck. He felt no ill effects. When he returned to his house, his wife was unworried, for he had been gone only half an hour. She supposed he had been at the barn during that time.

Although he knew the experience had been real, he could still scarcely believe what had occurred. He was curious to learn just where the craft and the strange people were from. He hoped to find experts who could explain the incidents to him. Eventually, he learned of the University of Colorado UFO investigation, headed by Dr. Edward U. Condon, and communicated with the project. In the course of his contact with the Air Force and other officials, a set of Polaroid photographs Watts had snapped of the cigar-shaped object was sent to Dr. J. Allen Hynek, at that time a civilian science adviser to the Air Force.

Hynek reported that his preliminary examination of the photographs revealed no obvious fraud. "If this is a hoax, it is a very, very clever one," he said.

Whether or not Watts had been telling the truth, the concentration of close sightings in the Wellington area tended to back up the farmer. For example, S. Sgt. Johnny Ferguson, 35, his wife, and three children, reported being chased by a lighted object near the Texas-Oklahoma border.

Ferguson said the light began following them about 5:30 a.m. on a country road between Hollis, and Memphis, Oklahoma. The light, the only part of the object he could see, first appeared to be about 18 inches in diameter. But, as it came closer, it grew as wide as the road. He described the light as "soft and bright." During the chase, as Ferguson approached a farmhouse, the object split into two separate lights and disappeared. Police Chief Nunnelly and Sheriff Rainey had received numerous reports of UFOs in the area, but they were at a loss to know what to do.

"There's not much you can investigate," Rainey admitted, "but I think they really have seen these things. There are just too many people who have claimed sightings to scoff at them."

One of the stranger sightings was reported by Mickey Kendricks, owner of Kendricks Oldsmobile of Wellington. He was awakened about 4:00 a.m. on April 11 by what he thought was a truck coming into a freight depot behind his business. Kendricks lived above his office. When he looked out the window, he saw not a truck, but "the weirdest thing I have ever seen." It was a cylindrical shaped thing, about 20 or 30 feet long, with red and yellow lights around it.

He left the window to search for his binoculars, in order to get a better look at it. As he fumbled in the closet for the glasses, he heard the same noise again. When he ran back to the window to look again, the object was gone.

But despite the apparent sincerity of Watts, and Hynek's initial impressions about the case, his story seemed to blow up when Watts flunked a polygraph test, which he volunteered to take at the suggestion of Hynek.

While I was working on the Watts case, I got a phone call from a man in Oklahoma City who said he represented the American Society of Metals, and that they would like me to lecture for them. I must admit that I had never heard of the organization. I figured it must be some strange UFO club. But, after hearing the rather staggering fee the caller offered, I began packing my bag. Only after arriving in Oklahoma City did I learn that it was a national scientific organization devoted to metal technology. I was also pleasantly amazed to be given a tour of industrial locations in the city the day prior to my talk, all with a distinct "red carpet" flavor. I wondered what they would think of my lecture and slide presentation, which contained many of the "wilder" slides of Ufology, including "little men" and, of course, the MIB. But the small group, filled in with families and invited guests, seemed to enjoy my talk, and kept me on stage for a lengthy question and answer period.

After the lecture, I had the pleasure of meeting Capt. Robert E. Loftin, who told me his book, *Identified Flying Saucers*, would be published later that year. Before retiring, he had assisted Project Blue Book in reporting area sightings to the Air Force. At the time of our meeting, he was acting as an Early Warning Field Coordinator for Dr. Condon's study. Loftin told me he had also worked very closely with Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, Richard Hall of NICAP, and Coral Lorenzen of APRO.

Loftin's main point in drawing me aside after the lecture was to give me an update on Carroll Watts, whom I had mentioned while on the platform.

"Condon sent me to Texas to interview Watts," Loftin told me. "I think that, while Condon generally takes a negative view of developing scientific proof for UFOs, he nevertheless is puzzled and rather fascinated by the contactees. Sometimes I think that is the only part of it he would like to believe!"

Even though he was working with Condon, my new friend took a positive attitude about the entire UFO mystery. He told me I'd be interested in his interview with Watts because it involved the MIB.

In the long interview, Watts related how he deliberately flunked the lie detector test because he had been beaten and his family threatened:

> I got ready to drive into Amarillo to take the lie detector test. It's about a hundred-mile drive from here. A few miles out of Loco, I came upon a car – I'd say a 1955 Plymouth – stalled in the right-hand lane. A woman, about 25 years old, with blonde hair and dressed in a light flowered dress (under a rather plain looking coat), was trying to get the hood of the car up. I pulled off the road and got out to offer her some assistance.
>
> At that moment, I was hit on the head from behind, I guess with a billy club. I went down but it didn't knock me out. As I recovered from the blow, I looked up and there stood two men in dark business suits. One of them was holding an automatic rifle on me.
>
> "If you pass this test, there's going to be a lot of daylight seen through you in more than one place!" he told me. "Now *git*!" he exclaimed, and so I *got*!

After he returned home late that night and told his wife how he had "flunked" the test, a car drove past the Watts residence and sprayed the house with large caliber ammunition, from a machine gun or some other automatic weapon.

Had Watts deliberately fabricated the complicated story? If so, for what reason? After his melodramatic account of his meeting with the threatening MIB, Watts quickly dropped out of sight. Lacking the time and money to follow it up and getting enmeshed in a new business at the time, I let the case drop. Shortly after our meeting, Capt. Loftin had a fatal heart attack, just as Capt. Edward J. Ruppelt and Frank Edwards had, all during months of June, on or near the date when Kenneth Arnold had seen nine gleaming objects "like saucers skipping over water."

In 1979, researcher Andy Colvin photographed a mysterious figure (top) standing in the field next to his house, inside what he later came to realize had been a "crop circle." The Colvins lived on Woodward Dr. in N. Charleston, WV, less than a mile from the former homes of Charles Manson, Sara Jane Moore, and Jack Bruno. Strangely, the figure seems to be standing on the right-hand prong of a trident shape - the symbol of UMMO, a UFO cult from S. America... In June 2009, while attending a UFO convention in Santa Clara, CA, Colvin photographed a rare black squirrel (left) running across the empty parking lot, just seconds after a bonafide sighting of the doppelganger of Adam Gorightly - Colvin's roommate at the hotel. After looking at Colvin's photo, Gorightly noticed that a "Man in White" had been surveilling them from the adjacent tennis court. Oddly, the MIB in both photos - taken 30 years apart - slouch in a similar way, as if they might be the same person.

TWELVE: DID RICHARD H. PRATT REALLY EXIST?

"Make up lies... When corrected by others, you will get the true story."

-Old hillbilly saying

Today you hear a great deal about the "new physics" in UFO publications. Boiled down a bit, the "new physics" simply means some new discoveries and thinking among physicists that hopefully will give some spin-off to benefit UFO researchers in helping explain the UFOs.

As usual, I would like to think that *Saucer News* was ahead of its time for, under the by-line of Dr. Richard H. Pratt, I published an article in the Spring-Summer, 1969 (No. 74) issue suggesting that UFOs were time machines!

As this is written, UFOs have become much more respectable among academicians, and many scientists are openly discussing their possible reality!

But this hadn't quite come about in 1969. We at *Saucer News* were excited when we received some correspondence from Dr. Pratt, offering the speculative article for publication.

The question, "Did Richard H. Pratt really exist," can be answered, "yes," "no," and "maybe." I have no evidence that Pratt was "silenced" or carted off by the MIB. However, his run-in with a mysterious organization known as "BICR" certainly has overtones of the general MIB picture, so it is included here.

"Dr. Richard H. Pratt," with that particular identity, certainly did not exist. Pratt made it clear from the beginning that he was employing a pseudonym while discussing UFOs, in order to avoid ostracism by his colleagues. To play down controversy about his actual identity and his possible exposure, I did not, at the time of publishing his articles, state that he was using a pseudonym. So eager were we to encourage academic acceptance of UFO research, and to protect his "real" identity, that we did, I must confess, also list him on our masthead as "science consultant" under the assumed name.

I was never certain of his true identity; something I now know should have been questioned in light of subsequent events. One of the reasons for including this chapter is to help answer the correspondence I still receive concerning his articles. Whoever Dr. Pratt actually was, the "real" person evidently disappeared shortly after the termination of publication of *Saucer News* in 1970.

There is also the possibility that somebody was giving *Saucer News* a leg-pull. I hate to admit it but, on so many occasions, I have been too gullible. I swallowed some pretty wild yarns that my common sense should have rejected.

This is probably one of them. Initially, I decided to leave this chapter out of the book. If I were hoaxed, the hoaxter was certainly a clever and quite creative person. So, like I'm trying to say, read this chapter with some intellectual reserve.

Pratt's first article, "Flying Saucers: Time Machines," has the sound and feel of a real scientist. It began with a discussion of Einstein's discoveries about time, then briefly explained why attaining the speed of light (necessary for space travelers coming here from distant solar systems) was, at that time, theoretically impossible.

He next reported the discovery of atomic particles called "quarks" in 1964, although they had been vaguely proposed as early as 1958 in a system of mathematics called "temporal calculus." He further reported on hypothetical particles called "tachyons," which were theorized to travel fast than light.

Pratt employed these premises to advance an unorthodox theory that UFOs were time machines, coming from one or more future civilizations! He thought that the almost certain future capabilities of man to cross the light barrier – and thus alter time – made the theory very logical. The many different types of UFOs could be explained by the fact that they might come from different points in future time, involving different stages of technology.

Now, if I received such an article for publication today, I would send a letter asking its author to switch off the *Doctor Who* television program! But, at that time, neither that imperturbable Tartus operator nor Sarah Jane Smith, et al, had been on U.S. television!

The Pratt article drew few letters from readers and no attention from the scientific community, which probably didn't read *Saucer News* anyhow. But I was very pleased to have published it, for it gave some scientific backing to one of the minor theories that had often been proposed by UFO speculators

– that the discs were simply time travelers from the future. Pratt briefly discussed the question of whether the time travelers would not also alter the future, but was vague on it.

After his article appeared in the Spring-Summer, 1969, issue, we had no further correspondence that I recall until early 1970. Unfortunately, I cannot find this particular file section, which was amongst correspondence lost or misplaced during an office move in 1971. It probably got thrown out by mistake with other things I discarded. *Saucer News* was about to fold and, as a result of changes in my other business interests, I had been practically out of UFO research during 1969 and 1970. I probably had no reason to correspond with Pratt.

But we do have Pratt's article, "The Strange BICR Affair," which he no doubt submitted to *Saucer News* in late 1969 or early 1970. This article has survived in the Spring 1970 issue, and is printed below exactly as it originally appeared, except for footnotes I added for inclusion in this current work.

> I had no idea last spring that, after I wrote an article for *Saucer News* on the possibility of flying saucers being "time machines," I would stumble upon actual evidence for my claim. However, that is exactly what happened. I am now so shaken by the implications that it may be difficult to relate the events as they occurred. But I shall try.
>
> After the article appeared (Spring-Summer, 1979), Gray Barker relayed a letter to me from a Mrs. W.R.[7] of a large Massachusetts city. Mrs. R., a UFO hobbyist, related that her husband, an avid investigator who is also an electrical engineer, answered an announcement about a new UFO club that had appeared in Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers* magazine in early 1969.
>
> Mrs. R., fearing I wasn't a subscriber (lucky, since I am not) typed the announcement as it appeared in the issue. But she didn't specify which month's copy it was, and I have since been unable to locate the actual item. However, it read in part:
>
> > This year will be hailed in Ufological circles as that in which the disparaging elements of Ufology – the occult groups, contactees, psychotics, the money-hungry – begin to vanish.

7 I don't recall reading this letter, which I forwarded to Pratt. I forward many letters to authors I have published without reading them because I consider them private. "Mrs. W.R." may have been a Mrs. W. Rolfe of Boston, whom I recall corresponding with during the late 1960s – G.B.

> It will also be the year in which a new institution was formed to study the UFO problem in a scientific and precise manner.
>
> If you're an intelligent individual, we need your help; but you must write us as soon as you can, as there will be a waiting list. You will complete a questionnaire and undergo a check of your background before you can be accepted.

This ended with an address for correspondence. Called the "BICR" (the full name was not given), the group was headed by three men, William A. Gautier, Thomas Harper, and R. James Kipling.

After Mr. R. contacted the group, he received a letter and questionnaire. He was struck by the letter's change of attitude. Unlike the announcement, it stressed "the formation of a serious, scientific organization composed of intelligent, trained adults from all countries." The publicized attempt to get rid of occult groups, etc., was now labeled as the group's "secondary purpose."

Even so, Mr. R. was engrossed with the idea, and sent the requested dues with the completed questionnaire to the Michigan address. He had noticed that, on the questionnaire, the group displayed an unusual interest in education and scientific training. He received another letter congratulating him on his acceptance. Now the leaders wanted to have an interview with him.

Mr. R. was surprised by the request, since he thought the group was in Michigan. However, he found his letters had been forwarded to the actual headquarters, miles away in Worcester, Massachusetts! He therefore reported to the new address in the second letter. Mrs. R. did not tell me this address.

When her husband returned home, Mrs. R. said he was "excited and exuberant" over something, which he refused to discuss with her. He said she would be told everything when "it was all right."

All of this happened in May. For two months, Mr. R.'s spare time was spent at work, either away from home in Worcester, or shut up in his private study until early morning hours. Then, one Sunday afternoon, he returned from Worcester in an irate mood. He said the group had disbanded, and that the

leaders had "stolen" their work.

At first, he didn't want to say more but, after an argument with his wife, he said that he and twelve others had repaired a "temporal transmitter" under the direction of Gautier, Kipling, and Harper. The three claimed they had built the device under a federal grant, but the first trial had damaged it. They had needed immediate help from scientifically trained personnel, and had brought them together in a variety of different ways, one of which was the announcement in *Flying Saucers*.

However, as soon as the saucer-shaped machine was repaired, the men boarded it, took off, and vanished, to the astonishment of all involved. Mr. R. said he witnessed this "theft."

Mrs. R. couldn't believe it at first, but remembered seeing an article in the current issue of *Saucer News*. Without her husband's knowledge, she wrote and explained his claims to me.

I, too, found the story incredible but, since she seemed to be of sound mind and her husband of fine character, I couldn't dismiss it entirely. I admit that I first thought Mr. R. was involved in some kind of love triangle, which would explain his absences, but that appeared to be too far-fetched. No, I reasoned, there *was* something to it.

I wrote Mrs. R., asking for the Worcester address, and told her I was interested in investigating the case. Four days later, the letter returned marked "refused." I then tried to locate her phone number, but the long-distance operator reported their number as unlisted.

But I did have the Michigan address of the BICR. The town seemed unfamiliar, until I recalled a young investigator and UFO author who lived there. Thinking he might help or know something of the matter, I located his number and called him long-distance.

Mr. J.S.[8] is no longer active, but he was very helpful and

8 "Mr. J.S." is almost certainly John Sherwood, author of *Flying Saucers Are Watching You*, Saucerian Books, 1967. Although Sherwood had just disbanded his UFO study group at the time of Pratt's contact with him, he is now active again, and is a state-section director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON). Although I have exchanged three letters with him during the past two years, he has never answered or commented upon my queries concerning Pratt's article. – G. B.

friendly – at first. He said the BICR address was that of another researcher in the city, Mr. M.P. I then located that person's number. Mr. S. asked why I wanted this information. I said Mr. P. had been a "liaison man" for a group in Massachusetts that was involved in some strange activity. He then asked me, "Does this have anything to do with your article in *Saucer News*?"

I said it was possible, to which Mr. S. curtly replied, "I don't think you'll find out much from him. Besides, you may not want to get involved with him."

I asked Mr. S. why I shouldn't, but he wouldn't elaborate. I then recalled that Mr. S. had once headed a group that dissolved under mysterious circumstances. I asked if this had any relation to the BICR. He said it did not, but that his group had "ended up studying the same things." He then explained that he had had little contact with his members for over a year, and didn't really know of their activities.

I thanked Mr. S. and then called Mr. P. The line was busy at first, but later the connection was made. I asked Mr. P. if he was involved with the BICR. He said, "Yes, but I'd rather not talk about it."

I realized I wasn't going to get much out of him over the phone, and suggested what first flashed in my mind. "Can I visit you out there?"

"I don't know." He didn't offer to say more.

I decided to end the conversation, partly out of embarrassment. "I'll contact you when I arrive," I said, and hung up.

Since my duties as physics professor are limited in the summer, I was able to leave my little college town the next day. After a five-hour drive, I entered the Michigan city late in the afternoon. I checked into a downtown hotel-restaurant, and the first thing I did was call Mr. P. He said he would meet me in the city's pretty park, where a memorial fountain is situated. A time was set, but I was there 20 minutes early.

I sat on the cold bench until it was almost dark. Obviously, Mr. P. was not going to come. I found a phone booth and got a busy signal at Mr. P.'s home. On a hunch, I asked the operator to check if the phone was actually busy, or off the hook.

She said that it seemed to be out of order, and that she would report it.

By now I was angry. I got into my car and drove to Mr. P.'s house. When I knocked at the door, someone called from within, "Who is it?" I called out my name, and got a brusque, "Go away!" I would not. I knocked louder for several minutes.

A police car pulled up behind mine, and an officer stepped out. He said he had received a complaint, and told me to move on and not to return. As I am a bit grey before my time, the officer was more lenient than he would have been to a "younger" disturber of the peace.

I left the scene, at once frightened and seething with anger. I was ashamed of this brush with the law, and contemptuous of Mr. P. for arranging it. When I reached my hotel room, I called the other's home again, but received the same busy signal. I knew now that my time had been utterly wasted, and that my finances for the trip had gone down the drain.

I tried to make the most of it. That night, I called an associate of mine in Massachusetts who, in an earlier talk, said he would try to contact Mrs. R. and obtain the Worcester address of the BICR.[9] He now had a great deal of news to report.

Gene, as I shall call him, went to the R. home and talked to Mrs. R. She showed him her husband's letter file, from which Gene extracted the letter containing the needed address, which he copied. It also turned out that she had never seen my unaccepted letter to her. Apparently Mr. R. had intercepted it and marked it "refused."

Gene next drove to the Worcester address. He found what used to be a home, now transformed into a small office building presently occupied by a young dentist, who had moved in only two weeks before. Gene talked to the new tenant, and asked if he had found anything unusual about the building when he first moved in. The dentist said they had found several papers strewn about inside, and the lot behind the building had numerous areas of scorched, blackened grass.

9 Among letters from readers responding to Pratt's article is an anonymous one advising that "BICR" stood for "Brouelle Institute of Current Research," though it included no explanation for the mysterious word, "Brouelle." – G.B.

Gene asked the dentist if he had saved any of the discovered papers. The reply was negative, except that he had held onto a small card that contained numbers and a name of seeming importance. Gene asked to see the card, and got a copy of it. Gene promised to send this copy to me at home, since he felt it unwise to dictate it over the phone.

Gene also arranged to look at the lease on the building, and found that the previous tenant was one Thomas Harper. The owner of the place said one month's back rent was still due. He had notified the proper authorities after Harper's disappearance.

I now had positive proof that at least Harper had existed, and that some very odd things must have happened in Worcester. However, I was held up because the only two persons I knew to have associated with the mysterious men – Mr. R. and Mr. P. – were avoiding me.

The night's rest helped. I set out for home the next morning, a bit less disappointed than I was the night before. I recalled that as a youth on my parents' farm in Minnesota, my father often said that perseverance was the key to success. I resolved to persevere with whatever shred of evidence I could obtain.

Two days later that shred of evidence arrived in the mail from Gene. It was the copy of the little card, and it looked like this:

PAUL MCCUHRKEE – NYCHQ

A 0000000000001

B 0000011010100

C 0001011110001

D 1011111010010

I puzzled over the card for quite a while. I now had a name, but the initials and numbers seemed meaningless. Then, it dawned on me that the numbers might be binary code. In fact, it was now so obvious that I mentally kicked myself for being so slow.

Any physicist who has worked as much with computers as I have can translate binary code easily. I did so, and this was the result:

A 1

B 212

C 753

D 6098

I was still puzzled. Why print a name, followed by such numbers? It was several minutes before reason took hold and I saw the list was a telephone number! All direct distance dial numbers have the prefix "1" followed by a three-number area code, another three number exchange, and a four digit body. I immediately called the operator and asked what area of the country was under the "212" area code.

She said that it was New York City, and everything fell in to place. "NYCHQ" stood for New York City Headquarters! The number had been printed in binary code so that only the trained personnel of the BICR could translate it and contact this person.

I nervously dialed the number. It rang several times, and was answered by a man with a husky, but not unpleasant voice. I asked for "McCuhrkee."

"He isn't here. Is this Stan?"

"Yes." I was obviously being mistaken for a colleague.

"You've been gone too long. Have you heard about Gautier and the others?"

"No." I played along. Gautier's existence had been verified.

"They skipped out on the transmitter a month ago. We fixed it up; they got in it, set the dials, and took off. Next thing, they were gone. I saw it."

That was all I needed! I now had actual confirmation from two sources! I didn't know what to say, but responded with, "What should we do?"

"Sit tight and not blab. If we did, we'd be called every name in the book. All I can say is we've been taken for suckers. We can cry ourselves to sleep from now on. You still want to get in touch with McCuhrkee?"

"Yes, I'd like to talk with him."

"He's with P____ in _____ checking up some talk about a guy asking questions. He could probably tell you more about this anyway. By the way, I'm moving out of this place in a couple of days, so don't bother calling here later on. I guess it's all over anyway. Even the office in Worcester has been rented again."

There was an awkward silence. Finally I said, "Well, I'll call McCuhrkee."

"Good. See you around, Stan."

I thanked him and hung up. Yes, it was over. I thought for a moment that I should call Mr. P. again and ask for McCuhrkee, but knew that I might be discovered as a false BICR member. No, I had discovered enough. Now I hope that I have not found out *too* much.

I am now convinced that three persons from a future era suddenly became trapped in our time. They assembled several men of technical skill by placing announcements in some publications. Why a UFO publication? Because they knew the appearances of their craft had been mistaken for "flying saucers" and that they would be able to locate men of parallel interests by publicizing in such a magazine.

I assume that many people saw the announcement in *Flying Saucers* and that many wrote to the BICR requesting membership. I am now asking all of those who have had any kind of contact – by mail or otherwise – with the BICR to come forward. Please, if you have any knowledge at all, contact me through this magazine.

The solution to the UFO controversy has been found. Now let us prove it. We need your testimony.

The manuscript of Pratt's article above was the last correspondence I received from him. When UFO researchers began writing me about the matter, I refused to give them any information about Pratt's identity.

I had corresponded with Pratt using what he said was his actual name, Ernest Cerviczek, at the University of Missouri, Columbia, MO. I was led to believe he was in the physics department, though he received his mail without identifying any department. I wrote to Cerviczek, asking if I might put my correspondents directly in touch with him. The letter was returned

stamped "unknown," although mail had obviously been delivered during our earlier correspondences.

Re-reading the same issue of *Saucer News* in which "Pratt's" last article appeared, I was reminded of an interesting comment in the Letters section. The name of the sender was withheld by request, and the original is obviously contained in the material previously mentioned and lost while moving. Evidently received after getting Pratt's manuscript (there was a year between issues), it indicates that Pratt had already left the university, or had mysteriously disappeared as the letter implied:

> Dear Sir,
>
> I am greatly concerned over an article you printed recently about time machines, which was written by one "Dr. Richard H. Pratt." I happen to know this gentleman, and am now wondering if something underhanded has happened to him.
>
> Perhaps you know this already, but "Dr. Pratt" is actually Dr.____ of ____ University (I obviously deleted the correct name of Cerviczek and the University when I published the letter – G.B.)
>
> During my sophomore year there, I spent a great deal of time with Dr. ____, not only as a physics student but also as a fellow researcher of flying saucers. He had often expressed his belief to me that the saucers are actually time machines. He told me – in confidence – that he had written an article about the subject for your magazine, under an assumed name, for the protection of himself and the college.
>
> I don't know what has happened since then but, when I returned to college this week to help the administration move equipment into our new physics building, I inquired about ___. I was told that he was no longer with the college, and was attending seminars at ___ University in ___. Having had no contact with him during the entire summer, and since I had some money to spend, I called the administration office at ___ and asked how to get in touch with ___. Everyone there drew a blank, for they had no idea he was there. I finally spoke with another of the visiting professors – a friend of ___ who happened to be on hand. He said he had not seen ___ there, and doubted he was attending any seminars because none were scheduled that were of interest to ___. Yesterday I confronted

> the person who told me of ___'s transfer. When I told him what I knew, he shrugged and said maybe he had made a mistake. I went to Dr. ___'s home and found a real estate dealer's sign on the lawn – the house was vacant.
>
> Do you know where I can get in touch with him? Please do not print my name if you print this letter.

Other correspondents who followed up the matter either were not able to come up with anything new, or didn't inform me. But after a great deal of trouble and research, one of them did uncover an interesting fact. According to him, he had actually located a Richard Pratt, who was professor of English at the University of Indiana. Perhaps the articles had actually been written by a real Richard Pratt who had his mail forwarded through the University of Missouri. Or perhaps Cerviczek knew Pratt and simply used his name for some strange reason. More likely, the name of the real Richard Pratt was a remarkable coincidence and had no connection.

I have never discounted the possibility that the whole Pratt business was an elaborate leg-pull perpetrated on me and my readers, though I can't imagine why somebody would have gone to that much trouble. Discounting a hoax, it proposes the mystery of the writer's disappearance and perhaps gives some insight into the activities of the BICR, which evidently was real, since the group advertised in *Flying Saucers*. While it does not mention actual "Men In Black," it has so many elements of the whole crazy MIB scene that I felt it worthy of inclusion.

Was "Dr. Pratt" possibly a "plant" by some intelligence agency to toss up a trial balloon on the "time travel" theory, in order to get reactions from UFO researchers? Did "Pratt" stumble onto something, through the letter I forwarded, that led to his hush-up and perhaps semi-voluntary disappearance?

THIRTEEN:
THE BROTHERS OF THE SHADOW

> "I am today transmitting to the National Security Council a proposal in which it is concluded that the problems with unidentified flying objects appear to have implications for psychological warfare as well as for intelligence and operations. The background for this view is presented in some detail... I suggest that we discuss, at an early board meeting, the possible offensive or defensive utilization of these phenomena for psychological warfare operations."
>
> -CIA Director Walter B. Smith, memo to CIA Psychological Strategy Board, 1952

Of course we could go on speculating endlessly about who the Men In Black really are, what they are up to, where they come from, how they fit into the UFO mystery, and so on. I certainly don't claim to know all the answers, and I don't think anybody else does.

I'd like to qualify my ideas about government intelligence operations and how these could be responsible for some of the cases. I'm not saying that the CIA, Air Force, NASA, FBI, or NSA are behind *all* of the MIB stories. The MIB tradition involves a vast, complex bundle of circumstances and phenomena that defy one simple explanation. Come to think of it, it is the same way with UFOs themselves, with which the Notorious Three seem to be connected.

Pour yourself a cup of coffee – a real strong one – while I tell just one more CIA-type tale. It involves Jennings H. Frederick, a young Air Force veteran who lives about thirty miles from me.

I may be leaving out the best story: how previous to his entering the service, he encountered a weird UFO-related creature that I call "The Vegetable Man" because of its green, stalk-like appearance. This thing grabbed him and induced a state of paralysis while it drew a blood sample from his arm. At another time, his mother was terrified by a devil-like creature that emerged from a UFO parked in a pasture field above her home.

When I interviewed him, I found him to be a husky, good-looking man in his early thirties. His precise and clear language, like the letters he had sent me, hardly gave hint of his rural upbringing. He never employed the localisms and brogue that often crept into my own speech. He was a coalminer and an amateur rocket expert. Frankly, he impressed me. I knew he wasn't a kook or a candidate for the nuthouse. Although, deep beneath the surface of his calm demeanor, I could sense something else – a note of controlled urgency, or maybe pangs of suppressed terror.

I also sensed this wasn't due to the frightening creature encounter, but to something else – something that had happened more recently, *after* his honorable discharge from the Air Force. I listened raptly as he reluctantly related the incident.

Near the end of his enlistment, he was assigned to temporary duty with NASA and given a security clearance. It is interesting to note (in connection with the MIB account below) that while working for NASA, he had obviously encountered evidence of some secret project dealing with UFOs. Although I did not press for information about this, he hinted that there had been a lapse of security at NASA, and that "several people were sacked" as a result. I got the impression that he had seen plans or models of some secret aircraft, because he questioned me at length about what I knew of the history of the Avro Saucer, an early, jet-powered airfoil taken over from the Canadian government by the U.S. It had been highly touted in publicity releases by the Air Force. It seemed obvious that the Air Force was aiming the publicity at those who believed UFOs were of interplanetary origin, in order to subtly persuade them that UFOs had an earthly and military origin. The Avro Saucer supposedly never flew successfully, and is now on display at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

About four months after his discharge, Frederick had the run-in with the MIB:

> I was living with my parents, and slept on a cot near a window. One night, sometime between 1:00 and 4:00 a.m., I was awakened by a red flash. I thought the gas furnace had caught fire, so I rose up in bed and looked into the living room where my younger brother, Bill, was sleeping. I saw a small canister, about the size of an apple, come bouncing across the living room floor. It was giving off a red-colored vapor.
>
> I instinctively reached for my .38 pistol, which I always kept loaded under my pillow when living in the country, but a hand stopped me. I felt the prick of a needle in my left arm. I saw

three men dressed in black turtleneck sweaters, slacks, and ski masks entering the room through the window (I assume there was a fourth the one that gave me the needle). One of them said, "The dogs have been darted and everybody gassed!" Another asked, "What about this one? Will he remember?" The other replied, "He's going out soon; he's half asleep already! Don't worry about the needle! It will make his arm sore for a day or two, that's all!"

Just as the red gas from the canister was beginning to reach me, the men put on gas masks over the ski masks they had on. The last thing I remember seeing was one man opening a suitcase with a tape recorder in it, and another grabbing the canister and stuffing it into his jacket pocket. Then they stuck something over my face and began to ask me questions, mainly about my UFO sightings and what I thought the UFOs actually were. I'm sure I was losing consciousness, for their other questions sounded very stupid, such as what did I know about time, and questions about the future.

The next morning, nobody else in the household reported anything strange about the previous night. Frederick assumed the red vapor from the canister had knocked them out.

When we analyze Frederick's account, we are struck immediately by the idea that his MIB acted and sounded very much like terrestrial visitors, with their talk of "gassing" and "darting the dogs." And it does not require an immense stretch of the imagination to connect the visit with his inadvertent contact with classified information while with NASA. The injection suggests some form of narco-hypnotic drug or "truth serum."

Whoever the visitors were, they didn't seem to be indoctrinating him with ideas. And unlike other MIB, they didn't threaten him or warn him to stop talking about his experiences. From what he could remember of their questions before he lost consciousness, his testimony suggests the men were merely trying to find out what he knew – possibly how much classified information he had retained from the NASA incident.

Of course, I probably couldn't convince UFO expert John Keel that these were human intelligence operatives. If you've read his books, you'll remember his many references to UFO occupants who, in their contacts with Earth residents, often seemed to be confused about time. And remember, Frederick's visitors asked him questions about time and the future. Of course we could write this off as faulty memory while Frederick

was going under, or the MIB checking his depth of trance. But there are always these little doubts that creep into MIB cases, which leave us without decent ironclad explanations. Maybe these misgivings are what make the MIB so fascinating.

Any writer expressing pat explanations has just never studied occult tradition, in which the MIB are firmly established. As military "secret weapon" theories can never explain UFOs, which have been seen from the dawn of recorded history, the CIA could not be responsible for all the MIB who have, down through the centuries, meddled into our affairs and, just as they do today, scared the living daylights out of us!

Michael Talbot, writing in *The New Atlantean Journal*, provides us with illuminating insights into this idea:

> In Eastern mysticism, there is an interesting analog for the MIB phenomena known as the "Brothers of the Shadow." They are mentioned by Madame Blavatsky in many Theosophical writings. The Brothers of the Shadow, according to Eastern adepts, are "prominent actors." They are cunning and evil, intent upon keeping any student of the occult from finding out the proverbial answer. In mystical jargon, this answer is within the "Veil of Isis," and is synonymous with the "Great Secret" of Maeterlinck. In occultism, as in the UFO problem, there is recorded a constant barrage of psychic hoaxes. The Brothers of the Shadow, like the MIB, are known for threatening students of the occult whenever they get too close to lifting the Veil of Isis. Madame Blavatsky refers to the Brothers of the Shadow as "the leading 'stars' on the great spiritual stage of 'materialization'."

The English novelist and member of the English Rosicrucian Society, Bulwer Lytton, was approaching the proverbial "lifting of the veil" in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In September of 1875, Madame Blavatsky warned him that his dream of the hideous "Dweller of the Threshold" was only a warning. "Make yourself ready," she wrote. "In about twelve months, you will have to face and fight with them." According to a Lytton record in October of 1876, Madame Blavatsky's prediction of his confrontation with the Brothers of the Shadow came true. Lytton writes:

> I am fighting a hand-to-hand battle with all of the torment, temptation, and foul suggestions. I can see them all around, glaring at me, gabbling, howling, grinning! Every form of filthy suggestion, of bewildering doubt, of mad and shuddering fear

> is upon me [but] I have not wavered yet... Their temptations are fainter, the presence less near, the horror less...

There are many strong parallels between the origins of Theosophy and the UFO problem. As a young girl, Madame Blavatsky began having dreams in which mysterious spiritual teachers would instruct her in various doctrines. At one point in her life, she started receiving supposed astral visitations from two of these entities, the Mahatma Koot Hoomi Lai Sing (Master K.H.), and Marya (Master M.). These Eastern teachers were said to belong to an occult brotherhood living in the trans-Himalayan vastness of Tibet. In 1880, one of Madame Blavatsky's disciples, the late S.P. Sinnett, then living in India, was enabled, through the agency of Blavatsky, to begin actual correspondence with the mysterious teachers themselves. In 1929, Sinnett compiled a volume of his letters and the Masters' replies in a work entitled *The Mahatma Letters*. If one compares Madame Blavatsky and the Mahatma Letters with Morris K. Jessup and the Allende Letters, the association becomes striking.

The Masters K.H. and M. divide the supernatural entities into two factions, the "Ascended Masters" or spiritual guides whose purpose is to aid humanity's spiritual evolution, and the Brothers of the Shadow, our "greatest, most cruel, and – why not confess – most powerful enemies." The enigmatic Carlos Allende, Mr. B, and Jemi divide the UFO entities into two factions, the good "L.M." men and the bad "S.M." men (with whom the MIB perhaps belong).

But the Ascended Masters, Brothers of the Shadow, L.M. men, and S.M. men (MIB) were not necessarily involved in both deceptions. Both Madame Blavatsky and Morris K. Jessup were receiving their information from a *third* faction. It seems as if it were all part of the plot. There are strange giveaways that the psychons (channelers) seem to delight in dropping. For instance, they apparently enjoy making distinctions among the authors of such communications by using separate colors for pencil or ink. In several examples of messages supposedly dropped from airships in the 1897 flap, the written letters would be in either red or blue pencil. Similarly, the authors of the Allende Letters each used a different color ink, just as the Master K.H. always wrote in blue pencil or ink, and the Master M. always wrote in red pencil or ink.

More important, though, is the explanation given by both Carlos Allende and the Mahatmas for their thorough knowledge of the affairs and past history of humanity. The Mahatmas belonged to a secluded occult brotherhood. According to them, they are one of three occult brotherhoods that

exist on earth. These have existed for virtually centuries, preserving the sacred tradition of esoteric knowledge and offering clues about the "Great Secret" to worthy initiates. Like the Allende Letters, they warn the seeker on the path that he is in great danger when he begins to approach the answer, and must be exceedingly careful. The Mahatmas claim that they have kept their vast store of knowledge secret because humankind is not yet ready for it. Their introduction of Eastern mysticism, via Madame Blavatsky, is only a test to see how Western civilization reacts to the wisdom of the ages.

Similarly, Mr. A, Mr. B, and Jemi blatantly hint that they are part of an ancient race, Gypsies instead of Tibetans, who have a complete knowledge of the UFO phenomena because they have been studying it for ages. Mr. B states cryptically: "Only a Gypsy will tell another of that catastrophe. And we are a discredited people, ages ago."

After Bulwer Lytton withstood the attacks of the Brothers of the Shadow, he compiled a great deal of his occult beliefs in a novel known as *Vril: The Power of the Coming Race*. In it, his protagonist stumbles upon an underground civilization that is in possession of the secret of the universe: the power of Vril. He slowly realizes they are very much the superior race and, ultimately, has to flee the subterranean race to escape death. At the end of the novel, he makes one last ominous and intriguing remark:

> The more I think of a people developing – in regions excluded from our sight and deemed uninhabitable by our sages – powers surpassing our most disciplined modes of force, and virtues towards which our advancing civilization is antagonistic, the more devoutly I pray that ages may yet elapse before there emerges into sunlight our inevitable destroyer. Being, however, frankly told by my physician that I am afflicted by a complaint which may, at any time, be fatal, I thought it my duty to place on record these forewarnings of The Coming Race.

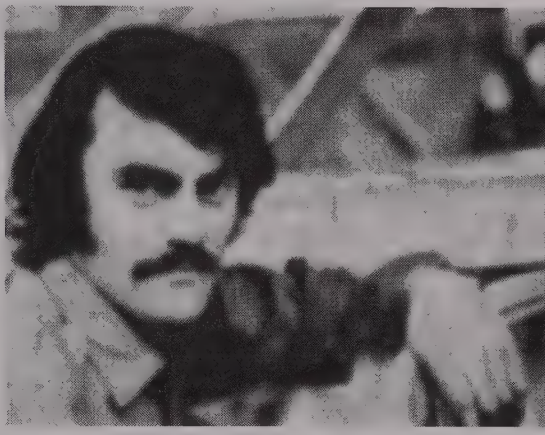
Like Bulwer Lytton, Albert K. Bender was also approaching a threshold. He thought he had figured out the "secret" of the UFO. But the MIB silenced him, much like they tried to silence Lytton. In 1962, however, Bender broke his silence with his well-known book, *Flying Saucers and the Three Men*.

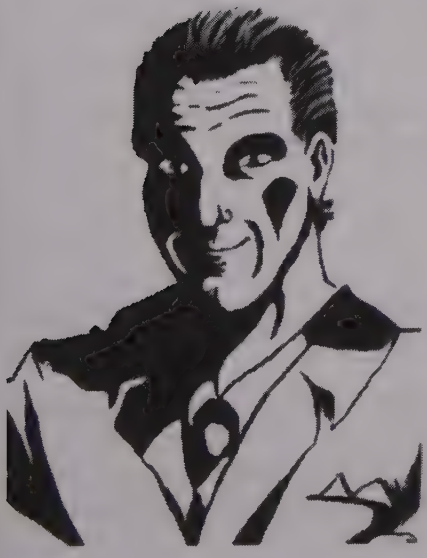
In it, he presents an interesting parallel to Lytton's Vril Society with an account of his astral projection to a secret underground saucer base in Antarctica, which was manned by male, female, and bisexual creatures.

The point is that the channeler wants to convey a body of archetypal traditions to humanity. Some will contrive any deception to achieve this end.

In ancient times, humankind would readily accept a body of archetypal tradition from supposed manifestations of the gods. But as the zeitgeist became more skeptical, the psychons had to change their methods. Actual written communications appeared mysteriously from the Master K.H. and M. but, in the twentieth century, the information is conveyed through the most believable medium modern man possesses, the U.S. Mail – not the mouth of God.

It is quite fitting that the Brothers of the Shadow of the East retained their "Oriental" features as we moved out of nineteenth century mysticism and into twentieth century technology and the UFO problem.





Indrid Cold (top right) is a notorious figure in the Ohio Valley - perhaps the leader of the MIB. Despite all of the lore surrounding Cold, this is the only known possible photograph of him, found unattributed and unlabeled - probably out of fear - in a 1978 Official UFO *magazine article on the Derenberger case. The photo matches witness drawings from both New Jersey (top left) and West Virginia (lower left). While Cold had somewhat Oriental features, he may have actually been Greek or Italian. One witness in N. Charleston feels he may have been a member of Philadelphia's Bruno crime family, since he resembled Jack Bruno, who lived on Woodward Drive. The Brunos, who seem to have been protected by J. Edgar Hoover, may have been spying on defense personnel living in the area - perhaps looking for connections to ex-Nazis or saucers (a task first given to Hoover by President Truman).*

FOURTEEN:
WHO'S MAKING THAT FUNNY NOISE IN THE HALL?

"There are many who will scoff at [the UFO contactees]. Woodrow Derenberger will be called a liar, a psychopath and many other unpleasant things. He has already suffered considerable ridicule and condemnation, even from those who believe in 'flying saucers' but do not wish to believe that someone is actually riding around in them. I cannot endorse his story, but I do feel I know the man well enough to give him a character reference. The important thing is that he seems to be telling the truth as he knows it. He sincerely believes that these things happened to him, and he is willing to expose himself to ridicule and condemnation in order to make himself heard... I have talked to 'contactees' who are doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, police officers, and pilots. Woody has a lot of company – sane, reputable people. Perhaps we are the ones who have been insane for ignoring them for so long. Strange, unbelievable things are now happening to people all over the world. By listening to the handful of courageous ones, like Derenberger, we may at last gain some real insight into what is really behind the UFO phenomenon... I'm not asking you to believe any of it, but I am asking you to listen to what they have to say. Incredible though it may seem, it is very possible that these very same things could happen to you tomorrow."

-John Keel

I must end this book somewhere and leave dozens of MIB cases untold, but I have saved until last one of the scariest tales of the Notorious Three!

Now I won't feel hurt in the least if you just put this book down right here. You may have already got your money's worth. Since I'm not psychic, I can't tell anyhow whether you continue or not. I don't know how seriously you have taken all the previous chapters, and I don't pretend to know how to

interpret everything I've written about the MIB. And I doubt if all of it is true, anyway. After all, I haven't had first-hand experiences with these cases and am just reporting what others have claimed. It could be that the MIB have been grossly misunderstood. They may not be quite as sinister as they have been made out to be, though I certainly wouldn't count on this.

I suppose I'm trying to say that there may be some readers who will become overly frightened by these accounts. Such readers, if they dwell on all this excessively, may develop emotional stresses, which we certainly do not intend. Our main purpose has been to inform and, occasionally, entertain.

So, if this book has been emotionally upsetting so far, I seriously suggest you skip this final chapter!

Come to think of it, the following involves not the Notorious Three, but only *one* Man in Black. But this one "man" is frightening enough to make up for maybe a dozen ordinary ones. And you can bet that his two henchmen probably were hanging around somewhere pretty close! They may have been driving the "car" with over-bright headlights.

If I had been the first to report this case, many readers might say I had "jazzed it up" because of my vested interest in the MIB tradition. But the man who brought it to light is a noted doctor who, besides conducting a thriving private practice, is the consulting psychiatrist at the Essex County Hospital Center, in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. This man is no quack that treats his patients to fancy whirling lights, but an M.D. who has distinguished himself all over the world by his contributions to highly respected medical journals. I am speaking of Dr. Berthold Eric Schwarz, probably the only psychiatrist who has studied the UFO mystery extensively.

The case involves another M.D., a 58-year-old family physician of the Portland, ME, area, who treated a witness claiming to have been teleported by a UFO. Dr. Herbert Hopkins employed hypnosis in his treatment of patient David Stephens, who was complaining of after-effects as a result of the strange encounter. During the treatments, the physician recorded a number of audiotapes of the sessions. Although the teleportation incident is itself one of the most interesting cases on record, let's pass over this and talk about what happened to Dr. Hopkins as a result of his relationship with the patient.

In September 1976, Dr. Hopkins' family was at a movie, leaving him alone in the house. A telephone caller identified himself as an officer of a New Jersey UFO group who wanted to talk with him about the Stephens case. Ordinarily, he would not have admitted a stranger into his home

without checking, for recently there had been a great deal of crime in his neighborhood. He told Dr. Schwarz that he invited the caller to drop by probably because he was bored without the family at home, and because of his intense interest in his patient's experiences.

> As I turned on my outside light, I saw my visitor coming up the stairs to the small porch. Although I did not see his parked car, or consider how he could have arrived at my house so quickly, I remember that, at the time, I did not think it strange, probably believing he had made the call from a pay phone. But since then, I have determined that the nearest phone booth is several blocks away.
>
> He walked through the door without even introducing himself. But I never thought of this rudeness until later, because I was taken aback by his odd clothing. The best way to describe his attire is by comparing him with an old-fashioned undertaker with the traditional somber clothing. My visitor wore almost entirely black: trousers, jacket, tie, shoes, and a derby, the only contrast being a white shirt. He appeared thin, and his estimated five-foot, ten-inch height accentuated this thinness. Although the suit didn't fill out his arms and legs, it otherwise fitted him perfectly, like clothing you see on department store [mannequins]. The crease in his trousers was razor-sharp. The entire getup was immaculate – just as if he had stepped fresh from his tailor's shop. I noticed that the crease in his trousers did not flatten, but still stood out very sharply, even when he sat down at my invitation.
>
> Although the clothing was odd indeed, there was something else about him that was even odder. Only when he removed his black hat did I realize that he seemed to be completely hairless, with no eyebrows or eyelashes, nor trace of a beard, even though he appeared to be in his late thirties or early forties. His small nose and ears were set low. His vivid red mouth contrasted with a chalky white complexion.

Without further ceremony, the visitor asked Dr. Hopkins what he knew of the Stephens case, in a weird, singsong monotone. Although his English pronunciation was flawless and without accent, he seemed to find it difficult to put phrases or sentences together, and communicated with a string of isolated words that were difficult to understand in their disconnected contexts.

He hardly opened his mouth, which appeared like a slit, and Dr. Hopkins did not see his teeth. He had a receding chin, and his head seemed to blend into his collar. In fact, Dr. Hopkins observed that his head seemed to be fastened rigidly to his body for, not once, did he nod or move it.

Next, the visitor told Hopkins to put his hand into his pocket, and that he would find two coins. Dr. Hopkins did so, and withdrew a dime and a penny.

The MIB told him to put one of the coins back, and to place the other in the palm of his hand. Dr. Hopkins complied, and kept the penny.

"Look closely at the coin, not at me."

As he did so, he was amazed to see the penny first turn a bright silver color, then light blue, then blurred. In a few seconds, it vanished from his hand!

The visitor next asked if his host knew Barney Hill who, along with his wife, Betty, was abducted in a UFO in New England. When Hopkins replied that he didn't know him, he was asked if he knew how Hill had died.

"I have heard it was a heart attack," replied the physician.

"You are not correct – for Barney Hill had no heart! It vanished, just like that coin in your hand!"

The MIB followed his frightening pronouncement with a threat that the physician would suffer the same fate if he did not destroy his complete notes and tapes on the Stephens case.

"He didn't say he was coming back, but I got the impression that he would have some way of knowing whether or not I complied with his order."

Then, a new development puzzled Dr. Hopkins: like an incredible wind-up or battery-operated toy, the strange visitor began to "run down!"

> His speech began to slow and, as he rose from the chair to his feet, he appeared weak and unsteady. "I M-U-S-T D-E-P-A-R-T," he suddenly told me. "M-Y E-N-E-R-G-Y I-S R-U-N-N-I-N-G L-O-W!'"
>
> I opened the door for him, and he exited with a stagger. He clung unsteadily to the railing of the steps, feeling for them with his feet, one at a time. He seemed to be both mentally and physically disoriented, but with a desperate urge and hurry to depart. I felt relieved when I saw a light in the driveway, evidently from a car that was to pick him up.

> Like many people finding themselves confronted with completely unexpected and puzzling experiences, I did not feel the full impact of the visit until minutes, even hours, later. I realized that the light in the driveway was much brighter than that of ordinary automobile headlights; the man in his departure had not moved toward the "car," but had walked in a different direction from which he came. His route of departure was impossible, because it was blocked by a high and dense hedge. When I looked back toward the "car" lights, they had disappeared, leaving me, my visitor, and the entire area in darkness.

When his family returned from the movie about two hours later, they found Dr. Hopkins nervous and agitated. When he told them of the visit, they urged him to do as the MIB had requested. Hopkins first erased the tapes, then threw them into the fireplace and burned them, along with some printed UFO literature he had collected.

Burning the materials relieved his tension and he slept well that night, though he later experienced two weeks of recurring nightmares, during which he saw the visitor's face moving toward him. Although the aftermath of the visit included "clicks" and interference on the telephone, and other parties breaking into his conversations, apparently the sing-song, wind-up man had been placated, and no harm came to the witness. Although his son and daughter-in-law reported visits by strange people of alien-like nature, they were not threatened, and the visitations did not include any mention of UFOs.

Like so many MIB cases, the visitation really served no great purpose for the "alien." Though Dr. Hopkins burned the tapes, possibly destroying some bit of evidence that would become important only during many replayings, the physician had already reported most of the details of the case to his colleagues. As a result of the visitation, the whole thing was written up not only in the UFO press, but also in popular mass media publications. The thin, hairless, and sickly-looking automaton, whatever his motives, achieved widespread publicity for the Stephens case, which might never have been widely known without his visit.

In fact, throughout the history of the Notorious Three, their apparent efforts to hush up people have often created an opposite and self-defeating effect: many witnesses have talked their heads off after being threatened by the trio.

I suppose this is only natural. When we are visited by the MIB, we can assume that we must indeed possess some valuable UFO information; this is

bound to be flattering. And this is what makes me feel like a fool.

So many people ask me, "If you know so much, why haven't the MIB visited you!" I feel like slinking off somewhere.

It's a real put-down. After all, if I had any real information, it is logical to assume that the terrible troika would have run me down a long time ago!

You may laugh at the following. There certainly must be some down-to-earth, logical explanation, even though the mental institution theory just doesn't seem fit. But if there was something to it, maybe I did have a real MIB visitation, but passed it off too lightly at the time.

And after all, what more logical place could the MIB show up than at the headquarters of New Age Press, our publishing company and the organization that is constantly advertising books about the UFOs – and even the MIB themselves, such as this one!

New Age Press is located in a rural area at an outdoor movie theatre. The office is situated a few feet from a main highway. This office is a few miles from a state mental institution, and sometimes patients escape. On three occasions, office staff members have reported such escapes, and the patients have been picked up by security officers from the hospital.

On June 19, 1975, at about 1:30 p.m., I came downstairs from checking inventory to find staff members extremely frightened.

Shelia Jane Johns told me a man was trying to break into the rear of our building, and that Scott Cottrill ran into the rear stockroom to make sure the door was locked. Donna Helmick told me that another person, "a young skinny man," had walked on down the road toward Clarksburg.

At that moment, the man who had tried to break in walked around to the front of the building. He moved in odd, jerky motions, and was dressed in a sloppy red T-shirt, baggy blue pants, and was wearing a large sword scabbard (we didn't notice if it contained a sword)! He walked away from our building and sat on a fence. I called the hospital security office and was told a patrol wagon would investigate. Then, Scott Cottrill noted that the man with the sword had been joined by a normal-looking man in a dark business suit, who engaged him in conversation while they consulted a roadmap.

As we awaited the patrol wagon, a new, white Trans-Am sports car pulled off the road from the Clarksburg direction and picked up the two people. It then turned and drove back toward Clarksburg, in the opposite direction from the asylum. Within a minute, the patrol wagon arrived, and we

explained what had happened to the officers. I checked later with security at the institution, and was told that no patients had escaped.

We then surmised that the trio may have been escaped *convicts*, and so phoned the state police. They took down the information, but said they had no reports on escaped convicts.

I thought little about the strangeness of this incident until Bernice E. Lovett, owner of the outdoor theatre, arrived and heard our report.

She told us of a curious experience that she and her snack bar manager had about a year previous. Early in the evening, before the theatre was open to the public, she and Alameda Pumphrey were frightened by a man who walked into the theatre, approached the snack bar, and asked to buy a Coke. They informed him that they were closed, but he argued with them. He left the theatre and stood near the road. They locked the door, called the asylum, and reported the person they believed to be an escaped mental patient. The strange visitor then began imitating the birds singing in an adjoining wooded area.

Again, just before the patrol wagon arrived to investigate, an interception took place. A large black car, which Mrs. Lovett believed to be a Cadillac, drove by, stopped, and picked up the man.

Of course, these incidents probably have very obvious, commonsense explanations that we haven't thought of, even though escapees from the institution don't appear to fit in. In these two cases, the strange visitors were picked up just minutes before officers from the asylum arrived. None of it makes much sense – like much of the greater UFO mystery, of which the MIB seem to be a part.

Many people have written to me that they read my books, such as *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* and *The Silver Bridge*, late at night while all alone in their homes. Since I live alone, and often get frightened while reading UFO accounts before dropping off to sleep, I can sympathize with these friends of mine.

But let me assure you that, if you are like myself – if you really *don't* know too much about flying saucers – you have nothing to fear from the MIB. Why would they be paying *you* a visit? There's probably very little in this book that is new information – that could bring the MIB down upon you, urging you to keep quiet about it.

But there is the matter of interpretation. Maybe you have read something in this book, added this to knowledge you already had, and then got creative

and started to put some pieces together! You suddenly may have developed a theory of your own, which might *really* expose the Men In Black and reveal what they are up to!

This may be why you hear the little creaks in the hallway just outside your room. "Oh yes," you say, "it's just the old house settling." But could it be – yes, it *could* be – secret footsteps creeping toward your door, ready to burst it open with a phantasm of horror that could turn your hair white overnight!?

And what about the light you've noticed down in the alley? Isn't it too bright to be automobile headlights?

What about the singsong voice, muted intermittently by the wind that threatens to tear your house apart!

"Oh yes," you say, "It's my old man's voice. He's coming home late as usual tonight, and he's had a few too many. It's *his* car lights, not a UFO!"

There you go, spoiling things for me! But, even if you protest, I know you dare not look outside. And did you notice the peculiar chill in your room – often associated with psychic phenomena, and sometimes with UFOs and MIB!

Pull the covers up more tightly around your neck, dear reader. Put this book on the bedside stand.

Remember: If you don't know too much, there is nothing to worry about.

Otherwise, the MIB *will* get you, if you don't watch out!

AFTERWORD

A Carnival "Barker" For The MIBs?

UFO is a bucket of shit
Its followers: perverts, monomaniacs, dipsomaniacs
Artists of the fast buck
True believers, objective believers, new age believers
Keyhoe believers

Shushed by the three men
Or masturbated by spacemen
UFO is a bucket of shit

The Air Force investigated UFOs
And issued a report
Couched in polite language
Which translated, means:
"UFO is a bucket of shit"

Meade Layne is a bucket of shit
Lex Mebane is a bucket of shit
James W. Moseley is a bucket of shit
Richard Ogden is a bucket of shit
Ray Palmer is a bucket of shit

And I sit here writing
While the shit drips down my face
In great rivulets

-Gray Barker

If anyone in human form ever stood smack dab in the middle of the Men in Black enigma, Gray Barker would be he. And the deeper one peers into this abyss, the more clouded it becomes.

Barker was the first to introduce the term "Men In Black" into popular culture during the early 1960s, through his publishing house, Saucerian Books, which later transmogrified into New Age Press. Among these MIB-inspired tomes included Barker's *They Knew Too Much About Flying*

Saucers and *The Three Men in Black*, which Barker ghost-wrote for Albert K. Bender, who some say went out on a "MIB bender" and never came back.

It was Al Bender's mind-boggling experience that reignited attention to a phenomenon that may be as old as time itself. These tales of creepy, black-garbed men go back eons. They have long been associated with the sinister doings of witches, warlocks, and others that go bump in the night. It was Bender who took the Men In Black legend and made it contemporary. through the perceived involvement of UFOs. However, if one really looks at Bender's experience, UFOs actually have very little to do with the story. They are merely a modern-day lens for viewing those strange scallywags, the MIBs. In other words, "UFO" is an overlay that gives MIB visitations some context. But like the "Tricksters" of Native American lore, this overlay may simply be a mask the phenomenon wears, as part of the game it plays with humans.

Of course, Barker was a bit of a trickster himself. When he and fellow UFO researcher, Jim Moseley, started hitting the sauce, one never knew what mischief might ensue. The notorious "R.E. Straith" letter, concocted by Barker and Moseley during one of their "semi-lost weekends" in 1957, is but one example. The "Straith Letter," as it became known, was cooked up after an undisclosed colleague sent Barker a packet of stationary with official U.S. government letterhead. This resulted in a series of Barker-Moseley hoax letters written on the absconded stationary. They were sent out to various personalities in the UFO field, including George Adamski. These spurious letters, dictated by some shadowy government agency that Barker and Moseley dreamt up out of thin air, confirmed the startling existence of "extraterrestrials" visiting our Earth!

Adamski started touting the "Straith Letter" as confirmation that his work was indeed of great interest to certain shadowy government officials. This, in turn, caught the attention of the FBI, who subsequently launched an investigation into the matter, in order to determine who had created the phony documents. In this regard, FBI agents visited both Barker and Moseley on several occasions. Barker got so spooked that he smashed the incriminating typewriter used to dictate the "Straith Letter" to bits. He buried it at a construction site in his hometown of Clarksburg, West Virginia. Eventually, the FBI dropped the case, due to lack of evidence. However, after Barker's 1986 death, Moseley finally came clean, revealing this long-held "Straith Letter" secret. Amazingly, there are those within the UFO research community who still, today, consider the document genuine.

However, a perhaps more stunning revelation of hoaxery came courtesy of

longtime UFO researcher and Barker/Moseley colleague, Allen H. Greenfield, during an interview on my *Untamed Dimensions* podcast from August 22, 2007:

> I got the idea, sometime in the late 1960s, to do a periodic, citywide "skywatch." I simply advertised in the local newspaper. I would get hundreds of calls. At that time, I had an office devoted to ufology. I was basically doing UFO work full-time. I was getting more calls than I could handle. Manhattan then had about a million people. In the middle of this, I got this really weird phone call with a mechanical sounding voice. This was in the 1960s, remember, when it wasn't so easy to manufacture these machine-type voices. The voice said: "YOU WILL DISCONTINUE THIS PROJECT OR REAP THE RESULTS!" Then it made some very weird "beep-beep-beep-beep" sounds. About halfway through, I switched on a tape recorder and recorded it. I played it back for people. When I played it for him about two years later, Moseley got a quizzical look on his face. He looked at me like I was insane. He said, "You still haven't figured out that that was Gray and me, with our equipment, in West Virginia?"

Allen and I agreed that this revelation was very interesting, because John Keel also received those types of phone calls. In Gray Barker's *Men in Black: The Secret Terror Among Us*, several strange phone calls – either directly or indirectly associated with Barker – are recounted, insinuating that Barker had somehow become entangled in a far-reaching web of high MIB weirdness. One such instance revolved around UFO witness Joseph Henslik who, in October of 1966, filmed a flying saucer outside his Long Island home. Afterwards, Henslik discovered Barker's *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* and decided to call him. The day after speaking with Barker, Henslik received a threatening phone call from an accented voice, which warned him to never speak to Barker again! Could this have been another instance of Barker pulling a prank?

On July 15, 1967, John Keel phoned Barker at his Clarksburg office. Keel referred to a conversation he had seemingly had with Barker the previous night. When Barker denied having made the previous night's call, Keel told him that "Gray Barker" – a Barker doppelganger – had phoned him at 1:00 in the morning. Keel, with his usual wit, observed that the doppelganger seemed "a little drunk" but sounded "quite coherent." However, Keel noted that "little things were wrong" in the information offered by "Barker," such as details regarding a certain UFO case. This implied that maybe it wasn't

Barker after all... In regards to Keel's recounting of this July 15th, 1967 phone call, Barker states in *Secret Terror Among Us* that "I could not have forgotten such a call. And I had not been drinking the previous night."

According to Jim Moseley, in his book *Shockingly Close To The Truth*, not many a night passed without Barker tossing back a few. It was often imbibing too much that fueled their pranks. Later in *The Secret Terror*, Barker states that when he got his phone bill, he was shocked to discover a call listed to Keel's phone number on the very night when the "fake Gray Barker" placed his call. To this end, Barker noted that he had been home all night on the night in question. He had received "no visitors who could have surreptitiously placed this call..." In so many words, Barker seemed to be admitting to the hoax, albeit in a very cagey and roundabout manner.

Another similar incident is recounted in *The Secret Terror Among Us*. According to Barker, an informant "who asked that his name not be used" stated that, in early September of 1967, his telephone rang. When he picked it up, he heard a conversation going on between Barker and Moseley. The informant noted that the voices did not sound natural, but more like "mechanical reproductions." The informant attempted speaking to the Barker/Moseley mechanical doppelgangers several times, but neither replied. It was as if they were unaware of him. After a few minutes, Barker and Moseley's voices faded, only to be replaced by weird sounds and another voice, mentioning the name of John Keel and "something about tapes." Once again, this episode is highly suggestive of classic Barker/Moseley manipulation.

Elsewhere in these pages, Barker relates a visit, in July 1969, from his teenage nephew, Jim Hawk. As Barker noted, Hawk had become "very religious." Hawk had a look-see at Barker's library, where he came across rare books on witchcraft, as well as artistic representations of the Flatwoods Monster and Mothman. Hawk informed Barker that he could sense "negative vibes" surrounding these items. Furthermore, when Hawk awoke the next morning, he claimed that he had seen a shadowy figure hovering over his bed the previous night. As Barker tried to calm his nephew, who was visibly upset from his "shadowy figure" experience, Barker received a phone call dealing with a spur-of-the-moment business opportunity, which entailed an out-of-town business trip. Barker, knowing that his nephew felt a bit ill at ease in his house, invited Jim along on the trip. However, Jim, who was a musician, informed Barker that he was in the middle of a composition and wanted to use his absence as an opportunity to work with tape equipment Barker had in the house. That being the case, Barker left his itinerary with Hawk, urging him to call him in the event of an emergency.

The next morning, at his hotel room in Beckley, WV, Barker received a frightened phone call from his nephew. Hawk informed Barker that he had received a terrifying phone call from a notorious character named "Heinrich." During this same period, Heinrich had been harassing other UFO researchers associated with Barker. The voice of Heinrich sounded "half German, half Chinese" and warned Hawk against discussing "free energy." The voice informed Hawk that his uncle, Gray Barker, was "evil," and that he should not associate with him further. When Hawk tried to explain to Heinrich that he knew nothing about free energy or UFO's – and that he was just Barker's nephew – Heinrich replied: "Oh yes! But not Mr. Barker's nephew; not relationship by blood. You see, we know all things…" Up until that comment, Hawk had figured that this Heinrich character was a crackpot, but here was information that no one outside Barker's family would have been privy to. After the conversation ended, Hawk heard a series of weird beeping tones, and then the line went dead. "There was a feeling of evil in that voice," Hawk explained. "I don't want to risk hearing it ever again!"

So… Let's see… The caller had intimate knowledge of Hawk's family. Secondly, the infamous Heinrich had previously harassed other UFO researchers associated with Barker. Lastly, there was a beeping tone over the line, reminiscent of those beeps that Allen Greenfield heard when he was on the business end of a Barker/Moseley prank.

Coincidence? You decide…

-Adam Gorightly

Gorightly is the author of several books on conspiratorial happenings, including James Shelby Downard's Mystical War *and* The Shadow Over Santa Susana: Black Magic, Mind Control, and the Manson Family Mythos. *Adam's doppelganger has been seen in several locations, by several witnesses, perhaps due to his writing* The Prankster and the Conspiracy, *a fascinating book about Lee Harvey Oswald's doppelganger, Kerry Thornley. Adam is* not *a "retired" FBI or CIA agent. In fact, he isn't even retired yet!*

APPENDIX

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER

Sail on, Silver Girl
Sail on by
Your time has come to shine
All your dreams are on their way
See how they shine
If you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind

Lyrics to Simon and Garfunkel's "Bridge Over Troubled Water," a number one hit song rumored to about the Silver Bridge disaster. The strange events surrounding the collapse of the bridge were the subject of Barker's seminal book, The Silver Bridge. *The song was recorded on 11/9 of 1969, leading bloggers on the David Icke website to theorize that it had a "backwards" connection to the 9/11 attacks – which Mothman predicted. The fact that the song's length is 4:52 also led them to claim that there must be some connection to the Great Pyramid, since all one needs to match the configuration of the pyramid is to start at any of the 4 corners of a perfect square, and then go up at a 52° angle.*

For decades, Simon and Garfunkel have frequented Montauk, Long Island, known to be the abode of Tibetans, witches, ex-Nazis, and the Montauk Indians, who claim to be direct descendants of the pharaohs of Egypt. Long Island was also a key MIB hotspot during the 1960s and '70s. John Keel and Gray Barker investigated several threats made on UFO researchers in the area - many made by the same "turtlenecked" MIB seen in the Ohio Valley. Some proponents of the "Garuda thesis" feel that Simon and Garfunkel may have been channeling Mothman when they wrote "Bridge Over Troubled Water."

The following review of Allen Greenfield's Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts, *written by Dean James for the* Journal of Possible Paradigms, *sheds light on the mysterious "name game" inherent to paranormal cases such as those covered by Barker. The game continues to this day, particularly when the topic is the Mothman or the MIB. Here, James addresses students and followers of Aleister Crowley, known as "Thelemites."*

JAMES, DEAN – THE SECRET CIPHER OF UFOLOGY – 1998

Thelemites have labored for decades to determine the "order and value of the English alphabet" referred to in Chapter I, Verse 55 of *Liber AL* (Aleister Crowley's *Book of the Law*). Crowley's magical son, Charles Stansfeld Jones, aka "Frater Achad," arrived at a partial solution as long ago as 1918, but abandoned his efforts at an early stage, unwilling or unable to carry them through. That task fell instead to Carol Smith of the British order, the OAA, who succeeded in deriving a viable English Qabala from the text in 1974, a full 70 years after it was first transcribed.

Although difficult to summarize, Smith's approach basically entailed treating the letters of the alphabet as if they were fixed points on the circumference of a circle and numbering them sequentially, starting at "A" and counting forward 11 places each time. Thus "L" became number two, "W" number three, "H" number four, and so on. By continuing in this fashion until all 26 characters had been assigned a value, she arrived at an elementary substitution code similar to those once common in juvenile spy fiction. Interested readers can duplicate the entire process for themselves in minutes. It requires no particular effort once the basic principle has been grasped, and may indeed constitute the solution to this "mystery of the letters," albeit the biggest mystery of all is why Achad himself was seemingly unable to finish what he'd started.

Despite all that has happened since 1974, the ramifications of Smith's discovery still haven't been fully explored. Perhaps the most convincing evidence in support of her claims is to be found in American author Allen H. Greenfield's *Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts*... Greenfield obviously sets great store by such virtues as brevity and encapsulation, writing with a notable economy of words yet still managing to cast fresh light on one of esoteric tradition's most closely guarded secrets. It is his contention that Ascended Masters throughout history have communicated with their human agents via elaborate codes based on numerology and the Qabala. By applying the key

encrypted in *Liber AL*, it is possible to crack the most recent of these codes and literally "trace the UFOnauts to their very doorsteps."

Greenfield speculates that publication of his book *Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts* will render New Aeon English Qabala Cipher 6 (NAEQG) obsolete as a magical weapon and relegate it to the role of "astro-archaeological tool." There are signs that this is happening already, he adds, pointing out that the cipher works best when applied to vintage cases in which "funny names" figure prominently.

Albert K. Bender's 1962 potboiler *Flying Saucers and the Three Men* is a case in point. The text contains only one funny name, "Kazik," but nevertheless rewards careful study.

Bender himself exhibited a degree of paranoia unmatched by his contemporaries. Preoccupied with the occult, he spent the early 1950s brooding on UFOs in a specially appointed "chamber of horrors," and eventually fell prey to some form of psychic attack (albeit many latter-day readers are likely to find his symptoms indicative of nothing more sinister than migraine). *Flying Saucers and the Three Men* relates how he arrived at an undisclosed 'secret' regarding the origin and purpose of flying saucers and was later visited by three MIB who whisked him off to Antarctica for further astounding revelations. No firm indication is given as to the nature of these revelations, but NAEQG provides several tantalizing clues.

To begin with, the letters comprising ALBERT K. BENDER have a value of 195, which, as Stephen Dziklewicz points out, also equals ALIEN ABDUCTIONS. Significantly, Gray Barker's roman a clef, *The Silver Bridge*, deliberately shortens Bender's name to AL K. BENDER, which has a value of 114, THE NAME (i.e., Bender's name held the key to his experiences), and even more unambiguously, CHOSEN ONE.

The Silver Bridge also refers to Bender's alien visitors as the "lurking horror," a phrase reminiscent of H.P. Lovecraft. LURKING HORROR = 142, the same value as MEN IN BLACK. This spectacular direct hit for NAQ6 should be enough to convince even the most hardened skeptics that some force beyond mere coincidence is at work here. Intriguingly, 142 also equals BACKWARD DARKNESS and ALL LONELY PLACES, cryptic phrases hinting at the MIBs real point of origin.

Toward the end of his first full-blown encounter, Bender was entrusted with the cant-language shibboleth "Kazik," and told to repeat it whenever he wanted to invoke the MIB again. KAZIK equals 50 and MIB equals 64, values that combined equal 114, or AL K. BENDER. What's more, the sum

of KAZIK (50) and THREEMEN (150) = BLACK PILGRIMAGE (200). Evidently Bender's uneasy relationship with the MIB was merely one stage in a much wider process of initiation.

It should be obvious even from this brief summary that *Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts* is the product of a deeply mystical sensibility. Indeed, its emphasis on ritual magic and the Qabala would probably incline most nuts-and-bolts UFOlogists to give up reading after only a few pages. A key passage stresses that the messages passed on to society at-large by contactees and channelers "are meant to be understood only by deep initiates in possession of the code out of which the cipher was constructed." This code was purportedly introduced to UFOlogical circles at an early stage by such enigmatic figures as Meade Layne and especially George Hunt Williamson, who "may have helped George Adamski concoct his Orthon story." Greenfield also stresses that Williamson was "certainly an initiate, much given to codes and ciphers." Perhaps significantly, Williamson devoted an entire chapter of his 1959 book *Road in the Sky* to the word "EL" and its derivations. A student of elder lore, he was no doubt aware that "EL" is the correct pronunciation of "AL."

Elsewhere, Greenfield name-checks Richard Shaver, originator of the Mantong alphabet, for his part in promoting the contemporary UFO mythos; likewise, Williamson's ill-fated confederates Wilbur Wilkinson and Karl Hunrath. Greenfield traces human interaction with UFOnauts back to remote times and shows would-be adepts how they, too, can use the cipher to "resist alien abduction and conquest."

Some occultists and classical scholars will no doubt balk at what is effectively a simplified, latter-day alternative to the traditional Hebrew Qabala; but such objections must ultimately be weighed against the cipher's undoubted value as a research tool. On the face of it, there is something preposterous about the idea of using *Liber AL* to "decode" UFO messages; yet anyone who follows Greenfield's suggestions will be forced to concede that there are indeed "virtually always case-specific correlations on the very first attempt."

The burden of proof for any claim inevitably rests with the claimant, and Greenfield certainly argues his case convincingly. An ordained Gnostic Bishop, he puts something of himself into every line he writes. This intense personal involvement elevates *Secret Cipher of the UFOnauts* from potboiler to cult classic...

The following excerpt is taken from the original draft of Anna Genzlinger's book The Jessup Dimension, *which was published by Gray Barker in 1981. Genzlinger claimed to have been contacted by Morris Jessup's ghost, who compelled her to investigate his death as a murder, not a "suicide." Interestingly, around three-fourths of the following material was edited out by Barker. One senses here that Barker was reticent to publish revelatory material about the CIA's MK-ULTRA mind control program. This is noteworthy for, aside from the subject of Indrid Cold, Barker rarely avoided controversial material. Since Barker had such a short list of verboten topics, one wonders if there might be some connection between them. For instance, we must consider the possibility that Indrid Cold, Demo Hassan, Carlo Ardo, Bueldine Vauss, Kimi Cold, Apol, Agar, and certain other MIB were, in fact, agents of MK-ULTRA. Cold not only had a team of "pale daughters" – women who helped him make forays into the community – but he also possessed Charles Manson-like hypnotic skills. Jessup was rumored to have been under some form of mind control before his death. Putting two and two together, one could speculate that Cold may have had some involvement in either Jessup's death, or the ensuing cover-up.*

GENZLINGER, ANNA – *JESSUP DIMENSION* OUTTAKES – 1981

Sgt. Ted Obenchain questioned whether or not it actually was a suicide. Obenchain told me in an interview that the whole setup seemed "too well done." He meant, of course, the way the [Jessup] suicide was set up – the automobile itself… Ted, in his own words, said, "The whole thing was too professional." The briefcase was missing. Jessup had it in his possession at 8:30 a.m. on the day of his death. The briefcase was either thrown away or stolen. But why would Jessup throw away a briefcase containing important scientific data that had taken him years to assemble? No force on Earth could have made him destroy his work. I say no force "on Earth," but, what about the Men in Black?

Everyone seems so certain that the MIB are aliens. [Supposedly] they have never harmed anyone – a point in their favor. I'm not saying that they are kind and benevolent [however]; quite the contrary… They scare the hell out of people. Did they also frighten Jessup to the point where he could destroy his work and take his own life? I think we can look to our own species to find the answer. We don't need Barbarians from another planet;

we have quite a few right here on good old planet Earth. God help us... The [MIB] are the ones responsible for the missing briefcase and for the death of an innocent man. But then, they have been the assassins for so long now. The thing that frightens me is that people accept this. The CIA assassinates discriminately, and we all sit back. We say, "My God, what a horrible thing," and yet we allow them to go on doing it.

[On] March 20, 1959, exactly one month to the day before his death, Jessup signed a legal form called a "Form of Dedication" leaving his body to the Univ. of Miami Medical School. There was no autopsy. There were no tests run to determine what drugs might have been present in the blood or organs. The body was preserved by a special process for the Univ. of Miami School of Medicine... The body is not eviscerated and the body fluids are left inside, not drained and replaced. In this procedure, the added chemicals cause the body to swell, so that no one could possibly recognize a person's features after the process is completed. So, even if Rubye (his wife) asked to view the body at the funeral home, identification would have been impossible.

She said that calls came for Jessup at all hours, and Jessup seemed nervous and upset after accepting these calls. She said she couldn't identify any of the voices as friends of theirs. During the first 2 or 3 days after her husband's death, Rubye was hysterical and distraught, repeating the same thing over and over again, that "it couldn't possibly be my husband. He would not have killed himself; he had no reason to..." Suddenly, on the fourth day, Rubye seemed to be in complete control, calm, and rational. The hysteria was miraculously gone. She asked Ted's wife to leave. When Ted asked her if she was alright, she said that her husband was dead; she saw no need to discuss the situation ever again. She appreciated their help, but she "knew everything would be fine now"; they shouldn't concern themselves any further.

It is a fact that Jessup was involved in research concerning the Philadelphia Experiment. I assume that this is what Jessup was engaged in for several months before his death, because I've gotten so many corroborations from reliable sources. He told Dr. J. Manson Valentine of having discovered something amazing, but that he couldn't prove it yet. Jessup attended the Univ. of Michigan both as a student and as a Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics. He was an extremely qualified man in his field, and a very good author of several books. One of these, *UFOs and the Bible*, was published posthumously. In this book, he was the earliest proponent of the "Gods from Outer Space" theory, which was later capitalized on by Erik von Daniken and others. There is no photo of M.K. Jessup in any of the Univ. of Michigan

yearbooks. There is, in fact, only one photo of Jessup in existence, and that came from the jacket of his book *Case For the UFO*. Jessup had an aversion to having his photo taken. Even his wife, Rubye, only had one, and that was an 8x10 glossy of the jacket cover picture. We must assume that the jacket picture is the only one, except for the picture of Jessup's body, which I will publish.

And then there are the unanswered questions:

- Did the Varo Corporation manufacture the electromagnetic degaussers used in the Philadelphia Experiment?

According to a report I have from a reliable source, it seems very possible. Varo designs, develops, and manufactures electronic, electromechanical, and electro-optical products for military and commercial products. [They make] night-viewing systems, which are primarily used by the military to see in low-light environments. "Passive" night-viewing systems use natural illumination, such as starlight or moonlight, and electronically intensify this light to visible levels. "Active" systems employ high-intensity light, either visible or infrared, to illuminate the subject to be viewed. Passive night-viewing systems are generally used as weapon sights or scopes, while active systems include infrared, visible, and xenon-arc searchlights. "Image intensifier tubes" are components of passive night-viewing systems, and are used in military surveillance devices, closed circuit, low-light TV security systems, and astronomical telescopes. Other defense products [made by Varo are] "power conversion products" and weapons delivery systems such as "airborne missile launchers." Some of the above equipment is probably incorporated into the U2 spy plane and the new "Blackbird."

- Did Jessup have any connection with Varo in 1943-44?
- What was the job he held with the Rubber Development Corporation (on contract with the federal government), from May 1943 to May 1944?
- His home address given at the time was 2378 N. Quincy St., Arlington, VA. Is it just a coincidence that the Office of Naval Research is only a few blocks away, also on North Quincy?
- Who was the informant mentioned in the FBI report, and what "list" did he or she claim Jessup's name was on?
- Was Jessup connected with the Philadelphia Experiment in 1943, or is it just coincidence that he was employed by the federal government at the time the experiment took place?
- Was it a quirk of fate that [after] having possibly witnessed, in

1943, one of the most terrifying experiments ever conceived by man, that Jessup should have it suddenly thrown in his face again by a gypsy named Allende – an act that was to end in Jessup's death?

These are only a few of the unanswered – or unanswerable – questions that I have. What sad irony, if Jessup had indeed been part of the Philadelphia Experiment and was told to forget what had taken place. Then, Allende comes along and blows the whole thing into the open with the "annotated copy" of Jessup's *Case For the UFO*. Someone out there – the agent or agency responsible for Dr. Jessup's death – has the answers. [It seems to have been] long distance murder; so perfect, yet so monstrous – so unanswerable to God. By the way, let's stop calling it the "Philadelphia Experiment" and give it its proper title: Project Rainbow. Very appropriate, I should think... The Navy *did* send the U.S.S. Eldridge and its crew on a voyage "over the rainbow." But instead of Dorothy's mythical Land of Oz and its Emerald City, all they found was Dante's *Inferno*; that, and total madness.

Several months ago, I read an article in *The Miami Herald*, which had appeared originally in *The Washington Post*. It concerned hypnosis. It seems that the CIA has been doing research into hypnosis as a means of mind control. The story said that a woman and another subject were both put into deep hypnosis. The second subject was told to lie down on a couch. The woman was told to pick up a gun lying near her and shoot the other subject, which is exactly what she proceeded to do. In all fairness to the CIA, I must tell you that the gun was not loaded. But, the woman didn't know that. Ostensibly, she had just murdered someone – something believed by most people to be impossible on the premise that "no on will commit an act under the influence of hypnosis that they, or their conscience, would not permit under normal circumstances." This was a perfectly ordinary woman, not the criminal type. And yet, she had picked up a gun and, for all [intents and purposes] killed someone.

The CIA called this research "Operation Bluebird." It had been in operation for years. Unless someone does something to stop this kind of madness, it is going to go on and on, until it is so perfect and foolproof that not one person on the face of the Earth will be safe from it. We are not the only country [doing this]. All of the so-called "great powers" are working along the same lines. It is barbaric; in this country, America, it should not be allowed. It is tearing away at the basic structure, the fabric, upon which this country was built: freedom of the individual. *60 Minutes* had a segment on an American soldier subjected to injections of LSD and other drugs, and put through the worst mental torture because he was suspected of mishan-

dling government secrets. To this day, that poor man doesn't know where is he is coming from, much less where he is going.

I don't know about you, but the idea that the government can and will do this sort of thing scares the hell out of me. And let us not forget the Nazis from WWII.

The Office of Strategic Services, later known as the CIA, discovered that scientists in Germany were using hypnosis and mind control in order to train German soldiers to carry out orders without question. They were taught absolute obedience to the will of a maniac, leading to the mass killing of six million people. Hitler was a master of mass hypnotism. In July of 1979, Charles Berlitz received a letter care of Grosset & Dunlap. It was from a man in Arizona. Berlitz passed the letter to William Moore, who sent the letter to me in its original form:

> In reading your book, *The Philadelphia Experiment*, I noticed a reference to the U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency report on microwave research titled "Biological Effects of Electromagnetic Radiation (Radiowaves and Microwaves) in Eurasian Communist Countries." My reading of this report indicated that the Soviet microwave antipersonnel weapon described in tentative terms therein has three main functions, as functions:
>
> 1. Forcing inaudible messages into the brains of human beings from a distance and interrogating them silently from a distance.
>
> 2. Disrupting and disorienting human behavior patterns by radiation exposure.
>
> 3. The causing of illness such as heart attack, cancer, or stroke due to radiation exposure.
>
> Certain information was withheld from this report on national security grounds. Thus, any other functions of this system that may exist have not been published. Based on my experiences during the past 12 to 15 years, I think that remote surveillance has been developed and put into use for at least 12 years. The primary function of this system would be remote tracking and surveillance of a target person over a wide geographic are. Movements of the human subject could be tracked, or he could be kept under surveillance in his home. An additional function of this apparatus could be remote monitoring of the sleep of the target person – the forcing of electronic dream images into

> the brain of the target during dreaming sleep, and the forcing of temporary physiological changes on the target, including waking him at the will or whim of the experimenters.
>
> Remote monitoring is an institutional, paramedical technique. The information generated can be furnished by radio to law enforcement and certain other government employees, who use the information for actual, physical surveillance of a given target person. A few other pertinent references... The book *Uncloaking the CIA*, edited by Frazier, contains an article by Blanche W. Cook, which relates that a Frenchman has developed an acoustic laser that creates a very emotional reaction in people. *Biofeedback* by Karlins and Andrews states, on p. 137, that behavior has been controlled with electronic surveillance devices. *Operation Mind Control* by Walter Bowart states that by the late 1960s, the remote control of the human brain – without the implantation of electrodes – was well on its way to being realized. For information on the large sums of money that have been spent by different agencies of the federal government on behavior control, see "Individual Rights and the General Role in Behavior Modification," published by the U.S. Senate in 1974.

I have [long discussed] Jessup's bizarre behavior in the last few months of use life. In an excerpt from the Borderland Sciences Research Association, it states that:

> [Speaking] through [channeler] Mark Probert at a San Diego séance in 1959, Jessup's [ghost supposedly stated that] he planned and carried out his own death as a means of proving the reality of "the other side of the Veil." Since then, the rumor has persisted among saucer researchers that Jessup was "executed" because he "knew too much" about UFOs, contactees, and government officials. Jessup took the time and trouble to write several letters to New York friends, including Long John Nebel and the president of the New York saucer group, telling them of his intention to take his own life in Florida. He also told of his intention to contact them soon after his passing, and thus prove his identity!

I can't bring myself to believe that Jessup would have taken part in anything of this nature. Even Riley Crabb, in "M.K. Jessup and the Allende Letters," states:

> We're not so sure that Jessup's end was suicide. It could have

> very well been a clever fake by government agents, including the letters to Long John and other Jessup friends. Jessup, the top researcher of the 1950s, knew some things very well and suspected others, which was considered a threat to "national security" by those who use that reason as an excuse for murder.

I think Mr. Crabb can be very certain that this is, indeed, what happened to Dr. Jessup. How do we know that the "suicide" letters were authentic? Did anyone bother to have them analyzed? Did they do a handwriting comparison? I've found no evidence of such action. As for Jessup's killing himself so that he could find out what is on "the other side," well, Jessup was a scientist first, last, and always. He would not have gone out of his way to bring criticism onto himself either before or after his death. He would not have courted that sort of publicity. On the contrary, he would have done everything in his power to avoid it. He was quite sensitive to criticism – that someone might think him "crazy." His deep affection for his family was his first priority. Unless he were forced to do so, he would not [kill himself. The evidence implies that] he was *not* in control of his destiny.

In late October of 1958, Dr. Jessup was a guest at the home of Ivan T. Sanderson in New York. There were about a dozen people present. At some point during the evening, Jessup requested that Sanderson and three others join him for a private talk in Sanderson's office. When they were alone, Jessup handed them the original re-annotated copy of *The Case For the UFO*, and asked them to please read it. Afterwards, they were to lock it up for safekeeping, in case anything should happen to him. The other men in the room thought this was very dramatic at the time but, after reading the material, admitted to having developed a collective feeling of a very unpleasant nature. Six months later, Jessup was found dead in Miami. Sanderson has been asked, time after time, to disclose the name of the persons purported to have been given this material for safekeeping. He has repeatedly refused to do so. He kept that promise as long as he lived. The reason is said to be nothing "mysterious" or having to do with content, only that it was a personal matter. We have no way of knowing where this material is today, or whether it will ever be brought to light; if it were, a lot of questions might be answered.

It was a well-known fact that Jessup was devoted to the future welfare of his grandchildren. [Supposedly] at this last meeting at Sanderson's, he was extremely disturbed that due to an originally pure, intellectual interest in natural phenomenon, he had been sucked into a completely insane world of unreality. He expressed outright terror at the endless stream of "coincidences" – synchronicities – that had occurred in his work and in his private

life. Above all, he was totally distressed that he might be accused of insanity should he mention these aggravations. He said:

> I don't think I'm going balmy. This nonsense is actually happening. It is not a figment of my imagination. If you read this book, you will see why I have been forced to this conclusion. I have a feeling that this just cannot go on any longer without something unpleasant happening. And if something does, readers will immediately say that I went around the bend. The average citizen will immediately jump to the conclusion that there is insanity in my family.

Realizing the tragedy of the situation, they gave him their solemn promise that his wishes would be "scrupulously observed." After that, Jessup dropped out of sight for about two months. It was later learned that he had gone to his home in Florida. And he had been involved in an auto accident. He is supposed to have told a friend in New York, by letter, that the accident left him a "complete vegetable." This was in mid-April, 1959. The friend describes the letter as a suicide note… A week later, Jessup died. It is my belief that the auto accident was the first attempt on Dr. Jessup's life, and that it failed. Because of that failure, events began moving forward at a more rapid pace. It was soon after this accident that Jessup began to feel that he was being followed and that his phone was being tapped, and that Rubye first began to take note of all the mysterious phone calls…

It is rumored that Jessup met with Allende in Miami just three days before his death. I've been unable to substantiate this rumor. I'm not accusing Allende of being the murderer, but he may have been used as an agent – as a link in the mind control, either with or without his knowledge. The annotated copy of *The Case For the UFO* shows all too clearly his contempt for Jessup.

An interesting UPI article from 1966, "Report Describes How Army Placed Germs in NY Subways," reads as follows:

> The Army did not say whether germ warfare tests were conducted in any system outside New York.

We have since discovered the same action was used in San Francisco, CA.

> The simulated subway attack was a project of mind control and drug testing programs by the Army and CIA during the 1950s and 1960s, when authorities feared the Soviets and Communist Chinese were developing sophisticated methods of killing, incapacitating, or "brainwashing" individuals and entire

populations.

Knowing all of these facts, I can only hope that you have reached the same conclusion that I have. Dr. Jessup's death was not a suicide but, rather, a sophisticated, horrible kind of "self-murder." This is the worst kind imaginable: the destruction of one's self while under the influence of an outside force. Jessup may very well have been aware of what was being done to him. Knowing this, he was still unable to stop the well-planned, well-executed web of destruction into which he was being pulled.

One case of the misuse of microwaves comes vividly to mind, because it happened recently: the bombardment of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow by microwaves and/or ultrasonic sound. Doctors have found chromosome damage in many employees of that embassy. If it can be done in Russia, it can be done here, and probably is. If we can monitor heartbeats, respiration, reflexes, nerve stimuli and skin temperature [in astronauts] thousands of miles into space, the same can be done on Earth. This time, however, it is being done to the detriment of the subject.

There can be no doubt that the CIA is behind this whole mind control thing. Who could put it to better use than they? The CIA is like Frankenstein gone berserk. [We] shovel millions of dollars into that agency every year. I'll bet no one, not even the President, has any idea what type of [degrading] research the money is being used for. I know that an intelligence agency has to rely on secrecy in order to function, but does it have the right to implement the murders of heads of state? To monitor our phones? To use us as guinea pigs in their unjustified experiments in mind control? Any government that can allow this to go on is either blind, stupid, or uncaring. The one thing I know is that no one can stop it; it is too big now. It has been on its own for too long. It doesn't take orders from anyone. It answers to no one, neither God nor man. We call ourselves "civilized," but that is a laugh.

I accuse the U.S. Government of negligence for not maintaining control over the CIA, specifically in regard to their experiments in mind control. I also accuse them of culpable negligence in protecting the safety, welfare, and human individual rights of American citizens in this regard. I could go on about the injudicious use the government makes of people, but there is no need; we see it every day when we pick up a newspaper. Love Canal is a case in point... There are over thirty institutions in the U.S. alone that have experimental labs funded by the CIA for the study of the psi factor and mind control. Dr. Jessup is dead. How many others have died? How many will die in the future because they are robbed of all conscious will to resist?

Among the topics discussed by Barker in Secret Terror *is that of Eastern occultism and its possible relation to the MIB. The following excerpts concern T. Lobsang Rampa, an enigmatic author with an unbelievable story. In a most sincere fashion, Rampa claimed to be a Tibetan monk who had been forced to take over the body of an Englishman. Amazingly, Rampa's wife backed up his story... While the bodily takeover of others may sound extreme, such tactics were apparently considered necessary in postwar Tibet, due to the widespread persecution of Tibetan lamas by the Chinese military. A mass movement of occult knowledge out of Tibet and into the Ohio Valley might explain not only the high incidence of genius kids in the area during Mothman, but also the presence of "Oriental" MIBs with an interest in such children. The high cheekbones and deep tan of Indrid Cold suggest that he may have been of one of these Indo-European Men in Black.*

According to John Keel, in March of 1966, in the middle of the day, a "reliable woman" observed a silver disc hovering above a Point Pleasant school. A male figure in a tight fitting silver coverall (Indrid's favorite outfit) was standing outside the open door of the object in midair, gazing intently into the school playground. He had pointed features and shoulder-length hair, which matches the general description of Cold. Later that day, he landed the object in the woman's backyard, which was witnessed by her teenaged children. If Indrid were somehow in contact with the developers of the Nazi flying saucers and had been given one to use, it would explain a lot of the stranger UFO cases.

Take the case of Joseph Henslik, who took a photo of a UFO hovering suspiciously over a post office on Long Island, not far from Brookhaven Labs, one of our first atomic research facilities. Oddly, the lab was built next to Yaphank, a village that once hosted America's largest Nazi Youth camp. Assuming these saucers were secretly developed by the U.S. military in league with ex-Nazi scientists, the most reasonable explanation for the Henslik UFO is that Indrid or one of his ilk needed to steal mail or uniforms, in order to better harass inquisitive researchers and witnesses. According to John Keel, certain MIB posed as mailmen; and Keel, Barker, and Moseley all experienced ongoing problems with their mail. In Barker's case, someone – apparently from Philadelphia, Jack Bruno's turf – stole Barker's stationary and postal meter, then proceeded to crank out fake letters harassing other researchers.

Did T. Lobsang Rampa actually go buzzing through the solar system in a flying saucer? Or was he just another deluded psychopath dredging up a good yarn from the dark depths of a twisted mind?

If he were a nut, he would have plenty of company. Men, and some women, have been circumnavigating the cosmos for thousands of years, leaving extensive records of their travels behind for us to puzzle over. Even Enoch, the traditional son of Cain and father of Methuselah, is supposed to have visited other worlds, where he had such harrowing experiences that they became a part of religion and folklore. According to the Books of Enoch, which were once part of the Christian Bible, he was sleeping alone in his house one night when he was suddenly awakened by "two men, exceeding big, so that I never saw such on Earth... They were standing at the head of my couch and began to call me by my name."

The two giant entities plucked Enoch from his bed and escorted him into outer space where, during the next sixty days, they gave him a guided tour of ten different worlds. Some were occupied by deliriously happy people, while others were gloomy and dark, filled with Gregori – wretched gray beings with withered faces, who mumbled and marked in dreariness. Enoch saw worlds of dazzling light and energy, too. He was the first space traveler. He was also the first abductee. Although he supposedly underwent those adventures more than 4,000 years ago, copies of his "books" (scrolls) were smuggled out of Russia about 1,500 years ago. Since then, thousands of other people have claimed almost identical experiences. Indeed, the beginning of Whitley Strieber's *Communion*, the big bestseller of 1987, is uneasily similar to Enoch's account.

A great Swedish seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, went floundering around the cosmos in the 1700s, leaving behind a score of ponderous books written in Latin... Many of his experiences were undoubtedly what we now call "out of body" experiences. It doesn't seem to be a dream, but there are many dreamlike qualities... Earth time loses its meaning in these adventures... Swedenborg claimed that he had visited Jupiter and other planets. He often fell into trances that lasted as long as three days. During some of these trances, Swedenborg became the victim of missing time. That is, the brain was unable to account for long periods of time or supplied confabulations (false memories) to fill in the gaps. This "missing time" phenomenon has been happening wholesale in the 20th century; whole cults have sprung up around the confabulations produced by the percipients. Lacunar amnesia, the medical term for this, has become a serious study for many doctors and

psychiatrists. Hundreds of technical books have been written about it.

Did Enoch and Swedenborg actually visit heaven, hell, and all the myriad worlds in between? It's not very likely... But their minds did take trips stimulated, perhaps, by mysterious forces that are actually able to distort our reality. They seem to be able control the human race. These forces have been given a thousand names over the centuries and have been credited with all kinds of wonders, miracles, and catastrophes. Swedenborg astonished his friends with precise prophecies of future events. He was even able to accurately describe events that were occurring hundreds of miles away at that exact moment...

Several years ago, I was mysteriously drawn to a cemetery on Long Island after a rash of strange phone calls and eerie instructions from various UFO contactees. Following their directions, I found myself standing among the tombstones of a family named Denton. But I didn't understand why. So later, on one of my many visits to the musty bookstacks in the cavernous New York Public Library, I decided to see if I could locate any information on the Denton family. I was flabbergasted by what I discovered. Back in the 1860s, shortly after the Civil War, the Denton family of Wellesley, MA began to visit Venus and other planets! They did it psychically, with their mind's eye... Papa Denton wrote a series of bestselling books... They took advantage of the New Age craze that was sweeping America in the aftermath of the Civil War, and the amazing rise of Spiritualism. Everyone everywhere was suddenly aware of Swedenborg's "internal man." Before the century ended, most were chatting with spirits, Atlanteans, Indian guides, Ashtar, and assorted space entities. Astral projectionists everywhere were zooming around to the backside of the moon and frolicking on the satellites of Jupiter.

The next New Age revival took place in the aftermath of World War I. The boys who failed to come home in 1918 began conversing with their loved ones through spirit mediums, and Spiritualism again became the rage. Spiritualism began in 1848 and has had many revivals since. Harry Houdini saved his flagging career by exposing some of the many phony spiritualists who claimed they had visited distant planets... Following World War II, there was another big revival of interest in things spiritual, and a whole *new* New Age movement sprang up in the 1950s. These New Agers were preoccupied with flying saucers and the space brethren who were issuing stern warnings about our atomic follies. We were told to "shape up, or ship out." And, some of us went! There were growing numbers of contactees all over the world who claimed they had been flown to other planets in flying saucers. Thousands of others were complaining about being seized

by hypnotic trances and losing time. The phenomena were so widespread and so bizarre that no government could deal with them. Investigating the manifestations was an impossible task. Even more impossible was the task of interpreting what was going on.

In 1947 in England, a struggling British writer named Cyril Hoskin told his astonished wife that he had decided to change his name. A few months later, Cyril Hoskin became "Carl KuonSuo" by court order. Then, on June 13, 1949, while climbing a ladder in his garden, Carl KuonSuo fell and cracked his head, suffering a mild concussion. When he recovered, the Englishman was gone and had been replaced by a Tibetan will full memories of growing up in Tibet! [Now] I had read every book about the place. You might say that Tibet was my hobby. I had visited that far country in 1955, when it was still a very hazardous journey and very few Americans had ever been there... I read Rampa's book, *The Third Eye*, with a skeptical eye, and yet found most of it quite compelling and convincing. He wrote knowledgeably about Tibetan beliefs in reincarnation and astral projection, those perennial New Age favorites.

If *The Third Eye* had been a flop, no one would have paid any attention to its humble, robe-bearing author. But its media success brought Rampa under heavy harassment by the media. He often complained that he was never permitted to answer his critics. The newspapers would not give him any space, and only one TV station offered to interview him, provided he follow the script they wrote! For the rest of his life, he repeatedly insisted that all his claims were true. *My Visit to Venus* is made up of chapters deleted from one of Rampa's other works. It was discovered by Gray Barker, who rescued it from total oblivion. It is possible, of course, that it is total hogwash. It is also possible that it is a description of an out-of-body experience, like so much of Lobsang's work purports to be. Certainly, it is at least as valid as Swedenborg's visits to Jupiter, Enoch's travels among the Gregori, and William Denton's excursions to Venus. It may be that there is a curtain of magnetic frequencies between our reality and some other, greater universe that only few are privileged to see.

> *More about Rampa can be found in the writings of Gray Barker, who originally published Rampa's* My Visit to Venus. *In the introduction to that book, Barker explains the Rampa story in more detail. Could the switching of bodies by monks – an abnormally rapid process of reincarnation – be another reason the Oriental MIB were monitoring local families during Mothman?*

In 1956, T. Lobsang Rampa's side of the story was revealed in *The Third Eye*. No, he had never been to Tibet, in his present body. The spirit of a Tibetan lama had, however, entered his body, under unusual circumstances. In reply to his critics, Rampa stated:

> *The Third Eye* is absolutely true, and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on the Earth in view of my urgent need.
>
> The actual changeover occurred on the 13th of June, 1949, but the way had to be prepared some time before that. I have a special task to do. I became aware that it would be necessary to come to England. In the latter part of 1947, I was able to send impressions, by telepathy, to a suitable person. In Feb. 1946, he legally changed his name.
>
> To make this changeover easier, he altered his address a number of times and lost contact with all friends and relations. On June 13th, 1949, he had a slight accident which resulted in concussion and which "knocked him out of himself." This enabled me to take over… It was not possible for me to come to England in the body that I then had. I tried, but to no avail.

What about the man whose body Rampa took over? What of his former life before the transformation? Following are some remarkable comments by his wife:

> Out of the blue came this remark, "I am going to change my name." I looked at him aghast, for I failed to see any point in doing such a thing. We had nothing to hide, nothing to run away from… Everyone thought we had taken leave of our senses, but that never bothered me. I had lived with my husband for eight years, and knew that if he had a hunch to do anything at all, there was always a very good reason for it… About this time, my husband talked a great deal about the East and, on occasions, he did in fact wear Eastern dress; he often seemed to be very preoccupied in his manner, and I have known him to fall into a trance state and speak in an unfamiliar tongue, which I now believe to be a language of the East…

> After [the fall] his speech seemed different, more halting – as if he was unfamiliar with the language, and his voice appeared deeper than before.
>
> For some time, I was quite concerned, for something seemed to have happened to his memory. Before speaking or moving he appeared to be making calculations; much later, I learned that he was "tuning into my mind" to see what I expected of him. I do not mind admitting that, in the early stages, I was very worried. But now it seems quite natural. I have never ceased to wonder that such an ordinary individual as myself should be so closely associated with such a remarkable occurrence as the advent of a Tibetan lama to the Western world.

Although the so-called "Tibetan scholars" grabbed most of the press, there were those who felt the [scholars] were not so scholarly after all. Consider the following letter I received from a Buddhist, Ganesha Mahaguru of the Bodhi Sangha of New York, when I announced that I would publish Rampa's second book in the U.S. and discuss the controversy in print:

> Dear Mr. Barker... After reading your remarks on Lobsang Rampa's *The Third Eye*, I am prompted to [add] a few of my own. During 1957, I had occasion to write a review of the book for the *North Indian Buddhist Quarterly* and, most especially, to discuss the theological and philosophical material contained within the text. At the time I wrote the review, I was, as were so many others, trying to find fault with the accuracy of the information given. I had already heard that some of the descriptions of costume and garb did not accord with the reports of academic anthropology. In my ignorance of the divergences of Tibetan religion from orthodox Buddhism, I was shocked to find that one who called himself a monk should embrace views which, from the standpoint of Aryan doctrine, were all but heretical.
>
> Imagine my surprise, then, when I received letters from Tibetan phoongi, complimenting the succinct description of dbu-chan theology contained in my review. This description was composed exclusively of paraphrases on the Lobsang Rampa book under review. The greatest point of discussion had to do with the order of discipline within the itinerant communities of Tibetan monks. The Western correspondents and Indian observers all told me that Rampa was wrong, but the Tibetans

> wrote complaining that he had divulged secret knowledge, which was the property of the arcane schools of their country, and which "a close brother, in physical form, or etheric, did poorly to publish in the far lands to the West, where it lay open to the gaze of the uninitiated."

Even though "exposed" by "Tibetan scholars," the public continued to believe Rampa and to buy his books. Rampa's subsequent books consist of practical occult teachings from which the ordinary person can profit. Rampa kept the subject of flying saucers and space travel out of his books, evidently afraid that these accounts might not be believed... Public awareness of the UFO phenomena, however, has come a long way since the 1950s. We think it is time to put Rampa's flying saucer writings in book form, so that the public can read of these remarkable experiences.

> *In Barker's* Saucerian Bulletin, *Vol. 5, No. 1, Issue 22 (Jan. 15, 1960), Rampa gave the following details about a trip he made to the Akashic "Hall of Records," a supposed reservoir of information emanating from the primeval spirit-substance, Akasha – one of the root energies of universal space. In the Old Testament, Akasha is called "the waters." Creative as well as impressible, the Akashic Record is a storehouse from which the trained mind can tap historic information.*

RAMPA, T. LOBSANG – HIS VISIT TO VENUS

Flying saucers? Of course there are flying saucers! I have seen many, both in the sky and on the ground. I have even been on a trip in one. Tibet is the most convenient country of all for flying saucers. It is remote from the bustle of the everyday world. Throughout the centuries, the people of Tibet have known the truth about flying saucers: what they are, why they are, how they work, and the purpose behind it all. We know of the flying saucer people as "gods in the sky" in fiery chariots.

The Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet...was the home of the gods half a million years ago. During those days, men strove against the gods, and invented a device to shatter the atom, which wrought disaster on the Earth, causing lands to rise and lands to sink, destroying mountains and creating anew. The shock of that explosion altered the rotation of the Earth...

Along with our guide, Lama Mingyar Dondup, we approached a strange vehicle of metal. It was immense, perhaps sixty feet across and dulled with age... Upon the wall [of the secret cave] appeared pictures so utterly strange

that they were almost beyond comprehension…

A grave elder pointed to a curtain of a substance that was quite alien to our experience. [It was] a curtain that shimmered. [It] changed colors from smoky white to dull rose, and on through blues and greens and yellows. The elder spoke: "Do not be afraid, for what you will see here is a reconstruction, in living form, of the Akashic Record…which can be seen at any time by those who have the skill and training. From that record, we can produce for you in solid form the actual events as they occurred, but speeded up, to the speed of thought itself." With that he turned slightly sideways and raised his hand. The shimmering of the curtain increased…

> *In* My Visit to Venus, *Rampa described other visions offered by the Record. After showing the Earth forming from a swirling cloud of helium ions, it showed how early man had sprung up simultaneously in different parts of the world, seemingly from nothing. The "temptation" aspect of the Adam and Eve story was reflected in the Record when, after a landing on Earth by spacemen, female earthlings became jealous that their men were tutoring with the visitors – learning new methods of civilized living such as toolmaking and building construction.*

One elderly woman was especially vociferous in her discussion. "Sisters," she said, "our men are enslaved by these gods of the skies. Before they came, we controlled; now the men stay away from us. They stay hovering around the campfires of the gods. Now they neglect us. We have lost our power over them!"

There was muttering and discussion, then they came to a decision; they would tell their men, their mates, that the gods had attacked them and had forced the women to be their playthings. The women decided, too, to steal from the gods a black and silver box from whence came voices and sounds for, as they thought, within the box was a greater God. The subhuman males…stole the weapons of the gods and put into force the plans of the women. Very few gods escaped unharmed.

The black and silver box was placed on a high altar and shown great reverence. Voices came out of the box, growing more and more impatient, more and more concerned until, at last, they grew fainter and fainter. Then, it spake no more… In time, the box was lost…

Upon the wall appeared pictures so strange that they were beyond our comprehension – pictures of a mighty city amongst whose ruins we now sat, a city beside the sea upon which rode many strange craft. Overhead,

disc-like vehicles soared through the air, soundlessly, effortlessly. Upon the shore of golden sands, giant figures strode amongst waving palms… Then there was a dreadful boom and, from afar, a mushroom-shaped cloud soared miles to the heavens, a cloud shot with crimson and yellow, as if the very breath of the gods was afire.

The Earth shook, the picture swirled, and faded, and grew again. We had an impression of falling, spinning, and all was blackness. For what seemed to be a long time, we sat wonderingly in the darkness. A picture came on the wall again but, this time, a different picture. We saw the strange craft…in which we now sat. Men seemed to be doing maintenance work, servicing. Craft were continually arriving and departing. There seemed to be many different types of people, ranging from those about fifteen feet tall to some about five feet tall.

The picture changed again and we saw views outside the Earth, and a view of the dark side of the moon. The voice from the screen gave us an explanation. We learned that there was an association, a White Brotherhood, composed of incarnate and discarnate entities. Those who were incarnate came from many different planets, and they had as their one aim the safeguarding of life. Man, we were told, was certainly not the highest form of evolution. These guardians worked for creatures of all kinds, not merely for man.

We were told that Tibet would be invaded, and that the invaders, "communists," would be as a disease on the body of the Earth. Communism, we were told, would be eradicated. In the age to follow, creatures of all kinds would commune together as in the days of long ago.

Tibet was to be invaded. But even Tibet would play her part, with telepathic lamas who could so easily contact spaceships. Earth, they said, was a colony, and these people of outer space supervised the Earth so that they could mitigate the effects of atomic radiation and, it was hoped, save the people of Earth from blowing their world to pieces.

We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a spaceship and up into the air. We saw, in half an hour, our land of Tibet – a land that it would take three months for a man on a fast horse to cross. Then, with no increase in gravity, with no sensation of speed, we were taken out of the atmosphere and into space.

We know how these ships work – why they are not affected by centrifugal force. [The craft] on which we were traveling had a form of magnetic propulsion that was repelling to Earth's magnetism… Certain of us in Tibet

were more developed, esoterically, so we were given special information and special experience...

We saw the convulsions of the Earth at its birth. We saw the unbelievable people who were the first on Earth. We saw Poseidon, Lemuria, Atlantis... Our great friend, the Broad One, touched me and whispered in Tibetan, "Fear not, my brother, for this is but the simulacrus; this is the Hall of Memories, the Hall of Knowledge of the Earth. Be not afraid of what is to happen, for this is but science – the science of illusion [within] the world of illusion. You shall, see, and what you shall see will be the truth." Eventually these wondrous impressions faded...

There is a second type of UFO people, who dislike humans... They are not benevolent people at all; they have a horrible dread of those who dwell in sunlight. They are a colony of people who live inside the Earth... There are a number of natural orifices that give access to the inner world. One is in the Andes, another in the Gobi Desert. If you leave the British Isles and go steaming up past Scotland and the Shetland Islands, you will come to an area that is eternally wrapped in swirling fog, to an island which is known as Thule Ultima, the Last Island. One lands with a feeling of extreme reluctance – an atmosphere that causes cold shivers and the feeling that someone, or some thing, is spying on you. The British Admiralty has records of truly fantastic happenings on Ultima Thule, so incredible that the reports have long been suppressed and kept under close guard.

Not only the British, but also the Nazis – particularly those engaged in wartime saucer research – were intensely interested in Ultima Thule. According to researcher Joseph Farrell and others, Britain was the only country known to have cracked the Nazi International's postwar intelligence network in South America; they therefore knew the whereabouts of various Nazi criminals and, as such, were complicit to some degree. Bariloche, Argentina was reportedly a haven for Nazis wanting to have plastic surgery and "disappear." Intelligence assets from various countries may have taken advantage of the plastic surgery benefits to be found in Bariloche. This might explain why someone vaguely resembling David Ferrie was harassing UFO researchers a full ten years after his supposed "death." It might also explain the palpable fear among those who listened to John Keel's secret communique at the 1969 UFO convention in Charleston, WV. Keel most likely spilled the beans regarding the terrestrial origins of the "aliens." Once researchers knew that this was a "black-op" and that a nationwide "hush-up" was

in effect, the field fell into disarray for well over a decade. In the aforementioned 1960 issue of Saucerian Bulletin, *Barker discussed how he and about 20 other UFO researchers were invited to take a ride on a flying saucer by someone in St. Louis posing as a spaceman. This raised alarm bells for some of the researchers, who thought they were being set up for "abduction," perhaps to some place like "Lanulos" (Bariloche).*

BARKER, GRAY – SAUCERIANS AND BULLETS

The letter from my friend who had been invited seemed quite urgent:

> I have declined their [saucer ride] invitation, and hearing that you were also invited, want to unload some doubts that are in [my] mind. The thing that most startled me was that the person who had invited me mentioned that the CIA knew about, and had approved, the trip! If the CIA *doesn't* have anything to do with it, he's in for trouble, for it is bad to toss names around like that. If the CIA *is* in on it, there are a number of things to look out for…
>
> Somebody may contact you, driving a 1957 or '58 Buick or Pontiac. They will have loads of saucer magazines in the car, and give you the impression that they are *really* interested in the distribution of such saucer information. When they talk to you, watch out that they don't get you to concentrate on any particular object, particularly any shiny object they may have, such as a saucer model. Notice if they should begin talking to you in a monotone tone… If you do go on any trip, just "go along" with it all and pretend you're hypnotized. But get plenty of sleep before, and decline any "fruit juices" they may offer you to drink.

My friend seemed to be suggesting that whoever would contact me would try to hypnotize me! I knew that my confidant was working on a theory that Adamski, Menger, and some of the other contactees had been hypnotized and made to believe they had traveled out into space. I thought my friend's warning was a bit farfetched, but I decided to remember it, just in case he was correct.

Anyhow, I decided to accept the invitation for the saucer ride and have written accordingly… The next issue of *Saucerian Bulletin* will be most interesting, especially if it should turn out that the space people are *not* for

real and that somebody is trying hypnotic tricks... Without my asking, my correspondent has written me that the CIA does *not* have any connection with the trip:

> If, in any of my correspondence, I have mentioned that we have the approval of the CIA, this is not correct. They have wisely decided not to have anything to do with "Dr. Marlo's experiments." So, do not quote them at all as being concerned about the matter... I commend the government for its wise and absolutely necessary policy, and hope that it continues. And here is the reason: the coming of the space ships is totally and essentially within the field of religion. The government has no right to make any announcements in this field.

Concerns about being hypnotized by the CIA still exist today. In May 2010, an article appeared over the AP wire about a Russian leader claiming to have been abducted by aliens. This prompted other Russian authorities to announce that they were looking into the possibility that he had been tampered with, hypnotically, by American spies...

Below, in the January 1956 "Wild Rumor" column of Saucerian Review, *Barker mentions an interesting case connecting UFOs to mounds, formations where entities and MIBs are also seen. The brief report suggests that some saucers are remotely piloted; otherwise, the saucer occupants would have noticed the witness nearby.*

A man was on a solo trip in a small motorboat through the Caribbean to the Yucatan. In Yucatan, he landed at an isolated spot. He saw a saucer cruise up to the beach and just sit there, about 150 ft. from his boat. It remained there all night. Shortly after sun-up, it came to life again and took off. He went inland to see what the Natives were doing around the area. They led him to a mound, 50 feet by 150 feet, where a similar saucer was buried. The man wants to form an expedition and dig the thing up.

In the same column, there is another mention by Barker indicating that flying objects are remotely piloted, as well as possibly being used for sabotage and surveillance purposes – a "verboten" topic for UFO researchers in the 1950s:

About a year and a half ago, during a routine flight, a group of very small objects came speeding up to some Air Force planes, smashing into the whirling props of one of them. An unknown substance, which defied lab

analysis, was dug out of the broken prop. Don't write to us about this; if you do, we must tell you, in advance, that you will receive a letter from us denying the story is true... Not all of Einstein's theories have reached the public and other educators; some are so packed with dynamite that they are being treated by the Pentagon as top secrets.

The "Oriental" MIB cross continents, expanses of time, and the boundaries of our known reality. Samudranath (top left) a Buddhist monk, claims that he can turn into a Garuda, the Asian birdman avatar. At least one Mothman witness claims to have seen Samudranath in dreams and visions. Samudranath feels that the Garuda is identical to the Thunderbird, and that some human beings, called "Thunderbeings" or "Heyokas," can meld their spirits with the Thunderbird-Garuda. Heyokas are said to become great healers and artists, blessed with material riches in life. This may explain why some Mothman witnesses experience great leaps in intellect or talent following their sightings. Heyokas may even take on similar physical characteristics, as seen in this Bella Coola tribal mask (top right), which eerily resembles both Samudranath and Indrid Cold. Even the ancient Anasazi of the American southwest had their MIB, as seen in this kiva painting (lower left) from New Mexico's Pottery Mound complex. This MIB, which appears to be attempting to fly, shows up alongside images of Thunderbeings with mothlike wings.

The following excerpt is from the rare book Gray Barker at Giant Rock, *where Barker discusses, among other things, John Keel's strange "doppelganger." While the idea of using doppelgangers is old hat for world political leaders, its introduction into the private lives of everyday citizens is a new and somewhat disturbing development. Not surprisingly, the doppelganger technique – like the institutionalized use of terrorism against innocent civilians – was perfected in modern times by the Nazis. Since both Barker and Keel doppelgangers were seen in New Jersey during the late 1960s, one is tempted to speculate that they may have been monitored by the Nazi Odessa, which had thoroughly infiltrated NASA during the Cold War. In addition to their obsession with antigravity and free energy (for purposes of propulsion), certain Nazi scientists, like Joseph Mengele – a resident of Bariloche – engaged in genetic experimentation involving "twins." Even if characters like "Gustaff Heinrich" were simply the invention of Barker, they can be seen as symbolic, under-the-radar clues – a key for modern researchers investigating matters of "national security." In comparison to John Keel's lofty "interdimensional" explanations, Barker's "terrestrial" ruminations seem pragmatic, especially when trying to decipher which UFO cases might be "natural" and which might be caused by human agents.*

BARKER, GRAY – FROM GRAY BARKER AT GIANT ROCK (1976)

I was particularly impressed by a statement John Keel made in *Operation Trojan Horse*:

> Our first conclusion is that UFOs originate from beyond our own timeframe or time cycle. Our second conclusion is that the source has total foreknowledge of human events and even of individual lives. Since time and space are not absolutes (although they seem to be to us), these two conclusions are compatible.

It was one of many extremely quotable and cogent paragraphs written by Keel, and was from what may be the most important UFO-oriented book in a decade... Keel's "paraphysical hypothesis" was that "many flying saucers seem to be nothing more than a disguise for some hidden phenomenon..." Keel points out that, until 1848, a religious frame of reference was constantly employed by the phenomenon. But as man's technology

improved, and many religious beliefs were discarded, the phenomenon was obliged to update its manifestations and establish a new frame of reference. The phantom armies and angels so frequently reported in the past were replaced by transmogrifications that appeared to match man's own technological achievements.

Within this framework, Keel covers the incredible "dirigible" flap of the 1890s, witnessed by thousands of reliable people. Occupants of the clumsy craft often landed, conversed with people, purchased food and supplies from them. They told witnesses during these contacts that the ships were terrestrial, and had been built by mysterious inventors. In many ways, the pilots of these craft were similar to the "ufonauts" of today...

A most intriguing subject [is that of] unidentified *airplanes*, which appear in many areas during or after UFO flaps, without conventional numbers on their wings, tails, or fuselages. At night, their cockpits are brilliantly illuminated, a distinct abnormality, for such would interfere with pilot vision. These mystery planes have been reported to hover, fly without conventional noise, and navigate close to the ground during severe rain and snowstorms. Like the rest of Keel's "saucers," he believes these craft are only temporary constructs... They pop into our frame of reference from somewhere we can oversimplify as "another dimension," be completely solid as long as they stay here, and then pop right out again, back into the mysterious realm from where they came...

I had returned to my room [here at Giant Rock] and had closed the door, when I heard a knock. I repressed a gasp of pleasure at seeing John Keel standing there, when I realized that it wasn't really he, but an almost perfect image of my friend.

"You look so much like John Keel," I said, "that you could pass as John Keel's brother!"

"As a matter of fact, I *am*," he replied.

As I tried to recover from the surprise, he continued, "Nobody knows this, but John and I are identical twins. If I weren't slightly balding, you'd swear I was John himself. I guess that might be all right if I were he; I suppose he leads a pretty exciting life."

He explained why he had knocked. He had stopped at Twenty-Nine Palms not because of the saucer convention, but for other reasons. He lived in Anaheim and was on his way north to attend an antique car show – which explained the glistening, like-new, 1950s Buick that was parked near the motel office.

"Then you aren't interested in UFOs like your brother John?"

"I very definitely am. I read all of John's stuff. He sends me all of it. I also follow the subject in the papers, and occasionally buy a paperback about it. Oh, I must tell you why I happened to look you up. The desk clerk was looking at one of the magazines you gave him, and I noticed one of John's articles in it. He gave me your room number. I remembered you from talking with John about his investigations in West Virginia."

I couldn't get over the amazing resemblance of Edgar Keel to John Keel, although the manner of speech was quite different. He talked much faster than John and had an odd, singsong tonal quality. He said he worked for the U.S. Department of the Interior... I tried to pick his mind about John, who, although quite well-known for his UFO investigations and writing, was still a rather mysterious figure, particularly in reference to his personal life. John lived in semi-isolation, either without a phone or with an unlisted number, and hinted that he was in other work besides writing.

"I'd rather let John tell you about his many other activities that those of you in UFO investigation never dream of. Suffice it to say that John writes on very many other subjects, under another name that you would be very familiar with if I mentioned it. And I might also add that he holds down a very important regular job that he doesn't publicize."

He handed me some typewritten pages. "Anyhow, I must go, but you might be interested in this. I think this is a very good example of UFO sightings that may contain some validity. In fact, it's my favorite of all the reports I have read in some time."

With this he departed, and avoided shaking hands (as when he first greeted me) by a quick, nervous wave of his right arm toward his hat, which seemed to be in perfect adjustment. Then I glanced at the report, closed the door, and sat down to read it.

I couldn't help being curious about the sheets themselves. They appeared to be photocopies of typewriting, but with a very odd difference. The sheets seemed to be reproduced in color, for a spelling correction showed up in blue ink. One of the sheets had reproduced a cigarette burn on the original, with a distinct brown color around the burn.

The 3-M Company had developed a color photocopier around that time, although it was not on the market in 1970. The new machine, which carries a very high price tag, is sold mainly for industrial and military applications...

The report concerned an unidentified farmer of Walsh, IL, who would not give his name because of "fear of ridicule." On October 5, the farmer was ready to milk his cows when he noticed that the animals were agitated and extremely frightened. He looked all around for some cause of the commotion, but noted nothing abnormal. Then he saw one of them looking at the sky, and discovered a cloudlike object beaming a light toward the ground.

Suddenly, another beam of light from the mysterious object shifted in his direction and enveloped him. "I felt a tingling sensation come over me, which I could not explain," the report quoted him. "While standing there in that circle of light, it just seemed as if I couldn't move. I wasn't exactly frightened in the usual sense, just sort of stunned, I suppose."

Then the light went out, and the mysterious object disappeared at the same moment. Finding he could move again, and feeling normal, he turned his thoughts to the cows. It was then that he noted probably what was the most unusual facet of the incident: all five cows were on the wrong side of the barbed wire fence! Even in extreme fright, it seemed impossible for them to have jumped it...

After pondering Keel's strange "double" (somehow I couldn't buy the twin-brother bit), I checked with John Keel, who made the following comments:

> I was an only child, Gray... I have no brother named Edgar, and no sister named Mary (a mysterious "Mary Keel" has figured in a number of UFO episodes). Aside from the doppel-gangers described in my book *The Mothman Prophecies*, two flesh-and-blood replicas have turned up over the years. One – a dead ringer for me – used to work in Greenwich Village as a waiter. Friends who saw him reacted, "My God! Poor Keel is slinging hash!" The other appeared in a news photo published several years ago. It showed a crowd of people in a subway after an accident; a man in the front of the crowd looked exactly like me. A friend of mine cut the picture out and carried it in his wallet for a long time, believing it was a photo of me.

[While attending the Giant Rock conference, I began] collecting my "Ten Best Sightings" list. I asked Dr. Frank Stranges for his favorite of the year 1970. Stranges said musingly:

> A favorite sighting would be difficult to pinpoint. I have no favorites, but I collect and analyze hundreds each year. Although the space visitors look very much like us – even

> though they are more perfect physically – I am puzzled and disturbed by another class of visitors that do not behave in the same manner. To me this other class is suspect, and may very well be evil entities of a non-physical nature, about which all of your readers should be warned.

We compared reports which concerned Moyses Santos, a citizen of Belo Horizonte (Brazil), who found himself surrounded by six small creatures, about four feet tall, in his home. The curious, somewhat awkward Ufonauts seemed to float about the room instead of walking. They seemed to be interested in touching objects and, as they did so, they upset several items of furniture.

According to the witness, the creatures "lit up in many lights" as they neared a table lamp, which suggested they might have had highly reflecting surfaces. One genuinely strange fact involved the appearance of the creatures when they were away from light, when they "seemed to be made of ice" or, as one could interpret it, translucent or transparent.

Finally, the Ufonauts handed the witness a sheet of paper. Instinctively, without knowing why he did it, he quickly sketched a representation of a flying saucer on it. Then one of the creatures took the paper. Adding fuel to the theories of certain UFO investigators, notably John Keel, the creatures made an unusual exit: right through the wall. Moyses ran outside to see what had happened to the creatures and, as he did so, he saw a saucer flooding his house and the entire area with a very bright light.

"While we're on the subject of 'little men' or creature types of visitors," Dr. Stranges continued, "here's another 'favorite' sighting." He handed me a copy of Laura Mundo's *Emergency Press* and pointed to a letter from Raymond Latko of Lakewood, OH. It contained the following personal account:

> It was 6:35 a.m., Monday, Aug. 24, 1970. Location: Lindbergh and West Road, Olmsted Falls, Ohio. Three of us had just arrived at the bus stop when we saw two strange figures approaching on the road that crossed our bus route.
>
> The two figures were dressed in glowing orange suits from head to foot; only their faces were uncovered. Their skin was yellowish. The headdresses were conical and they were carrying a disc-like object above their heads. They were about five feet tall. They approached within about fifty feet of a small house, then walked side-by-side away from us to a railroad about 600 feet

from our corner. As they stood at the railroad, a car stopped in front of them for about ten seconds, and then sped away. The figures then walked a short distance toward us and, as we were boarding the bus, one of them extended his arm upward. We could see that it was wearing a cape. I would have approached them, but was unsure of the consequences.

Later that night, I checked the area and found a spot…where the high grass was quite disturbed. A few days later, a girl saw an object like a huge bubble come down from the sky to that very same place I found. She said two figures were waiting there. When the vehicle landed, they entered. It then rose and quickly disappeared.

Frank and I continued to discuss the strange "little men" incidents. "There seems to be two kinds of visitors," I remarked. "We have these spooky visitations by weird little creatures, but the man you talked to in the Pentagon seemed to resemble the average human to a great degree."

"It is obvious that visitors such as Val Thor are on a much higher spiritual plane than the 'little men' – though it could be the simple matter of having visitors with different degrees of social and spiritual development," Frank [concluded]. "We shouldn't rush headlong into believing that every strange creature we see associated with UFOs is of a higher order than ourselves; nor should we rush to believe what every 'spaceman' tells us through a medium in trance."

At the 2010 Mothman Festival in Pt. Pleasant, WV, only a day or two after Andy Colvin had blogged on the Forteans West *website about the possible manufacture of Nazi saucers in the TNT Area during Mothman, three MIB showed up with very expensive cameras and a new disguise: the casual "sports fan" look. They were dressed and groomed alike, down to the shoes, and took close-up photos of most of the festival attendees. After several vendors complained, they were chased off by security personnel. Even today, the slippery, adaptive MIB are working hard to ensure that the "ET thesis" has the upper hand in ufology.*

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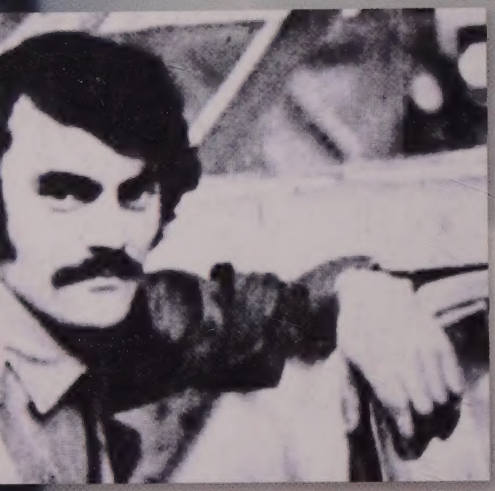
MEN IN BLACK: THE SECRET TERROR AMONG US was the last major work by West Virginia author Gray Barker, a monumental figure in the history of ufology. In many respects, this is the sequel to his earlier bestsellers, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* (a chronicle of the harassment faced by early UFO investigators) and *The Silver Bridge* (Barker's on-the-scene investigation of the Mothman events of the 1960s). Since Barker died only a year after the release of *MIB: The Secret Terror*, it was not widely distributed. As such, it became enormously rare and expensive. Now, for the first time, it is being made available to the general public.



Barker was the first researcher to coin the term "Men in Black" in the 1950s. Along with John Keel, author of *The Mothman Prophecies*, Barker was responsible for making the subject famous. As a publisher and author, Barker popularized several classic parapolitical tales, such as the Flatwoods Monster, the Roswell Incident, the Philadelphia Experiment, and the Maury Island Affair. *MIB: Secret Terror* is thus an undiscovered gem for folklorists, UFO buffs, Forteans, cryptozoologists, and conspiracy theorists alike - the grand, final statement from a master of many genres.

Within these pages, Barker ties together many of the shadowy threads exposed during his years as editor of *Saucer News* and *Saucerian Press*. Penned after the release of top-secret CIA and FBI files in the late 1970s, it constitutes a seasoned overview of the issues involved. In this taught, sober tale, the reader can sense what was really happening behind the scenes of ufology in West Virginia, Ohio, and other parts of the country. For those who can read between the lines, this may be Barker's best book ever.

This special 2011 edition features new introductions by noted paranormal researchers Andy Colvin, Adam Gorightly, Allen Greenfield, and Nick Redfern as well as original passages from legendary ufologists John Keel and Jim Moseley.

"A mind-boggling puzzle... Without Gray, there would be no MIB mystery..." —Nick Redfern

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